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OF

Sports and Pastimes



A. Grimshaw

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1850

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

It rarely happens to the conductors of a Magazine devoted to the Sports of the Field, to find in one family two members fitted for illustration in its pages. Yet such happens to be the case with the house of Paget, as the position which the Earl of Uxbridge enjoys on the Turf, renders him worthy of a place in the same collection of the Members of the Jockey Club as the Marquis of Anglesey, and many other of his relatives.

Henry William George, Earl of Uxbridge, eldest son of the present, and grandson of the late Marquis of Anglesey, was born on the 9th of December, 1821. As might be anticipated from one nurtured to arms, he adopted the Army as his profession, and served for some years in the Grenadier Guards. He retired from this Corps in 1845, and from 1852 to 1855 he filled the post of Lieut.-Col. of the Staffordshire Militia. In 1834, under the auspices of the Beaudeisert interest, he was returned for South Staffordshire, and sat in Parliament for that Constituency until 1857, when he retired. During his military career, as well as while in Parliament, the name of the Earl of Uxbridge does not figure in connection with any important measures; and although he supported the Whig Government, as well as the rest of his family, it was more as a silent member than as an active partisan. In the Sports of the Field, however, it was otherwise; for he seems to have been inoculated with the Marquis of Anglesey's taste both for racing and cricket, and those other manly diversions for which his Lordship is so noted, and to which ample justice has been done in the Memoir we published some two years back. It was in the cricket-field that Lord Uxbridge first distinguished himself. And by a reference to the chronicles of that manly game in the columns of 'Bell's Life,' and 'The Field,' it will be seen that his scores would bear comparison with the best batsmen of the day. Attached as Lord Uxbridge had been to the Turf, circumstances prevented him appearing as an owner of horses in *propria personâ* until 1861, when he came out in Godding's stable.

with General Hesse, who won four small stakes for him, and proved a useful beginner, besides a capital trial horse for his young ones. At the same time Prince Imperial won him two races at Shrewsbury and Stockbridge, and Master Fenton made a very promising *début* as a two-year old, being successful in no less than six of his engagements. In 1862 matters looked better still for his Lordship, as The General—as General Hesse, for the sake of brevity, was wont to be called—won no less than eight races, his success at Bibury and Stockbridge being mainly attributable to the brilliant jockeyship of Captain Little, who has long been associated with his Lordship in the management of his horses. The Prince Imperial, under the same guidance, won him the Granby at Croxton Park, and three other races, after which he was sold to go to Italy. Of the others that he had in training then, Laughingstock, the best-named animal for very many years, being by Stockwell out of Gaiety, and Erythia were perhaps the best, and the former, it will be recollected, obtained the first prize for sires at Worcester this year. Last season, Fortune still continued her smiles on the Uxbridge colours, as they were sported five times successfully on Liston, four times also on Erythia, once on Durham, once on General Hesse, who had by this time got stale from trying all over the country both Derby and Handicap horses. Other little stakes were won by animals belonging to his Lordship, but they are not worth recapitulating. About this time Lord Uxbridge's horses left Godding, and were placed under the charge of Saunders at Hednesford. With the change of stables there was no change of luck; and the year that is just expiring must be pronounced a very fortunate one for him, as he has been credited with no end of small races; and as little fish are sweet, so a great many in succession will make up for the want of a big one, when the style of betting of the present day is taken into consideration. At Stockbridge, where the Newmarket system of matching has been so successfully introduced, his Lordship was in great force, as he won the Andover Stakes with Durham, the Fielder's Plate, and a Sweepstakes with Vabalathus, besides a couple of Matches. At Brighton, also, he carried nearly everything before him; and the red, white, and blue jacket may now be considered one of the most popular of the day with backers. As a shot, Lord Uxbridge has always been noted; and although he has never yet carried off any of the great Handicaps at Hornsey Wood, yet on the moors, as well as in the different battues in the country, his returns are generally above those of his neighbours. And in winding up this sketch, we cannot do better than remark, that Lord Uxbridge inherits most of those qualities which have insured for his father the lasting regard of his friends, namely, a heart ever ready to assist a friend, a keen sense of personal honour, and a desire to oblige and conciliate all with whom he may be brought in contact; and others who would share in his popularity would do well to tread in his path. Lord Uxbridge, we should add, was married in 1845 to Miss Eversfield, second daughter of Mr. James Eversfield, of Denne Park, Stockbridge, Sussex.

THE DEATH OF PUGILISM.

A LAMENT.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

PUGILISM—I mean the fine old-fashioned phase of 'fistycuffs,' which has been so vigorously attacked and so vigorously defended by divers parties and at divers times—is dead. Pugilism, in its integrity and innocent simplicity, is no more. It has been 'done to death' in Ireland. Why that Gem of the Ocean, so prolific of fighting and blarney, should have been the scene of the miserable decease, fate only can tell us. Whether the spirit that loves a shillelagh can see no virtue in Nature's weapons, or whether the loyalty and love of peace for which the Tipperary Boys and the men from Galway have always been so remarkable was put in action by the incursion of the band of Saxons which attended upon Mace, it seems needless to inquire. All we can say is that the old lady, who has been struggling for years against circumstances, now down, and again coming to time, received her quietus somewhere or other within a hundred miles of Dublin. For particulars as to locality apply to Mr. Coburn and his referee. It might be supposed, by the silence of our friend 'Baily,' on this important subject of British sport, that we had no sympathy with the deceased. Perhaps he has not; I dare say our fishing correspondent, and the gentleman who furnishes the statistics from Lord's and the Oval, and which are remarkably well done, has not. I confess that I have, or rather had, some feeling, which inclines me seriously to offer a tribute 'In Memoriam' of a manly, though somewhat debasing recreation: and to act now towards this defunct pastime as I might do towards a once-loved grandmother; in whose death I should most cordially acquiesce as a desirable necessity, but on whose pristine reputation I might bestow some well-merited reflections. It always has appeared to me to be one of those questions which was supported rather by sentiment than argument; and since circumstances and tastes and times have changed, and what was once healthy and vigorous, and consistent with fashion and feeling, has long suffered from internal decay, it becomes our duty to clothe our real satisfaction in decorous language, and to congratulate the mourners on 'a happy release.'

Beyond all the grave charges that can be brought against pugilism as a science, there are two most unconditional claims to favour, which in common fairness should be put forth. It is *pre-eminently English*. This cannot now be said of fox-hunting, nor steeple-chasing, nor racing, nor even of cricket. France and Germany, grown jealous of the qualities which the cultivation of these tastes has begotten and cherished, have positively established a cricket club; and it has been proposed to me next season to carry to Baden-Baden an English team, to enliven that otherwise melancholy little place with an exhibition hitherto unknown in the duchy. I have

already seriously contemplated the feasibility of the project, and applied to my well-known friend Mr. Burbidge of the Surrey Club to assist us in our tournament, as being likely to afford the foreigners an opportunity of appreciating a performance on the bat, and experiencing in their own persons the pleasures of 'leather-hunting.' As to fox-hunting, have they not dog-shows in which the foxhound holds a prominent place? and even though he be as leggy as a greyhound, and 'as narrow as a board, he bears at least as much resemblance to his English prototype as the wolf to the fox. There is an array, too, of steeplechasing talent on the Continent which, while it does not yet quite come up to the late Captain Becher on Vivian, or James Mason on Lottery, does enough to deprive England of its former monopoly. The success of the French stable with Fille de l'Air, and the munificence of the French Emperor and the agents of foreign powers in the purchase of horses, is advancing the Continent towards an equality with us in the matter of racing. Indeed, such is their passion for 'le Sport,' that even Sunday itself is pressed into the service.

Well; nothing of this sort can be said of pugilism. Even the Prussians themselves, with all their late exhibition of science and daring in Denmark, have not yet made the use of the cestus a part of the national recreation. The *sabbat* is not an equivalent to the prize ring; and as yet remains rather the symbol of a childish malignity than of manly science and recreation. Rome, at her highest culminating point of civilization, rejoiced in her gladiatorial exhibitions: but it remained for England to achieve a thorough victory over self-indulgence, and to monopolize the honour of having reduced the weapons of Nature to the strictest discipline of art. Homer makes a clumsy attempt at describing a wrestling-match, which Mr. Pope has rendered even still more confused by his attempt to elucidate it: Entellus and Dares might as well have fought with sledge-hammers; and the only knock-down blow which awakens our admiration among the ancients was that of Milo, who somewhat soiled the delicacy of the performance by eating his victim. True, the Chinese and the inhabitants of Tongataboo, as Captain Cook relates in his account of the gentlemen with whom he met in his voyage to the Pacific Ocean, seem to have been well disposed towards the cultivation of 'science;' but those were rather the natural aspirations of young savages after the 'sublime and beautiful' than the attainment of the 'sublime and beautiful' itself. England is the true land of the boxer: the home of the pugilist: the Temple of Pollux: where the grandest beauty of form and elegance of motion is compatible with the lowest type of facial development.

A true patriot, such as I boast to be, could hardly overlook such a national claim to consideration.

The other peculiarity of pugilism, which procures it deserved favour with the philosopher is this, that the impulse to those chivalrous feelings of honour, courage, independence, and fair play, which of course the British lion possesses beyond all other beasts

upon earth, originates most probably in the same causes which, in their decay, have been said to debase and demoralize the English pugilist. This is really a question worth considering; and, if it could only be decided to the satisfaction of mankind in general, it would go far to show that the prize ring was a grand and heaven-born institution, and deserving of that encouragement which it once met, and which the international contest between Sayers and Heenan went far to revive. As it is, it only shows that there is something to be said on both sides.

‘De mortuis nil nisi bonum.’ Acting upon this charitable rule I shall not be as hard as I might be on our defunct friend; and I shall endeavour to point out the salient excellences of which undoubtedly he ought to have the benefit.

It might be very interesting to the reader to trace the origin of an Englishman’s admiration for the Ring. I have no doubt that the origin of fighting itself is coeval with the first display of temper on the part of our common ancestor. History is silent as to this point; but it seems natural to believe in this, as an obvious fact. If natural man had been born with a shillelagh in his hand, or a stiletto by his side, it is just possible that the means of annoyance and defence would have been as artificial as those of the Irishman or the Italian. The fist, however, was possibly the first weapon that occurred to him as available for attack or protection; and he used it accordingly. Not with much science indeed, for that grows only by continual practice. This theory disposes of many conjectural readings on this part of the subject, which only lead to error, without answering any good purpose; and saves the writer a great deal of useless research. An ingenious author, who wrote many years ago, has endeavoured to prove that ‘wrestling’ was of divine origin from the 32nd chapter of Genesis, which relates the meeting of the Angel and Jacob. On the subject of pugilism I am unwilling to follow this lead, and the first murder suggests to me no sort of apology for the prize ring. Be that as it may, we may well conclude that the use of the fists, in one form or another, was not very long subsequent to that event. There is a common saying that ‘fingers were made before forks,’ and possibly knives also. At all events, antiquarian research seems out of place, when it must be clear to everybody that the *science* of pugilism belongs to the highest civilization. This may be concluded from internal evidence derivable from the language of the ring; and whatever chivalry may have done to soften barbarities and check natural impulse, a man never gets so thoroughly *polished off* as under the hands of a real Professor.

I have already touched upon the encouragement given to pugilism in the classic *arena* of Greece and Rome. Those who aspired to be mistresses of the world knew well how much they must rely upon those qualities which severe training was calculated to produce. Men who were to govern others might as well learn to govern themselves. These glorious assemblies, composed of all the rank and talent, taste and fashion of the Empire, looked down upon these competitors for

fame, and rewarded them not so much with the stakes and battle-money as with national ovations and unfading crowns. How far these heroes are to be compared with the aristocratic associations of Moulsey Hurst and a benefit night in the Borough I shall decline inquiring. Whether the leisure hours of an Athenian athlete were disposed of in a sawdust circus with some acting ponies is neither here nor there; and it can make very little difference whether the successful competitor at Elis or Corinth went into the public line and dispensed gin and bitters to the Attic canaille, or whether he retired into private life rewarded by a statue erected at the cost of the state, and with a prize of 500 drachmæ. It makes no earthly difference to the facts of the case, only it is suggestive of some little exaggeration on the part of those who have taken a classic view of the modern prize-fighter.

I never could quite make up my mind whether vanity, or gain, or sheer love of fighting was the inducement to two-thirds of the fights that have taken place.

‘Lucri bonus est odor ex re
‘Quâlibet,’

says Juvenal: and when a man won't fight here and won't fight there, without three hundred pounds for expenses, Juvenal seems to be right. However there can be no doubt that with our truly great men vanity has been the governing motive. The love of being knocked down only to be picked up again must be a very exceptional case indeed on this side of the Irish Channel; and as regards the present ring, immediate or prospective advantage is the principle of action.

The patronage that was formerly extended to pugilism was of a very extraordinary character, and the men themselves engaged in the pursuit appear to have been, with few exceptions, honourable, straightforward, chivalrous fellows. Whether the patronage produced this characteristic, or whether the characteristic induced the patronage, I cannot tell. Poets, statesmen, warriors, even non-conformist divines and princes (I put them last, as having nothing else to do) were the pupils, patrons, and constant spectators of their *protégés*. Judges themselves have pronounced strong opinions from the bench on the propriety of encouraging the art of self-defence: the late Lord Wynford amongst others. The great Mr. Windham endeavoured to draw a line between the facts of participating in the contest, and the sentiments which grew out of its cultivation. Lord Byron was a most stanch supporter of it practically and theoretically; and twenty years ago hardly a father existed who would have been displeased that his son should have learnt to defend himself or a lady committed to his charge. There must have been strong reasons for this. Whether it were true or not that all the characteristic honour of an English gentleman was somehow connected with two men giving one another a black eye for a hundred pounds a-piece in a four-and-twenty foot ring, with an admiring crowd of middle-

aged *roués* around them, is not so much the question as whether we all believed it to be so. For some reason or other the English did think so; and hence the reputation of the prize-ring. There can be no doubt that if the thing was to do any good, it was by its public exhibition, just as an execution, to be defensible at all, should be a public one: the great benefit being derivable from the impression it makes upon the mind.

In accordance with the general feeling, the press was not averse to it; and the very few journals which vented their philippics in opposition were laughed at for their pains. Pugilism was in the ascendancy; and there is no doubt that certain good qualities were connected with its encouragement, if they did not directly *emanate* from it as their source.

It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than that presented by the professors of the noble science and their patrons fifty years ago, and the wretched demoralization which is the accompaniment and the result of pugilism now. No greater fallacy exists than that of denouncing as unmanly and un-English those who are desirous of its total annihilation. Its greatest opponents will be found amongst those who have been practically its greatest admirers; but who, knowing well its uses, are more than usually alive to its abuses. These men laugh at the idea of an Englishman's character for courage or honesty depending upon the success of a clique in the Seven Dials or a back parlour in Whitechapel; or his knowledge and capability of self-defence being tested by an exhibition of cowardly violence and blasphemy, with a preconcerted interference of the police to crown the whole. We have got all we can out of the prize ring as it was; as it is, let it sleep in peace in the grave it has been digging for itself for years.

Men who were not born in those happy days when Jackson, Gully, Gregson, Cribb, Belcher, and Spring (Winter) were household words, when half the aristocracy, with a Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York and of Clarence, drove comfortably down to some classic ground within twenty miles of the metropolis, and saw two honest manly fellows pay each other the highest compliments of which they were capable,—

‘ In giving and receiving blows,
A nameless pleasure—only tasted
By those who’ve thoroughly been basted,’

can scarcely comprehend the gratification of the performance by the miserable accounts of the modern ring.

Jackson! by the Son of Leda! one's blood positively warms at the recollection of the stern stuff of which prizefighters were made (why was not Tom Sayers born then, instead of in these degenerate days of pugilism?) and at a contemplation of their social position. Does the reader know that he was the recognised agent, almost intimate friend, of Byron? and that the atmosphere apparently so uncongenial to the refinement of poetry and art was selected with as much deliberation

as Torquay or Madeira for the victim of pulmonary disease. We all knew Gully in his later days, and can easily understand the dignified grandeur which surrounded pugilism in the back parlour of his tavern in Carey Street fifty years ago. But there's nothing like it now. 'Tempus edax rerum' has consumed the respectability of fighting with natural weapons, and left us but the distinction of a bygone monopoly. The whole is confusion worse confounded, and leaves us no resource but that of the tomahawk or bowie knife, the pistol or the sword.

There again is one of our misfortunes: men will quarrel, and when they quarrel they want to fight. Poets have always been loud in praise of armed warriors: a coat of mail and a battle-axe have inspired the pens of Scott and Tennyson, to say nothing of Homer and the dramatists of Greece; if there be credit then to the man who can commit an assault or defend himself from one with weapons, what incalculable merit is there in those who can do so without them! Any man can live well with a good income, but it is something to thrive upon nothing. If men will fight, let them; but the pistol and the sword are most dangerous weapons, and have been *chassé'd* from all but the most bloodthirsty society. It cannot be incontestably proved that seventy-eight rounds between young Dutch Sam and a gentleman called Neal did much towards abolishing bloodshed by the private duello, but it excited a sentiment of courage and endurance in our middle and lower orders, which fashioned heroes for the Nile and Trafalgar, and taught the Guards to win their way upon the heights of Alma. People who have real stomach for the fray are not nice in the choice of their weapons; and as everybody did not wear a sword, and it is rather American to carry a revolver, we are obliged to regret, vainly and unprofitably, the ruffianism which compels us to sing the death-song of one of Britain's noblest and most characteristic institutions.

So strong in the mind of the true-born Briton was this sentiment in favour of the gloves, that when, a few years ago, America appealed to our feelings to make an international exhibition in the prize ring, a positive *furor* seized us all. We all forgot our late philippics against demoralization and barbarity; ladies whispered it in connection with lemon-coloured kids; bishops simpered when it was mentioned, and ordered an early copy of 'Bell;' great ministers rubbed their hands and chuckled; and the provinces flocked up to town the night before to be ready for an early start on the morrow. All the Peelers suddenly evaporated; and the magistrates, even Lord C—— himself, with all his zeal, declined to interfere. Splendid was the peroration of 'The Times' newspaper; graphic the description of detail in the columns of 'Bell's Life:' this paper fell foul of the referee; that of the rabble; but not one ventured to wag a pen against so startling and interesting a revival. It was a violent struggle back to life; but the old thing spent all her force in the effort, never recovered, and seems to have gone clean out by a wretched and untimely decay. Who could have believed it, when they saw the universal ovation which awaited our

hero, the reception accorded him by princes, the valuable testimony to his courage and science borne by the court and the city? When the mangled remains (for which poetic description of the English pugilist see the journals of a later date) of Tom Sayers were led up to be presented to the presiding deity of the race course, and his native elegance was only enhanced by his acquired bashfulness, the friends of pugilism had a right to expect that its palmy days were returning, and that the Puritanical grumblers against peace-breakers were about to be knocked on the head instead of themselves.

Well; with all these promising signs of amendment, pugilism insisted upon dying. She made a few sickly attempts to revive, but the odds were against her. King is a fine, manly-looking young fellow, and a fine fighter; but his victory over Heenan, whatever it might have done for him, did nothing for his profession. If ever a clencher was put upon sport, that did it; and it wanted nothing but the knock-down blow which it has just received to finish the business and bury it out of hand. 'The Times' drew on its white-kid gloves to put the cover on; and, in Homeric language, treated its readers to such a spectre of rawhead and bloody bones, as to appal the stoutest heart. It is something remarkable that, as the language of pugilism has become more refined—as it has toned itself down to the level of ordinary intelligence—the conduct of the ring has become more disgraceful, and its demoralization more striking. Thus, when a head was a conk, it bore its hard knocks with more patient endurance; when a hand was a mauley, it returned, with pre-eminent science and vigour, the punishment it received. Since a domino-box has become a mouth, it has only become more obnoxious to *fibbing*. The Chancery Bar seems somehow to have been closely connected with the practice. The slang of our forefathers was not conversation for a boudoir, any more than our own: but the language of pugilism was sufficiently in keeping with its exceptional character; and the seeming respectability which has transplanted its vigorous phraseology must have been meant for a cloak to cover a greater multitude of sins. The great arcanum of mathematics has been discovered, it is true: and we are asked to accept, as an equivalent for honourable sport, the one great fact, that 'the ring has 'been squared.'

The circumstances which have led to this long-expected and almost unregretted death are curious.

America, not having a sufficiency of fighting at home,—or ambitious of infusing into the Yankee mind that sort of sentiment which induces men to fight their own battles, instead of paying so many greenbacks a-head for having it done by others, and which made the heroes of Trafalgar and the Crimea,—forwarded one Coburn to fight our friend Jem Mace for a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds is a great quantity of money to get together (at least they say so in the City just now) for nothing; so that, the reputation for capacity of the one man being known, the thing looked real. Symptoms of debility, however, soon set in; for this

International Contest excited no more interest on this side of the Atlantic than the prospect of a debt of 700,000,000*l.* appears to excite on the other. From beginning to end, not a gentleman has had a hand in it; and, but for the welcome intelligence that the only blow struck was a death-blow to modern pugilism, seven thousand of the upper ten would never have heard of it at all. The locality was well chosen; and if the American representative of Yankee courage was in search of a peaceable spot for the transaction of business, we congratulate him on his choice of Ireland. The constabulary were alive to a man. So anxious, indeed, were they to see all that was to be seen, that respectable gentlemen, whose regularity of features was at all questionable, were subject to strict examination; and an exceptional nose was almost a passport to the magistrate's office. The professional attendants upon the champions (and indeed nobody else joined them) enjoyed a pleasant trip, and brought their intellects to bear upon the wonders and beauties of the Emerald Isle. The poverty and dirt made a great impression upon them, and furnished an opportunity for penny-a-lining to the Special Correspondents, of which they availed themselves to an extent unprecedented in the annals of weekly journalism. They got rid of their three days' holiday in eluding the vigilance of the beaks, and personal squabbling, prettily diversified by unprofitable excursions in search of the missing man,—who came boldly to the front when his English opponent had beat a retreat, perfectly satisfied that neither credit nor money was to be got by remaining. And this is the last great effort of the much-vaunted prize ring. If civilization and change of taste and fashion demanded the exclusion of Pugilism from our list of sports, I, for one, should have expressed no astonishment. In times of railway speed and telegraphic communication, one hour and forty minutes is too long to waste in thrashing a man. When the humanitarians shall have succeeded in abolishing hanging, he will be utterly annihilated in no time by other means. But it would have been satisfactory to have closed the career of a grand old English remnant of natural barbarity with something more vigorous than this abortive hoax. 'The Times' did something towards the final extinction of Pugilism, by a description of Tom King and Heenan, which was an elevation of the men into demigods, at the expense of their professional barbarity; the old ladies in Baker-street imagined themselves in the heroic ages. But it did nothing in comparison with the Irish expedition, and the miserable termination of the last great fight.

Fighting is one thing; making money is another: in the consummation of the former I never found any difficulty whatever. If Mace or Coburn, one or both, are so really anxious to fight, I can see no possible reason why they should not: and there need be no interference in such a charming arrangement. When I was young, a gentleman of colour, one Mr. Sambo Sutton, gave advice and lessons in the art of self-defence. His instructions for attack and defence, when once in the fight, were sufficiently valuable; but his

advice for bringing on an engagement, invaluable. 'Make up your mind,' said he, 'first of all, whether you really mean fighting or not; and having once done so, hit your opponent with all your might right in the face.' I never knew the man, worthy of the name, who could resist the appeal. One of two things was quite certain to happen—you either found yourself in the thick of it at once, or were left in undisturbed possession of the position.

Any two gentlemen, say Mace and Coburn, who are truly jealous of their honour, can have no difficulty in thus satisfying its demands.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES AND THE GREAT GLACIERS OF RUDRU HIMALEH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE OLD
'WORLD.'

CHAPTER II.

In the cold pale gleam of the evening sun,
Like giant relics of worlds bygone,
See scattered heaps in ruin thrown,
Wild desert shapes of rock and stone.

The Route.—The Valley of the Ganges.—The Sacred River.—Snow streams.—Daily marches.—The Kanoolee Hills.—Gooral stalking.—Bear shooting.—Thaar stalking.—Successful work.—The Hunter's fire.—Difficult travelling.—Changes in the Forest.—Wild scenery.—The Brahmin's retreat.—The Jad Gunga.—The Sacred Shrine of Gungajee.—Gangoutrie.—Rudru Himaleh.

GRATIFYING as the magnificent scenery of these almost unknown regions is to the traveller, any very detailed description of daily marching can scarcely be otherwise than monotonous to the reader. I shall therefore simply confine my relation of this expedition to pointing out that which will be most useful to any brother sportsman taking the same route. From Mussoorie we proceeded along the Landour range, through beautifully verdant hills covered with oak and rhododendron, to the sombre-looking valley of Mugra, where we breakfasted by a perennial spring of remarkable coldness that is well known to most Hill sportsmen. Continuing our route through undulating and densely-wooded country, we passed through the small village of Beelee, and after a tramp of four hours arrived at our tent at Phaidee.—Total distance, twelve miles.

From Phaidee we crossed the fertile and richly-cultivated valley of the Aglar Gadh, through which flows the river of the same name [a clear, pellucid stream, that takes its rise in the adjacent hills, and debouches into the Jumna], and after a stiff up-hill walk, arrived at Bhalla, where our camp was pitched.—Distance, seven miles.

From Bhalla we crossed Jhan-da-gan hills by the Lallari Pass (a most fatiguing ascent), to the small village of Lallari, where we breakfasted, and afterwards descended by a steep path, winding along

the face of a hill, into the valley of the Nagun Gadh river, which we crossed, and afterwards followed in its course down stream until we came to its debouchure in the Bhageruttee branch of the Ganges. The sacred river here flows through a lovely valley over half a mile in width, thickly sprinkled with villages, and on each side rise ranges of hills some four or five thousand feet high, crowned with beautiful woods of oak, pine, and rhododendron, interspersed with grassy slopes, verdant knolls, and rocky ravines, whilst the lower slopes are richly cultivated in terraces. The stream itself is about fifty yards wide, and generally fordable, except in the bends, where there are dark pools of great depth. The current is at all times very strong and rapid, and the water exceedingly cold. At this season of the year the Bhageruttee is almost at its lowest, and the water clear and pellucid, but in March it begins to rise from the melting of the snow in the higher regions; and in the latter end of June, or beginning of July (the close of the summer and the commencement of the heavy rains), it becomes full, and assumes the proportions of a mighty river, which gradually decreases as the cooler weather comes on. When full, the waters are thick and muddy, from the washings of the mountains and high lands. As a general rule, we found all snow streams lowest in the morning and highest in the evening, which fact is easily accounted for, as it is the intense heat of the sun's rays in the day time that makes the greatest impression upon the snow, and necessarily increases the flow of water; thus, streams that we have crossed almost dry-shod early in the morning *en route* to our shooting ground, we have been obliged to bridge over on our return to camp in the evening, having found them swift, rolling torrents, dashing along their rocky bed with a roar like thunder. We continued our course along the right bank of the river for about five miles, when we arrived at the village of Burelhee, where we found our tents pitched in a fine mango lope near a ruined pagoda.—Total distance, eighteen miles.

From Burelhee we began to ascend the road, winding along the bank of the river for about a mile, when we crossed the river Gudoul Gadh by a bridge, and passed through the village of Dhurassoo, which is perched upon a rock at the junction of the rivers. The Rajah of this place, who is known to be very partial to Europeans, very politely sent us a couple of fatted sheep, half a dozen fine fowls, and several trays of fruit, begging us to excuse his not visiting our camp, on account of his suffering from a severe attack of fever. We took the will for the deed, and accepted his present, which was not to be despised, as we afterwards found provisions and supplies rather scarce; and, sending him some quinine, we promised to visit him on our return. From this we ascended nearly four thousand feet, until we came to the little village of Pettara, from whence we had a magnificent view of the valley, which appeared to be richly cultivated. The river here flows through a narrow gorge for nearly four miles, after which it again opens out, flowing through rice fields. Continually ascending and descending, another four miles' tramp brought us to the village of Dhoonda, which is perched on the summit

of a cliff overhanging the bed of the river. Here we visited a three-storied fortalice, somewhat resembling a martello tower, which in troubled times served the inhabitants as a refuge, cattle being kept in the lower story, grain in the second, and the third, which was loop-holed, being the residence of the garrison. Between two jutting rocks overhanging the river is a jula bridge.

From Dhoonda the river winds through richly-cultivated country, and, still following the right bank, we waded the Ruthore River, crossed the Barette by a sango, and arrived at Barahaat, our halting-place, at an early hour.—Distance, twelve miles. Here we visited the Sook-ke-Mundoor pagoda, where we were shown the celebrated brass trident covered with strange hieroglyphics, which is said to be a relic left by the Tartars, who once held possession of the country.

From Barahaat our route, which still lay along the right bank of the Ganges, led us through the village of Lachajoaroo, where we visited temples dedicated to Siva and Doorgah, and afterwards, crossing the Reena and two other small rivers, passed through the little villages of Innoo and Incolla, which bore traces of having been much more considerable places in former days, as on all sides were vestiges of cultivation, which now to a great extent appeared neglected. Towards noon we arrived at Reithul, where we put up in a comfortable house belonging to a Buniar, or grain dealer.—Distance, thirteen miles. In the evening we strolled through some beautiful oak forest, and in patches of ringal; with the aid of my dogs, flushed numbers of kaleej and moonal pheasants, of which we managed to bag several brace.

From Reithul we passed through the villages of Mathal, Palu, and Teear, crossed the Elgoo nullah and the Ganganee river, and put up at Bengallee, a small village at the foot of the Kanoollee hill, which is a spur from the high ridge of mountains that divides the valleys of the Ganges and the Jumna.—Distance, eleven miles.

Here we resolved to halt a few days for thaar shooting; and, leaving our heavy baggage at the village under charge of the Peon and some of our people, we engaged a villager who knew the ground, and started up the southern face of the hill, carrying only our small tents, bedding, and provisions. The slope was clothed with beautiful forests of chestnut, walnut, and oak, varied with green patches and rocky ground; and as we went along the dogs put up a brace of woodcocks and several moonals; but they were allowed to go unscathed, lest the report of our guns might disturb more valued game. We pitched our tents under the shelter of some noble oaks, by a beautiful purling stream, rather more than half-way up the hill, which rises about seven thousand feet above the valley; and then Fred and I, leaving the Doctor to superintend the culinary arrangements, set out with the villager and Chinear to reconnoitre the ground.

It being so early in the season, the haunts of the thaar had not been disturbed for some time, so we had every reason to expect good sport. After passing through a belt of moura oak we came to some rocky ground, where we found numerous fresh slots and traces, but

no thaar ; so we crept along some very awkward-looking places to the east face, and gained a grassy slope, where we found several gooral feeding. Desiring our people to lay down and remain quiet, Fred and I made a circuit, and gained the cover of a rock within a hundred yards of the game, from whence we should have had an easy pot shot right and left, when, just as we were about to fire, a brace of cheer pheasants got up, with a whirr, from almost under our feet, and gave the alarm. With a snort somewhat between a hiss and a whistle, they all made a sudden rush, and we had only time for a couple of snap shots each as they bounded up the slope at speed : one, a young male, rolled over paralyzed, with his spine broken ; and a female, which went off with the rest, was observed to lag behind, and then lie down. Having reloaded, we crept towards her as noiselessly as possible, but on our approach she regained her legs, and would most likely have got away had not Fred again fired, and dropped her with a bullet through the neck. Having galloped the game, we were returning to camp, when we saw a couple of large yellow bears bowling along a piece of rugged ground a couple of hundred yards below us. As they were coming up-hill in our direction we got behind a clump of rhododendron bushes, which afforded excellent cover, and awaited their approach. They travelled slowly, being engaged in turning over stones as they went along to look for insects, which search could not have proved very satisfactory, for they came up grunting and moaning, as if in very bad humour with each other, offering splendid shots. We let drive almost simultaneously, and both shots were effective, for the male dropped without a movement, whilst the female, rearing up on her hind legs, with a grunt betokening surprise, fell sprawling on her back in the last agony. We rushed up to give the *coup de grace*, but it was not required—both were dead. Having reloaded our rifles, we continued our route towards the camp, leaving the operation of skinning until the morrow, as we did not care to lose our dinners and pass the night in the bush—the natural consequence of being overtaken by darkness in these regions. As it was, we arrived late, for ‘Five Minutes,’ fearful lest the dinner should be spoiled by waiting, was heard some time before we arrived at the tents venting his spleen upon the ‘unchaste *janwars*’ (beasts) that caused our delay. Such being the case, little unnecessary time was now lost, and with appetites sharpened by our fag, we did ample justice to the good cheer. After-having talked over our sport, and given directions that some of the people should go and fetch the skins of the bears in the morning, we cleaned our arms, which were again carefully loaded in case of accidents, and turned in.

The next morning, at daybreak, we all started in different directions to look for thaar, taking our breakfasts with us. I was accompanied by Chinear, carrying a spare gun, and a couple of coolies to carry back any game I might kill. After several hours’ fag, during which I traversed several likely-looking patches of oak forest without seeing anything but an occasional moonal pheasant,

which I would not fire at for fear of disturbing other game, just as I was thinking of making my way back to the tent, empty-handed, a herd of five thaar was discovered browsing on the grassy slope of a little ravine some distance below us. With the aid of my glass, I made them out to be all males, with long shaggy hair streaming in the wind. Having carefully marked the spot, which appeared extremely favourable for stalking, I made my people lie down, and, slinging my second gun over my shoulder, commenced the descent, taking care to keep well to leeward. Creeping noiselessly down, I succeeded in gaining a long, low ridge which ran parallel to the hollow in which I had marked them, and, looking cautiously over, there they were still, unsuspectingly feeding not more than sixty paces distant. Selecting the one that appeared to have the finest horns, I took a steady aim just behind the shoulder, and he dropped to the shot; my second barrel brought another fine fellow floundering on the ground with a bullet through his loins that passed out of the opposite shoulder. The three survivors, startled at the report of my rifle, rushed forward a few paces, and then turned and stood, as if bewildered, giving me another fair double shot with my second gun. I rolled over a third dead with a bullet through the neck, and broke the leg of a fourth, which, however, went off at a good pace. Elated with my success, I reloaded, and, leaving the game to be collected by the coolies, set off in pursuit of the wounded animal. I was soon on the trail, which, being plentifully sprinkled with blood, showed that the quarry was hard hit, and I had no difficulty in following it up. After a quarter of an hour's tracking, I came upon the wounded thaar lying down in some low bush. He was so weak from loss of blood that he could hardly stand, much more get away, for the bullet, besides breaking his hind leg, had entered into the body; and I despatched him with my hunting-knife.

Leaving one coolie in charge of the game, and despatching the other to the camp for assistance to carry it, I was strolling leisurely along in the direction of our bivouac, when a fine male musk deer started up from almost under our feet. I let drive right and left, but missed with both barrels, when Chinear giving me my second gun, I managed to roll him over with my third shot as he was bounding away through the long grass. Musk deer-hunting is very pretty sport, and the best practice the sportsman can have to test his shooting, as the game offers a very small mark and bounds along with incredible swiftness. After taking out the pod, which must have contained nearly an ounce weight of musk, Chinear slung the deer over his shoulders, and we made the best of our way to the tents, where we found the Doctor busily engaged in skinning and preserving a beautiful specimen of the argus, or horned pheasant, which he had killed high up on the mountain. This was the only shot he had fired, for although he had seen a flock of several gooral, they were so wild that he could not get near them. Towards sunset Fred returned, having killed a fine old male thaar, and two musk deer, besides wounding a bear, which escaped by taking refuge in a cave. After

dinner we all assembled round the camp-fire to discuss the events of the day and our hopes for the morrow. Since that evening long years have rolled, yet it is not forgotten. Four head of thaar bagged in four consecutive shots made it a red-letter day in my Calendar. Since then both my merry companions have passed away on their last journey. Fred, as no doubt he would have best chosen, for in fair battle his noble heart was stilled, and face to face with the foe his strong arm fell nerveless; whilst the Doctor, also cut off in the performance of his duty, fell a victim to that insidious scourge of India cholera. Yet the last of the trio, who has also battled against the same chances, has been permitted to return, like a ship to its old moorings, and after having been beaten about by all weathers and the storms of many latitudes, is still to the fore, though not unscathed by fire and shot, for the future to be laid up in ordinary, or perhaps to remain close in shore. That night was one strongly engrafted on my memory, for the Doctor told us, by snatches, of all his wanderings and history, interspersed with many an anecdote of man and beast, and it was not until a late hour that we thought of turning in.

The next day we changed our camp, moving about three miles towards the east face, which was said to be the best ground for thaar, and here we remained four days enjoying fair sport, killing between us three snow bears, eight thaar, five gooral, two burrul, seven musk deer and a serow. After this, we descended the hill and returned to Bengalee, where we halted a day to rest and prepare some of the specimens, which we sent by a coolie to Fred's quarters at Dehra.

From Bengalee the river flows through a narrow gorge with steep precipitous cliffs on each side, and here a sure foot and a steady eye become absolutely necessary, for the path was extremely rough, often steep, and in some places wound so closely round the scarps of precipices as to render travelling dangerous. After crossing the Kanoulee or Cedar Gadh by a sango, we had to clamber along a narrow ledge cut out of the face of the cliff, with a fearful abyss below, and the scarped rock above; and scarcely had we surmounted this difficulty, than we had to pass over shakey plank platforms that trembled under foot as we walked, and rickety flights of wooden and stone steps, fastened to beams driven in fissures and crevices in the rock, hanging several hundred feet above the river that was dashing along its contracted narrow channel with an almost deafening roar. Here the bed of the river in many places was strewn with huge blocks of rock which had fallen from the cliffs above, and some of these were so large that they obstructed the course of the stream and added not a little to the turbulence which the rapidity of its descent necessarily occasioned. After some distance the valley opened out, and we crossed and recrossed the Ganges several times, seeking the most practicable paths. Four large mountain torrents, the Dangalee, Dubrane, Loarnad, and Rindee Gadh, join the Ganges from the left bank, and have to be crossed by sangos. Almost opposite the half-ruined village of Sookree, which is situated on the right bank by the

side of a ravine running down from the Kanda-ke-Dhar mountain, is a wooden bridge suspended on two overhanging rocks, and here the valley again contracts rather suddenly forming a narrow gorge, in which there is only just room for the river to pass. After a four hours' tramp, we arrived at the little village of Jhala, which is situated on the right bank at the foot of the Dhum-dhara range.—Distance, fourteen miles.

From Jhala, the course of the river, which up to this time had led almost north, now took an easterly direction, and consequent upon the increased altitude a great change was observable in the appearance of the forest. Cedars, yews, cypress, cheel, morenda, and rye pines, with underwood of red and black currant and raspberry bushes, now took the place of oak, whilst the rhododendron appeared stunted and small. The valley decreased in width as we advanced, whilst the cliffs on each side became so precipitous that it required no great stretch of imagination to conceive that at one time the sacred stream must have burst, or riven asunder its subterranean bed and rent the fissure in the solid rock through which it flows. Indeed, there were places where I fancied that I could even trace the same inclination of strata on both faces of the precipices, with prominences on the one side, and corresponding cavities on the other, which seemed to substantiate my theory that the mass had been rent by some violent convulsion. Both my companions coincided with me in this opinion, and the Doctor recalled to mind, and repeated Coleridge's admirable simile on broken friendship.

'They parted—ne'er to meet again;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been.'

The chasm was extremely narrow in comparison with its depth, in some places being less than forty feet in width, whilst the height of the cliffs could not have been less than three hundred feet. It much reminded me of that part of the Hinter Rhein designated, 'Das verlorene Loch,' or the ravine of the Tamima, although it exceeded either in its stern wild character. The sides of the ravine were generally too steep and bare to sustain vegetation, yet in many places they were furrowed by gullies and channels worn by mountain torrents and snow streams, which were almost invariably clothed with dark pine forest, and sometimes an elevated plateau or ledge, formed by a projecting strata, covered with living verdure, would present the appearance of hanging woods, and somewhat soften the stern severity of the scene. As we were picking our way along a toilsome path encumbered with *débris* of all kinds that had fallen from above, the villager who acted as our guide pointed out to us one of those apparently inaccessible spots jutting out from the overhanging face of the rock, some hundreds of feet above the bed of the river, that had

the appearance of having at one time been tenanted by man, as besides pines and a few large cedars, I noticed a row of cypress trees, that looked as if they had been planted at regular intervals. This ledge he said had formerly been the retreat of a very holy Gossein, who having devoted himself to the service of Mahadeo, became so much disgusted with his fellow-men, that he attempted self-destruction by throwing himself into the Ganges; but the God whom he worshipped, taking the shape of a Brahminy kite, caught him as he fell, and bore him to that ledge of rock, where he lived for many years on food brought up to him by birds, until, having become purified by penance, he was absorbed and incarnated in the divinity itself. Our path, which was often very imperfectly indicated, lay for a considerable distance over tracts covered with loose rocks and angular boulders, which appeared clean and sharp-edged, as if they had been newly quarried, with scarcely a particle of intervening mould or a trace of vegetation; and as we went along we frequently came across hummocks and abrupt elevations, which owed their origin to land slips from the cliffs above. These chiefly take place in the cold season, when the water (caused by the melting of the snows in the summer months) that has penetrated into the fissures and crevices of the cliffs, becoming congealed by the frost, expands in volume, and rends the live rock asunder with irresistible force, hurling masses hundreds of tons in weight down the face of the precipice, and strewing the valley below with fragments and *débris*.

Continuing our way along the right bank below the snow-clad Deo-goojar, we crossed the Shean-Gadh by a Sango where the gorge opens out, and the Ganges divides into several shallow streams that flow along a bed of shingles and sand, and passing the confluence of the Ghoomtee and Hersula Gunga, which are separated from each other by a narrow ledge of lofty rocks, we passed over to the left or southern bank, forded the Keeree, and several other tributary streams that take their rise among the high snow-covered mountains of the Jaunli range, and after traversing a magnificent forest of deodars, some of which were of gigantic proportions, halted at Derallee, where our camp was pitched in an apricot orchard.—Distance, eight miles. As this is the highest village in the valley of the Ganges, we resolved to make it a temporary base of operations, and left our large tent standing, and a portion of the people in charge of our heavier baggage, which we had found extremely difficult to transport thus far. Indeed, it was wonderful to see the little Puharee coolies get along with their loads over such ground, passing as they did through rapid mountain streams of ice-cold water, or across beds of torrents, slippery rocks, perilous bridges, and steep descents without the slightest hesitation. Here we visited three small temples as well as two extraordinary six-storied houses, one in the village and the other on a rock above, that were built by one of the earlier Teeree rajahs for the accommodation of Brahmin pilgrims.

From Derallee, accompanied only by our shekarries, and eight of the coolies carrying two small hill tents and provisions, we wound

along the bed of the Ganges for some miles, passing through magnificent cedar forests, until we came to the junction of the Jag-gunga or Jhannevie-Gadh, a tributary fully as large as the sacred stream itself, which takes its rise in the mountains of Thibet, above Neilung, to the north east. Both rivers run in deep, rocky gorges that appear to have been worn by the action of the water, and at their confluence an immense precipitous cliff, fringed with verdure, towers high into the sky and overhangs both streams. The view from the bed of the river where we bathed, near the junction of the streams, was singularly wild and grand. Just above this spot, at the base of another steep descent, where the Ganges dashes down a chasm of rock about forty feet wide, and perhaps a hundred and twenty deep, is the shaky old bridge of Byramghattee, that was built by one of the Teeree rajahs many years ago. After leaving this relic of ancient days, a couple of hours' hard walking brought us to the confluence of the Meanee-Gadh, a rapid mountain torrent, that takes its rise in the Meanee-teeba range, the northern spurs of which form the lateral banks of the valley. From this point the ascent became very steep, the river forcing its passage almost unseen in a succession of rapids down a dark and narrow chasm, in many places more than three hundred feet deep, that seemed to have been cleft in the solid rock along the centre of a winding gorge. On each side of this precipitous channel is a slope, varying from a hundred yards to half a mile in breadth, well wooded with pine and cedar, whilst above this again rise steep lateral cliffs, fringed with pine and birch, that for the most part were covered with snow. After some hours' scrambling along a steep and tortuous track, during which time we crossed many a deep water course furrowed in the sides of the mountain, we came to the junction of the Keedar Gunga (the first contributory stream of any size that joins the Ganges) which takes its rise in the lofty range to the southward. Here the sacred river glides over a huge mass of rock forming a series of cascades, and above this the channel widens, the gorge entirely disappears, gentle slopes clothed with verdant woods come quite down to the waters edge, and the stream is seen rolling swiftly over a broad bed of shingle.

On the right bank, about fifteen feet above the stream, upon a slab of rock (that is held to be sacred as the spot upon which Gunga used to worship Mahadeo) is a small unpretending square pagoda, with melon-shaped roof, scarcely twelve feet high, surrounded by a low wall of unhewn stone. Although this insignificant-looking edifice is scarcely to be seen until the traveller comes close upon it, he must not pass it by unheeded, for he now stands before the celebrated temple of Gangoutrie, the holiest and most revered shrine of Hindoo worship, and the supposed abode of the goddess Gunga or Bhagiruttee, the spirit of the sacred Ganges. On entering the little court-yard, that is paved with smooth stones taken from the bed of the river, another small temple is seen, which is dedicated to Byramjee. Both are said to have been built by the Goorkha chief, Ummer Singh, when he subdued this part of the country.

Although, from its extreme inaccessibility, man has done so little to mark a spot that is revered and considered holy by more than a hundred millions of his race, Nature has done much, and the utter desolation and strangely stern wildness of the place is worthy of the mysterious sanctity with which it is regarded; indeed, it is scarcely possible to describe the scene, or to convey an adequate idea of the undefinable sensation of reverence that steals over the mind whilst contemplating it. Scarped, overhanging cliffs, fringed with dark pines, and splintered crags of fantastic shape, tower so high, that only a small strip of sky is visible over head, and close up the view on every side, except towards the east where the five large peaks of Rudroo-Himaleh rise, forming a semicircular hollow down which a huge glacier rolled. The appearance of this mountain from Gangotrie, as seen through the vista of the valley, was most striking, for it seemed like a mighty barrier of snow that closed up the head of the gorge, whilst the contrast of its dazzling whiteness with the deep-blue sky above, and the dark, stern cliffs on each side, gave it a character almost artificial. In such scenes the mind often wanders from the real to the ideal, and for the moment I fancied I was standing before some enormous stage, the proportions of which were so immense, that nothing short of Titans, or the giants that fought against Mahadeo could have played appropriate parts, nor was music wanting to complete the simile; for the rushing of the torrent, the rolling of the shingle on the bed of the river, the murmuring of cascades, which rose and fell as if the waters were advancing or retiring, and the mournful sighing of the wind as it swept through numerous rocky gorges, formed a strangely wild melody appropriate to the sombre grandeur of the scene.

Our tent was pitched on a little clearing close to the river, and our people found shelter in one of the numerous caves excavated in the face of the rock for the use of pilgrims to the shrine. The head Brahmin, induced by the offer of a few rupees, shewed us through the temple; but there was little to be seen in the Holy of Holies, the great object of adoration being a small silver image supposed to represent the goddess Gunga, before which a few oil lights are continually kept burning. Having satisfied our curiosity, and distributed our largess, we adjourned to dinner, after which we were present at certain ceremonies and dances performed by our people and some villagers to propitiate the spirit of the waters, and induce her to bring good luck upon our expedition. Having finished our part of the performance, which was to distribute a few rupees, we had an interesting chat round the fire, and turned in for the night.

(To be continued.)

A MOOT QUESTION :

IS THERE ANY DETERIORATION IN THE ENGLISH RACEHORSE ?

‘ He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength : he goeth on to meet the armed men.

‘ He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ; neither turneth he back from the sword.

‘ He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha ! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.’—JOB, chap. xxxix.

‘ Bold Ericthonius was the first who joined
Four horses for the rapid race design’d,
And o’er the dusty wheels presiding sat :
The Lapitæ to chariots add the state
Of bits and bridles ; taught the steed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the airy round ;
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know,
T’ obey the rider, and to dare the foe.’

Dryden’s VIRGIL, 3rd Georgic.

If ever the fury of a religious zeal should reach us with the charge of idolatry, the readers of ‘ Baily ’ may rest assured that it will be for the worship of an English thorough-bred ; certainly not for that particular animal which is sometimes playfully associated with the county of Essex. We offer no apology for this occupation of space—considering that in all important questions the Press becomes in a measure the property of the public ; through its assistance matters of fact are made clear ; through the conflict of opinion nothing at length remains but sound argument, and every man may in retirement inform himself of the question upon which he may be required either to form an opinion, or to found a resolution. Newspapers, though powerful engines, have an existence ephemeral as the Mayfly ; but a volume becomes a sort of companion, and constantly invites perusal. This is a solid reason for transferring a newspaper controversy to the columns of a periodical, read by every gentleman in England feeling an interest in ‘ the favourite sport of a great people.’ The minutest sparks in contact with combustibles are sufficient to devastate a district ; so, seeming nothings have convulsed kingdoms. Had John Hampden quietly paid the paltry sum of twenty shillings, in all probability the country would have jogged on for another century under tyranny and misrule, and in our opinion if that whining petition had not been addressed to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, we should not have been disturbed in our belief that for speed and stoutness in the race-horse we could confidently challenge the world ; and, it may be, some radical defects in our racing system would have remained unnoticed.

The letter from the Irish breeders and horse-dealers admits of the following digest : 1st. The deterioration of blood stock ; 2nd. The pernicious influence of handicapping ; and 3rd. The important results anticipated from an increase both in weight and distance in the contests for Royal Plates. A churlish man might have referred the petitioners to *Æsop*, to gather wisdom by a perusal of two of his

most remarkable fables. The Irish breeder, in numerous instances, tempted by foreign gold, destroys his future annual profits, by selling his best brood mares. He rips open the goose for an immediate golden realization, and in a dilemma caused by his own cupidity, instead of striving to remedy the evil, he falls upon his knees and implores the aid of Jupiter. But a sense of duty joined to a natural courtesy impelled Sir Robert Peel to seek the opinion of Admiral Rous, the highest racing authority; and 'The Times' condescended to unlock its columns. The subject also came before the House in a motion which at the time was deemed somewhat paradoxical, but perhaps it was only intended to be the thin end of the wedge; the abolition of the present public grant for Royal Plates, that there might be an augmentation of prizes under an improved system. We refrain from any analysis of the various arguments which the discussion provoked for two simple reasons—want of space, and the determination to follow our own line of argument.

The first point—the deteriorated breed of horses in Ireland, thus accounted for in the petition or letter, 'owing to the carelessness' with regard to brood mares likely to produce superior stock, and to 'the dearth of good stallions'—may be summarily dismissed as the result either of shortsightedness, supineness, or parsimony. The second point—'the pernicious influence of handicapping'—opens the gates of discussion to a boundless plain of inquiry.

We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and there is much truth in this sarcastic summary. Racing is no longer a noble, nor a national pastime. Its chivalry has departed, and, with rare exceptions, there is no longer any glory in victory. Racing is a matter of business.

It must be patent to every one who bestows a moment's attention to the subject, that handicaps are the growth of unhealthy private speculation, as affording the readiest and most extensive mode of gambling, and as producing that feverish excitement without which some men are scarcely reconciled to existence.

Hundreds of horses are kept in training upon the off-chance, that either from utter seclusion or some designedly wretched public performance, they may receive contemptuous notice from the handicapper, and by such means sneak into a race under the most unfair comparative impost. It may be argued that a man breeds but one first-rate horse in a lifetime, and he is prevented from reaping the fruits of judgment or chance, by the system of reducing that animal, through weight, to a low standard of excellence. This is perfectly correct; but the public would soon tire of witnessing contests for important stakes where the winner starts at long odds in his favour; his success a worked-out problem, dependent only upon health, and—what?—*honesty of intention*.

It is a difficult task for the most experienced to say, in reason, the precise difference in weight which shall enable a rank bad horse to make a race with one of the highest order; and happy ought that man to be, who, as handicapper, can satisfy a fraternity, scheming,

plotting, and contriving, and banded together to defeat the legitimate object of racing; and at the same time allay the qualms of his own conscience. But those who inveigh against handicaps, must also bear in mind, that there has been a revolution in racing since the days of Merlin, Hambletonian and Diamond, Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta, &c. Let any enthusiastic admirer of those great match-making days imagine a gentleman in this commercial age breeding or purchasing a colt for the express purpose of matching him at 4 yrs. old against Sir Mulberry Hawk's Flay 'em Alive, or the Squire's Old Port, for 1000*l.*, h. ft., 10st. 4lb. each, over the Beacon Course. Calculate interest of money for three years, at 5 per cent. upon the value of the colt, attendance, exercise, training and provender, coupled to the risk of natural infirmities and epidemic!

The multitude might rejoice in the struggle, but what would be left to the owner of the winner, independent of unprotected speculation in the shape of bets? As well might it be expected, in these days of agricultural progress, that the grazier would keep his sheep until they were full-mouthed simply that the wealthy epicure might be supplied with a delicious haunch! But between the progressive agriculturist and the modern turfite, there is this difference: the one, by abandoning the crudities of his forefathers, is a benefactor to his country, whilst at the same time his capital has a quick return. Not so the man who forms a stud as the gamester purchases dice, and ruins the most promising horses at the end of a two-year old season! But what cares he? They have earned him thousands by winning and losing as it suited his book, and they may go to the knacker or stop the hungry clamours of some neighbouring kennel.

The third question is directed to the encouragement of a stout breed through the increase of weight in long distances. This last point is approached with some degree of hesitation, because we would desire that our remarks upon this section of the controversy should be simply suggestive, and merely an instalment in a Turf discussion involving important interests, and inviting serious consideration. If asked for a decided opinion as to whether blood stock in England has degenerated in all those important essentials, we should answer most emphatically, no! An hypothesis might be raised upon the policy of having expatriated such horses as Glencoe, Priam, Glaucus, Gladiator, Caravan, &c.; and in more recent years, the stout son of Sir Hercules and Guiccioli, The Flying Dutchman, Fisherman, Nabob, and lastly 'The West'—glorious in his Turf triumphs, but at present under a cloud at the stud. But let any one who knows the 'Hawk from the Anser,' attend the annual sales of yearlings from the most select establishments, and he will find animals which will pass the most fastidious criticism—horses capable of flying the T.Y.C. with a 'steadier,' and others with staying powers under a crushing burthen; and many regrets have we listened to, even from trainers themselves, that such splendid examples of blood and power should, through the cupidity or caprice of owners, be ruined before cartilage had made its acquaintance with bone. We are uninformed

as to the views which Mr. Percy Wyndham may be delegated to advance at the next session of parliament, but doubtless he will hold a good brief.

We, ourselves, should advocate such additional annual grant as will provide 5000*l.* clear of all deductions, and without subscription, to the first horse, and 500*l.* to the second; to be run for over not less than three miles, 10*st.* 4*lb.* for *maiden* four-year old horses, and mares with the existing allowance for sex—every alternate year at Newmarket and Doncaster; 3000*l.* for Ireland, with 300*l.* to the second, to be run for on the Curragh of Kildare—and open to the world.

By some such national encounter we may, perhaps, be enabled to test the traditions as to the speed and endurance of Eclipse, Childers, and the early Turf celebrities, through a full development of power before the Turf career began. At any rate there will be the chance of maturity and soundness at the post, whilst the existing Royal Plates with all their *prestige*, the Doncaster, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, with other rich trophies run for at long distances, would afford to those behind the winner of the grand prize, various opportunities for proving the merits of the field.

Mr. W. Dickinson thus concludes a letter which he addressed to 'The Times' on the 11th of August last:—'Mr. John Scott says 'he is of opinion that the English racehorse has not improved since 'the days of Catton, Filho da Puta, Blacklock, Ebor, and others of 'their time; he certainly considers the horses of those days were 'infinitely superior in substance to those of the present day.'

Now, there is not a brood mare of note, nor any distinguished sire in England, whose pedigree cannot be traced either to Eclipse, Childers, King Herod, or the Godolphin Barb. Is not this blood rich enough? As for the examples of stoutness associated with the early stable recollections of Mr. Scott, it must be borne in mind that every age or period has its meteors. In the human race, we have the scientific meteor, the literary, the diplomatic, the forensic, the naval, and the military meteor.

First and foremost as a racing phenomenon stands Buckhunter, a son of the Bald Galloway, who, mutilated for his indomitable spirit, was commonly known as the Carlisle Gelding. He won his first race in 1719, and after beating the best horses of his year, he for many years led gallops at Newmarket, and supported the severe ordeals which await a trial-horse. At fourteen years old he was sold again, and left Newmarket as a stale horse; notwithstanding which, he afterwards won seventeen plates, and died, as it were, on the field of battle. He broke a leg whilst running for a plate at Salterly, and was buried (as he deserved to be) within the precincts of hallowed ground. He found a resting-place close to the paling of Stilton churchyard. Orville was a grand example of what may be termed the middle age, winning twenty out of twenty-one engagements, and supporting a brilliant career for six successive years; whilst at the Stud he founded a race of giants. Dr. Syntax was another meteor,

describing a considerable arc, bidding farewell to the Turf in his fourteenth year, after fifty-six triumphs at the most distressing distances, and sweeping in with his spoils twenty gold cups. The magnificent Fleur-de-Lis, Camarine, Lucetta, Beeswing, Alice Hawthorn, Virago, Blink Bonny, Fisherman, Rataplan, Caller Ou, are all modern meteors, and lend support to our own theory.

General Peel's declaration in the House, that 'so far from the 'breed of horses having fallen off, I believe there never was a time 'when thoroughbred horses were more surely *going back to that size 'and power which formerly distinguished them*;' and Mr. Dickinson's unqualified assertion, 'I stated, and do not hesitate to state 'again, that our thoroughbred horses are *seriously deteriorated in size 'and substance since the peace was made in 1815*'—both bear so strongly upon our position as to demand especial notice.

The above extract from General Peel's speech we regard as a negative opinion, because destroyed by subsequent passages in his address; and it is given because made use of by Mr. Dickinson as a stout support to his own theory: we shall therefore address ourselves to Mr. Dickinson's sweeping assertion. '*Size and substance*' shall be our text. It will be sufficient for our purpose to glance at Butler's book of Turf worthies which flourished in the racing period extending from Queen Anne to George II. The series commences with Old Scar, Basto, and Bay Bolton, foaled respectively in 1703, 1704, and 1705, and it also includes the following distinguished sires: Fox, Childers, Lamprie, Crab, Starling, Lath, Second, Fearnought, Old and Young Cartouch, Spanking Roger, Sedbury, Volunteer, &c.; and amongst the dams, Brocklesby Betty, Bonny Black, Bald Charlotte, Creeping Molly,—names constantly turning up in the Stud Book, and no breeder of the present day has any cause to be ashamed of the blood. At this period it is evident, both from the pedigree and the engraved representations, that the English race-horse was under the process of *manufacture*. The Barb and Arab blood flowed copiously in his veins, and in size and conformation he gave unmistakable signs of his oriental descent.

Some idea may be obtained of the size of the English racer of that period from the fact that Old Cartouch was only 14 hands high, and that in 1752 the average height of the winners of the 'Give-and-take Plates' was 13 hands 3 in., and the average weight carried 8st. 11lb. 6oz. Of the twelve sires advertised in the Calendar for that year, only three reached 15 hands, and two of these were Barbs; but Babraham, by the Godolphin Barb, out of the Earl of Godolphin's large *Hartley mare*, was described as 'standing full 16 hands.'

The celebrated Gimcrack, foaled in 1760, and owned at intervals by Mr. Green, Mr. Wildman, Lord Bolingbroke, Count Lauraguais, Sir C. Bunbury, and last by Lord Grosvenor, who purchased him for 1,200 guineas, refusing 500 guineas for his bargain, was only 14 hands and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch high, and won at all distances, and under the highest weights during his brilliant career, eighteen 50l. plates,

the silver bowl at Salisbury, and 200 guineas and the whip at Newmarket. He also won the following matches, viz.: for 1,000 guineas, twice; 500 guineas; 300 guineas, twice; and 200 guineas; and received forfeit, 250 guineas; and, in 1766, he ran a match in France of 22½ miles within the hour for a large sum. The English race-horse gradually increased in height and substance, until at the end of the seventeenth century horses with high racing quality stood 15 hands 2 in.; in our estimation the standard for symmetry, truth of conformation, equality in leverage, and fine sustaining power. Gohanna, bred by Lord Egremont in 1790, by Mercury, a son of Eclipse, out of a Herod mare, and Muly Moloch, foaled in 1798, and got by John Bull out of Mistletoe by Pot8os, were, for quality and conformation, joined to speed and stoutness, unsurpassed in their age. Orville, though under 15 hands 3 in., was an advance both in height and substance upon the standard, and brings us to 1815, the period referred to by Mr. Dickinson.

Without any severe tax upon our memory, we can point to the following horses, foaled since 1815 (exclusive of those already named in our list of 'meteors'), as possessing size and power superior to any to be met with in any other Turf epoch, viz.:—Emilius, Priam, Glencoe, Glaucus, Muley Moloch, Rockingham, Touchstone, Plenipotentiary, Mundig, Bay Middleton, Elis, Don John, Charles the Twelfth, Lanercost, Hetman Platoff, Coronation, Cotherstone, Faugh-a-Ballagh, The Baron, Pyrrhus the First, Van Tromp, Cossack, Surplice, The Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, Teddington, Newminster, Stockwell, West Australian, Wild Dayrell, Thormanby, St. Albans, Kettledrum, together with such horses as The Emperor, Chanticleer, Nabob, King Tom, Asteroid, and last, though by no means the least, Nutbourne, a horse of transcendent quality; whilst such mares as Canezou, Governess, Avalanche, and Fairwater show no degeneracy, at least on their side.

We deal with the question as affecting the character of the English thoroughbred in the fulfilment of his highest mission, and have really nothing to do either with the manufacture of horses for her Majesty's cavalry regiments, or the production of park hackneys and brougham slaves. So far as the sire is concerned, there is throughout the kingdom an abundance of the very best raw material; but if breeders for the general market display neither judgment nor enterprise, but imagine that the reputation of the sire alone is sufficient to insure a fashionable and saleable animal from bloodless and infirm mares, they must not be surprised nor make pathetic appeals, should the foreign breeders profit by their blunders.

In conclusion, we would once more give as our latest and most deliberate opinion, drawn from the closest study, that the English racer *has not degenerated*, either in blood or conformation; our verdict is, that he is pampered into an unnatural and unhealthy growth as a yearling, and destroyed by a *system*, before his real powers can by any possibility be developed.

The inordinate taste for two-year old races is one curse ; the other is bookmaking. The one destroys horses ; the other men. Let a book be opened upon a cricket match and the chivalry of the game would gradually depart. Already coursing has felt its baneful influence ; so with horseracing : the pride of conquest has been displaced by feelings which alone animate the gambler. Honour and integrity have been by degrees elbowed out by low cunning and scoundrelism. It may be true that at distant intervals some minor culprit is placed in the stocks, and for a few short hours pelted with an affected virtuous indignation ; but the prime mover, the chief juggler behind the scenes, escapes. He settles down quietly upon his gains and his infamy, and no man expects that he will make any restitution. He remains a wretched but complete illustration of the following quotation :—

‘ Nihil est furacius illo ;
Non fuit autolyçi tam piceata manus. ’—MART.

‘ Could he have filch’d but half as sly as thee,
Crook-finger’d Jack had ‘scaped the triple tree.’

The writer who builds his arguments upon facts is not easily to be confuted. He may want eloquence to amuse or persuade, but with truth for his boundary, he is not to be answered, either by general assertions or general reproaches.

HARE HUNTING.

MY remarks upon hare hunting in a former number were chiefly applicable to an enclosed country. Upon the open downs of Wiltshire and Sussex a larger hound may be used, but in so doing you entirely change the character of the sport ; you give up the hunting for the sake of the gallop. Of course running on foot with the hounds is out of the question ; even if you had the speed and endurance of Charley Westhall it could not be done.

Down hares are proverbially strong, but, as they presume very much upon their strength, they come to hand easily. It is usual to give a shepherd a crown for a hare found sitting in the open, and, as a hat is held up upon a hill, it is a difficult matter to prevent the hounds from breaking away to the spot in full cry, so well do they know what is up.

The virgin down, which has never been broken up by the plough, carries a burning scent ; and no sooner do the hounds cross the line of the hare than away they go like two-year olds starting for a race. The scent is breast high and they have not to stoop for it. By the time that the horsemen have reached the brow of the first rising ground, the hounds are in the bottom below and beginning to ascend the opposite hill. Already the tailing has commenced : the young hounds have it all to themselves, the old ones are toiling in the rear, throwing their tongues not upon the scent, but because of their inability to get up. Every minute the tail becomes longer, and soon

the leading hound and the last hound are scarcely in the same parish. The horsemen have to ride their hardest to keep the leading one in view. There are occasional patches of gorse upon the downs, and the hare having taken through one of these, a chance is afforded for the pack to get a little more together. Vain hope! Whimsey, instead of carrying the line through, whips round the gorse and goes away on the other side, with her head up in the air, with a stronger lead than ever. She has learned to become a confirmed skirter.

Soon the horsemen view the hare going very high; about a mile in front of her are the woodlands which have evidently been her point from the first. They are full of game, and if she can only reach them she will be safe. It will be an afternoon's job to get the hounds out again. But she is not destined to do so; upon rounding a knoll, Whimsey catches a view of her and stretches herself out like a greyhound, gaining at every stride. The hare is unable to make another effort and dies in Whimsey's mouth. Her sister Willing comes up some twenty yards behind her, and then Racer.

The leading horseman comes next, and jumping off his horse he has no difficulty in saving the hare, the hounds as they struggle up, one by one, being much too much blown to tear her. He holds her out at arm's length, for she is already as stiff as a biscuit.

It has been a merry gallop and a clean kill, but any pack of curs could have done the like. There have been no difficulties to test the nose of the hound or the skill of the huntsman. Far be it from us to decry pace, but seek it in its proper place. Look for it with fox hounds, or with stag hounds, or, as all tastes are to be respected, after the aniseed drag, but with the hare, as Beckford properly lays down the law. 'We should give scope to all her little tricks, nor kill her foully, and over-matched.' Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends carried this principle to the extreme when they walked the hare to death with the heavy blue mottled harrier, who proclaimed with his deep melodious note every step that she had taken.

These hounds had ears that hung down in folds like a damask napkin; they were throaty and ill-shaped, being hollow backed and heavy shouldered, with bony but not over straight forelegs, but they also inherited from their southern progenitors a wonderful nose. They could hunt a lower scent than any other description of hound. They were obstinate and self-willed, for they knew that they knew best, and they would not leave a scent even if a railway train was upon their heels. The next generation dubbed them Psalm singers and voted the whole business a bore. The breed was suffered to die out, and with it has gone a nose that could hunt a scent almost underground. If here and there one of the sort is to be found it is a relic of the days gone by.

A real sportsman can never tire of hunting; there is an endless variety in it; the instinct of the hound shows itself in a thousand various ways. You may see a hound feeling for a scent, but not certain enough to speak to it; he then tries all round, and having satisfied himself that the scent is not elsewhere, he returns to the

original point and speaks to it with confidence. Has he not solved the problem with all the accuracy of Euclid? Be the day ever so unpropitious, leave the hounds alone and they will accommodate themselves to the scent. As the phrase goes, they will make a scent.

Not but that there are some days so bad scenting that the best of hounds will hunt dog or anything else. I have known a celebrated pack of hounds find a fox, change to a hare, and run into a donkey! On such days hounds are much better in their kennel, they are only doing themselves harm. Nor is it much more use to attempt to hunt the hare on a wild gusty day, when the wind blows the scent about, and breaks the continuity of the line. The wisest of us know but little about scent, although there are some well-known rules which are rarely at fault. The ground must be moist. You might as soon expect a person with an ounce of Lundyfoot up his nostrils to discriminate between two delicate perfumes as for a hound to have picked out a scent over fallow ground during the early part of the past October. There never is much real sport until the mud flies, and scent generally lies best upon those wet undrained lands where the rushes grow. Of course there can be no scent where ground carries. The day should be still and cloudy; the wind, the less the better, should be east or north-east.

With rain in the air there is no scent, but on the eve of a hard frost there is a burning one. In short, there is never a scent except with a rising glass.

Hounds can tell instinctively whether there be a scent or not. If they roll upon the grass it is a bad sign, but if they travel to the meet very quietly they are saving themselves for a hard day. With so ticklish a commodity as scent, and one upon which the sport so much depends, the hare hunter must allow his hounds to make the most of it, by keeping himself and his friends quiet. A noisy field is destruction to sport. In the course of a long run the hare hunter will assuredly have an opportunity of testing his power of perseverance, for he should never give a hare up as long as there is light to hunt her. Even when the case appears most hopeless, the hare is very likely laid up within twenty yards of him, dead beat. Half a century ago Sir John Dashwood King kept a pack of harriers in the west of England. His huntsman was a most persevering fellow and was never satisfied without accounting for his hare. He often-times tired out the patience of his master, who went home, but he generally had the satisfaction of reporting to him in the evening, 'I parsavared, Sir John, and killed her.'

RACING IN PARIS.

BY ZERO.

THE legitimate racing-season has terminated with us, as it will have done with you before 'Baily' goes to press. Our last excitement was a handicap at Chantilly, as yours will have been the Cambridge-shire, for which, by the way, the Duc de Morny backed his horse Bayard, for 40*l.*, at a hundred to one. 'With hard ground,' said his trainer, 'we have got a good thing.' Whether Mr. Jennings said sooth or not, time will show. I beg your pardon, most gentle November readers, time has shown.

Since writing to you we have had three meetings, and they have not been devoid of interesting events. To be anything now you must be 'sensational.' If you are writing a novel you pop your husband in a well, poison your hero and heroine, and then marry and settle the villain, and leave him to live long, happy, and respected. If you have race-horses, they should win one day, be beat the next, and 'win easier than ever on the third.' In a word, we are sensational on nothing.

The Autumn Meeting of Paris inaugurated that great success which has so deservedly stuck to the Duc de Morny—the 'George 'Bentinck' of the French Turf.

On the Sunday—and here I pause for a minute, and say that I am inclined, out of consideration for certain official reputations and parliamentary positions—that regard in the latter case, being especially bad to certain impending events—let us say, for instance, a dissolution and subsequent appeals to the 'highly respectable and 'most tight-laced and decorous body, which I now have the 'honour to address,' to always write of my races here as being run on a S—day, and then, perhaps, the charitable (confound them as a rule) will take it for a misprint, and for the sixth instead of the seventh day. I have seen persons at the meetings during this last month, whose names, Mr. Editor, I would rather perish than 'put 'into print.'

Would I take away the religious repute of the honourable member for the hamlet of Hampstead? Would I trifle with the reputation of the learned sergeant who, with a beard and moustache, is 'swelling 'it' (forgive the slang) here till term time sends him home close-shaven and respectable? Would I tell the public how that County Member, who holds plates at missionary meetings at home, has backed a horse (after church) for a plate and lost his money. While his wife, who also, at home, distributes what I once heard described as 'trax,' bought a card of the races and wagered gloves on its numbers? No, on consideration, I

4 'Would rather be a dog and bay the moon,':

than such a chronicler of scandal.

Still they were all there—high churchmen after morning service, I beg their pardon, ‘Matins’—politicians who at home would have been dull and decorous—ladies unlaced (morally) for the day, though generally stringent in that respect—and I like them all—when in PARIS you should do as the ROMANS do—that is, make the Sunday less ascetic than it is

‘In the cold regions of the moral north.’

What I do not like is the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Tightlace—he is M.P. for Strictborough, a radical, and is returned by the low church interest. She represents sermons, weak soup, scanty flannel petticoats, and a hundred weight of slates at Christmas, who hire a carriage under pretence that they only want to drive in the ‘Bois,’ and so come and see the races for nothing from the Boulogne road. How would that honourable M.P. and the honourable woman his wife, like it to be said at C—— House that they were ‘outsiders?’ Yet they were so—I apologise for my digression, and return ‘à mes moutons’—sheep, by the way, more likely to shear than be shorn—on the turf of the Longchamps racecourse, very good turf, too, and extremely well managed. Well then, on the Sunday after the last ‘Baily’ appeared, we had a great meeting in the ‘Bois’ and a ‘good thing,’ such as the annals of the French turf rarely record. After the ‘Grand Criterion,’ the Great Two-Year Old race of the Autumn, which, by the way, produced fourteen runners, and was won by Count Lagrange’s Bearnais, only a moderate favourite, beating the Duc de Morny’s Lelio, by West Australian, who was first favourite, we had the Omnium Handicap. They bet 5 to 2 against the favourite, Mr. Carter’s Eva, and 40 to 1 against the Duc de Morny’s Perle, who won in a trot.

The Duke had two horses engaged. ‘Have you a chance, Jennings?’ asked Mr. Z—— (that you know, stands for Zany, who ‘looked like a fool,’ according to the nursery rhyme). ‘Chance!’ replied the Duke’s trainer, ‘I shall win!’ ‘Bon,’ says Z., and goes and backs him—only he backed the horse which made the running.

Then Bayard won a race in a walk, and the hundred to eight looked rosy!

Since that time the Duc has never tired. I have rarely seen luck such a stayer. (In my own stable I usually find it tires over a short distance of ground.) Why the next Sunday, the Duc de Morny, Mr. Jennings, and a mare called Neolie, galloped the Dollar to death, and then won two or three little coups just to fill up ‘the measure of content.’

Mr. Kinglake, who is not, strictly speaking, an ‘Ignoramus,’ and who if he did not always run in blinkers when the Emperor or his deeds, thoughts, and even friends are concerned, would yet bring off a good thing, has already discovered that there were sharp parties among that ‘knot of elderly men who were pushing their fortunes ‘in France,’ but I question if any one of them was within 7 lb. of

the Duc de Morny—a great gentleman, who is a good sportsman, and who, though never ‘sharp,’ can hold his own on a turf which is as yet certainly smoother than ours.

And Jennings! A great trainer, if as is ever the case, success is the touchstone of desert. Jennings’ career is the parallel of that of Godding. Jennings was a groom at the smallest possible wages—serving the best, and, indeed, then the judge of racing in France—he had a ‘knack’ with horses—he trained and won and then he trained on,—and he is now *chêf* in an establishment where there now are fifty, and where, next year, there will be seventy horses in training. As Mr. Disraeli says of the East, ‘It is a career!’

But then—‘*Mutato nomine di te fabula narratur*,’—Oh! great Newmarket trainer and winner of handicaps! Godding used to train a hunter for a steeplechase and usually won the race—then we had races at Chantilly—very pleasant—very well attended, but no ‘sensation,’—and after a day distinguished by no great feature, the curtain dropped over the French Racing Season of 1864—‘*Requiescat in pace*’—to be sure we have less ‘dead un’s’ to lament than you, but then again, perhaps, that is only (like the young lady’s innocence) ‘on account of my youth, sir, mostly.’ It has been a fine season though, and on the whole flattering to France. I will pass over the English triumphs, better known to you than to me, but which this very month have added at least a cubit to the stature of the Paris Jockey Club. I look back, and see Bois-Roussel walking away from the best horses in France, and the stable unknowingly having a better all the time—a better which served them, in a time of sore need, to beat the best horse in England, which means the world; for I know this, Bois-Roussel broke down in the Grand Prix, and M. de St. Romain, one of the owners (for Bois-Roussel, Vermouth, and Co., belong to a ‘Company limited’ as to numbers, and consisting of some of the best men on the French turf), refused 30 to 1 about Vermouth just before the race.

And Blair Athol! an old story—yet they would not pay forty pounds for a special boat, and so kept him at Folkestone (or Dover), nor fifty pounds for a special train, and so kept him again at Calais (or Boulogne), which was a bore for his backers, and rather a detriment to his condition. They will jump down our throats if we open them to assert this, and yet it has the misfortune to be true.

Then I recall the intermittent racing of La Fille de l’Air and Vermouth—from Epsom to Paris, from Paris to far Baden, always lovely, always looking well—nay, always going well (except in the market). La Fille has gained a reputation which entitles her to the immortality of Herring; and Vermouth (whose own brother should be called Bitters, he is at Chantilly, and a screamer!) What of him, the oft defeated, oft victorious? ‘What shall we say for ‘Vermouth’? what will any gentleman say for him?’ I quote the words of our late lamented friend at Hyde-park Corner, which is now, too, in its turn, ‘late and lamented.’

‘I think he is a rare good horse, and having repeated what you

'all knew before, I will retire from the French turf for the season—
'No! I won't, I will only get off the course.'

Let us look for a minute, ere I close my letter, at the sparkling scene which the stands and enclosures of French race-courses give us.

As yet there is less business and fewer 'good things' in France than in England. There is as yet some pleasure left in the spectators of a race.

'What are you on?' seriously asks *A* at Ascot of *B*, who has been up all night trying to get on or hedge his stake. *B*, looking naturally worn out, answers in a serious tone and in a humbled spirit. Altogether the interview is gloomy. Here it is a lighter matter. Francs as yet equal pounds, and the result is less anxiety. The ring here consists of a smaller nucleus of men, round which gathers a select circle of backers. A Boulevard bookmaker reaps the great harvest. A German banker lays the odds in a spirit of liberality, 'limited.' Two or three English and four or five natives make books. A score of natives, and as many foreigners, indulge in that luxury of an 'opinion,' which was once said by a clever man to have been the 'ruin of his generation,' and not only do they indulge in it, but they back it; (that is ruin ready made, for 'opinion' is very apt to be a bad second). Beyond that ring, the scene of a French race-course is ever charming. The stands are pretty as well as comfortable. Ladies sit about as if they were in their salons. They dress, to be sure, in colours that ought to be announced by cards, but yet I think we should not complain of that. Entering themselves for public admiration, they should be distinguished by colours which will attract the eye of the Judge.

I could give you a list of this select society, but then 'Bailly' would be tabooed. Let us give an outline, then, instead of a coloured picture. For instance, that is the Duchess of A—, a charming person as everybody sees, except her husband, who is now backing a bad thing for five Louis.

That is Mademoiselle Derangée who has caused more scandal and destroyed more domestic happiness than any woman of her height and inches, and even now looks like training on.

On the other hand, that is a great English diplomatist (although it is Sunday) who is walking about in the worst, *i. e.*, most liberal company, and who must expect a 'wiggling' from his chief when he appears in Piccadilly. Lions and lambs are very well, but even on a Paris race-course, 'P.' and 'O.' cannot go together. (Where can they, except on Mediterranean steamers?) Then we see a Metropolitan Member looking as if he would like to make a speech about something, and astonished that nobody detects 'M. P.' in a sort of halo round his elected head. Dull company this! I prefer the looser lot, Mademoiselle Cruche-cassée, let us say, and Miss Brittle her English niece (received in the best society I assure you), if not respectable they are at least amusing; and that is something. But the panorama would unfold for ever. I must finish.

Over the racing-season of France, and its interesting, striking, and, above all, instructive episodes, I draw a curtain. Instructive? asks inquiring mind. And I answer, 'Yes;' for 'The noblest study of mankind is (racing) Man,' and the curious circumstances of his career, usually and naturally a fleeting one, and its chances and changes, and, above all, its moral (which, if you will allow me, we will draw later, for a moral, like a good vintage loses nothing by keeping) are ever worthy of record, even in such pages as those of 'Baily,' and even if he who records them is—Zero.

P.S.—There is to be a Steeplechase and flat race Meeting on the 6th at Porchefontaine, the 'International Racing Company's' new course. The arrangements are not thought good by the racing world of Paris, and so I do not expect a great meeting. There is, however, a great desire here to see a real steeplechase—hunters, and big fences—not racers and little hurdles—and if such a race is arranged and a good stake added, the Company may do good business in the spring.

A new sporting paper, 'Le Club,' is about to appear here under the literary guidance of M. Scholl, and socially introduced by Mr. Paul Caillard, M. F. H., the Duc de Caderousse-Grammont, and Prince Demidoff.

SHOOTING AT HOME AND ABROAD CONTRASTED.

'It is brilliant autumn time, the most brilliant time of all,
When the gorgeous woods are gleaming ere the leaves begin to fall;
When the maple boughs are crimson, and the hickory shines like gold,
When the noons are sultry hot, and the nights are frosty cold;
When the country has no green but the sword-grass by the rill,
And the willows in the valley, and the pine upon the hill;
When the pipin leaves the bough, and the sumach's fruit is red,
And the quail is piping loud from the buckwheat where he fed;
When the sky is blue as steel, and the river clear as glass,
When the mist is on the mountain, and the network on the grass;
When the harvests all are housed, and the farmer's work is done,
And the woodland is resounding with the spaniels and the gun.'

SPRING is the season of hopes and fears to the sportsman: the hunting man thinks of the 'head' of vixens left in his country; the man of the trigger remembers with satisfaction how he forbore to thin out his birds too closely, and hopes for as fine a breeding season as has been this of 1864; the fisherman alone has it all his own way, and, by the sedgy bank of the rippling trout stream, tries to beguile the speckled beauties—for *his hour has come*. But autumn is the season of fruition: cub-hunting has begun, and the shooter has already found out in the harvested fields how scarce or plentiful are the birds. For more than a dozen years we had the good fortune to shoot in Texas, for the last three or four our fate has compelled us to shoot in England—no thanks for that same favour to the Chief of Federaldom, Abe Lincoln, and his blockading vessel that cut us off from Wilmington, and induced us to return to the

port we started from, and which we fondly hoped not to see again for that unknown algebraical quantity of time known in the south-west as 'a coon's age.' It has been, therefore, our luck to 'pot' partridges instead of Yankees for one or two seasons besides this. Of course, having 'outlived, or been forgotten' by, those we knew in our early sporting life in this country, the shooting that has fallen to our share has been very contracted, and only occasionally have we had a tolerable day; so that I am free to confess that I do not take a very favourable view of English shooting after Texan, where our range was unlimited and the game the most varied. Nevertheless, I shall endeavour to give a description of two days' shooting which has fallen to our lot, one this year in England, and one in 1859 in Texas, simply premising that the latter was a day devoted strictly to small game: no buckshot was taken, so that we might neither be tempted by deer or other large game to swerve from our over-night determination to have a day at the quail or other small game. We may as well here state that the dogs over which we shot were descendants of a bitch, the only survivor of five with which we first started for Texas, the rest having died at sea as soon as we got into the tropics; and this pointer bitch, then a puppy, we divided our pint of water with for eight days when we were short, giving her the better half, and well she repaid in after days this self-denial.

The day we select this year to contrast with our day in Texas was warm and bright. Enough rain had fallen to make the scent better than it was the first few days of September, and everything, save the cover, was promising. The short root crops, a turnip or stray mangold alone showing what the field had been sown with, owing to the drought, and the close-shorn stubbles, and scanty growth of grass, not being much in favour of the birds lying.

'We'll try this mangold first,' said my companion, W.; 'we ought to find a covey of fourteen here.' 'Hold up!' and off went our brace of setters, quartering their ground, fast but steadily. 'Toho!' Quite enough to call Nigger's attention to Chance, who had the point, and to convert the black dog, as he backed his companion, into a position as rigid as though he had been carved from marble. The mangold roots, thin and scattering, afford but little cover, and, ere we are level with Chance, they rise, well on to forty yards away. Bang goes W.'s gun as he picks out the left-hand bird of the covey, cutting him down neatly, but he fancies he is too far off to work his second barrel. Bang goes our gun on the right as we tumble over the old cock as limber as a rag, and then try a long shot with our left-hand barrel at another, making it drop a leg: this bird flies on with the rest for a hundred yards, but then it shoots up skyward, and life leaving it in mid-air the 'traversed bird' comes headlong down.

W. has kept his eyes upon the birds to mark them: five have topped the farther hedge of the next field, a wheat stubble, where we may not follow them, but six have dropped, scattering, in the ditch on this side where we may go. We pick these up one at a

time, first one dog then the other alternately pointing and backing each other. Reluctantly we leave the other five, consigning the law of trespass, which for many a year had never troubled us, to the 'regions of the lower fiends,' and turning short to the left, try the narrow strips where we have leave to go, and by one o'clock have picked up ten brace and a half.

'Here's a "pub." close by,' says W., 'and we may as well have 'a crust of bread and cheese, a glass of bitter, and a pipe. Stumps 'here, I dare say, won't say no to that.'

Stumps', our hobbledehoy henchman, face grins all over with assent to the proposition, though he speaks not, from the bashfulness our country bumpkins are so afflicted with; so no one opposing the motion, we carry ourselves to the clean-sanded parlour of the way-side inn.

In an hour's time we are again on the move, and by close hunting, fair shooting, and never throwing a chance away, we bagged nine brace more—making, in all, nineteen and a half brace for the day's work; never having seen either hare, rabbit, landrail, or other game the whole day through; and feeling convinced that, had we been at liberty to follow the game we found, we could have bagged at least thirty brace of birds.

Now let us recount our day at the quail on the 12th October, 1859.

'When are you coming up to my wigwam, Hardy, for some 'shooting?' I said to an English acquaintance one August day in Galveston.

'Oh, when you like. Shall I come up and have a *first* with you, 'as in Old England? You say you have lots of quail and prairie-hens.'

'Come when you like,' I replied; 'but don't expect to do anything with them till after the "turn of the weather," as no dogs 'can work till after the 10th of October: then the hot weather 'ceases and the cool sets in every year almost to a day.'

'I'll be with you about that day then; so, good-bye.'

* * * * *

'Do you think we shall have as good a day as we had once 'together in old Northamptonshire?' asked Hardy, as we left my wigwam after an ample breakfast of broiled venison steaks, grilled quail, and buckwheat cakes, armed with our double-guns, whilst a brace of good pointers frisked round us gaily, glad that their season of sport had come.

'I don't think anything about it. I am quite sure that the day 'you mention will bear no comparison with a day here either for 'quantity or variety.'

After a five minutes' walk I pointed out a 'motte,' or 'island of 'timber,' to my companion, just in front of us. 'Do you see that 'timber?' Well, most of the trees in it are cedars, and I call it 'Cedar Island; and, small as it looks on this vast prairie, it is at least a mile in length and two hundred yards wide. To the left,

'and three quarters of a mile distant, is a prairie slough; and I know the ground between to hold at least ten or a dozen bevs of quail; and there may be some prairie-hens there as well—at any rate, there are plenty all round on the prairie. There is a possibility, too, if the weather has set in cold at the north, that we may find a cock or snipe or two; and, very likely, in the slough itself we may find a plump or two of blue-winged teal. Look out! they are drawing already. There! what do you think of that? Come round this way; I want to drive them from the island.'

Bang! went our four barrels; and four quail dropped to the ground nearly as quickly as our pointers sank to 'Down, charge!'

'Why, this is not like the European quail,' said Hardy, as he looked out his birds; 'these are larger, squarer birds than I have seen in England.'

'True! This is a swifter, stronger, bolder bird than the Old World quail, and is neither true partridge nor true quail—a connecting link between the two. Did you mark them? I fancied they went down near those wild myrtle bushes, or in them.'

'Yes, they went into the myrtles. And yet, Hardy, although you marked them truly enough, the dogs will not be able to find them.'

'How do you mean? Not find them! Why, they found them beautifully just now.'

'So they did; but the American quail has the singular faculty of holding its scent after being flushed the first time. You shall see. Come, heel, Shot! Come, heel, Spanker! I'll take them right to the spot; and you shall see.'

'Hold up, good dogs!'

'There! now do you believe? The dogs have hunted it as closely as possible, and yet they cannot find them.'

'No! because they have run.'

'Not a bit of it. See here. You go in, and trample it closely.'

Bang!—bang!

'Are you convinced now, Hardy?'

'Yes; but no one could have beaten it into my head unless I had proved it as I now have.'

'Well, we will try for a fresh bevy, and in half an hour work back for these rascals, for as soon as they either run or call the charm is broken.'

* * * * *

'Well, what do you think of it now? Four hours' work, and sixty-three quail bagged, and two cotton-tails' (hares). 'None so dusty, is it? There's the boy with the ponies, and a fresh brace of dogs under the shade of that live oak. We'll go and get some lunch, and send home our game to be put in the ice-house.'

'Now, Pompey, lead these dogs home, put this game in the cool; and then come back on your pony, and gather up these luncheon things, and take them back to the house.'

'With fresh dogs, and mounted, we will try for a brace of prairie-

'hens' (pinnated grouse) 'after lunch. You may shoot from the backs of either of these ponies as steadily as though you were on your feet.'

In three hours' shooting we brought thirty-seven grouse to bag, and then returned home by the slough, keeping the pointers close in to heel, and picked up three more hares, five teal, and three snipe.

The total of that *real day* and *real bag* was thirty-one couple and a half of quail, eighteen and a half brace of grouse, five hares, five teal, and three snipe; and this in a land where no vermin is killed down, nor game-law or gamekeeper known, through all the State of Texas.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1864.

THE recurrence of dark and dreary November, with its thick fogs and dank atmosphere, is a disagreeable reflection *per se*; but cricketers past and present, especially amongst the 'upper ten,' regard its return with unusual interest, inasmuch as the pages of 'Baily' on All Saints' Day annually contain a faithful and exclusive record of the Public School Averages during the campaign last past—that is, of so many of the cricket nurseries as 'courteous and punctual replies to our application enable us to deal with. This year we regret that in the current Number we can only present our readers with those of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Merchant Taylors', Marlborough, and Westminster, to the several captains of which institutions we beg to tender our best thanks; at the same time we venture to express a hope that the presiding genii at Rugby, Cheltenham, &c., &c., will at their earliest possible convenience kindly oblige us by forwarding the necessary information in order that we may complete the usual statistics in 'Baily' of December. Notwithstanding the premonitory remarks made in 'Baily' last November of the obvious necessity of 'looking to their bowling,' we regret to find that at Eton no register has again been kept; at least we are left no alternative but to suppose this, as once more the batting averages are alone forthcoming. Of the 1863 Eleven, only four are found in that of the season just concluded, and three of these have improved on their previous year's performances. Mr. W. S. Prideaux (the Captain) from 15·8 to 38·1, Hon. S. G. Lyttelton from 7·5 to 33·10, and Mr. H. D. Forsyth from 4·2 to 6·5, whilst the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton's movement has been a retrograde one, viz. from 24·7 to 11·2. Eton this year got roughly handled by Harrow at Lord's, Messrs. Arkwright and Amherst's bowling proving 'too many' for them. The largest individual scores made in that match were 8 and 50 by the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, 28 and 12 by Mr. E. Lubbock, and 14 and 6 by Mr. Forsyth. In the annual match with Winchester, which Eton 'won in a canter,' Mr. Prideaux made 16 and (not out) 54, Hon. S. G. Lyttelton 12 and (not out) 96, and Mr. Lubbock 35 and 14. There are several very promising youths amongst this season's *debutants*, one of whom, Mr. A. M. Evans, put together the largest score recorded, viz. 104. Mr. S. G. Lyttelton's not out 96 at Winchester has served him considerably in the averages.

Mr. W. S. Prideaux is the captain of the Eton Eleven, and Frederick Bell, of Cambridge, the professional Mentor. The following are this year's figures:—

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
W. S. Prideaux	12	3	89	343	38·1
Hon. S. G. Lyttelton	12	1	96	373	33·10
A. M. Evans	11	1	104	196	19·6
E. Lubbock	12	1	46	197	17·10
A. F. Walter	12	1	27	137	12·6
E. R. Chute	8	0	39	102	12·6
W. W. Phipps	12	3	30	106	11·7
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton. . . .	10	0	36	112	11·2
W. Barrington	6	3	13	26	8·2
R. M. Tabor	11	1	17	74	7·4
H. D. Forsyth	11	0	32	71	6·5

We now come to the Harrow Eleven, of whom only three of 1863, viz. Mr. C. F. Buller, who has increased his averages from 25 to 32; Mr. W. H. Stow, who has also raised his from 5 to 18, and Mr. H. G. Phipps his from 5 to 17—remained. The career of the Eleven has been a most successful one, they not having lost a single match during the season. At Harrow on May 31st and June 4th Harrow School beat Harrow Town Club by 68 runs. On the 25th of June they beat the Cambridge Quidnuncs in one innings by 11 runs, and on the 5th July Harrow School beat an eleven of Old Harrovians in one innings by 7 runs. At Lord's, on July 8th and 9th, Harrow School beat Eton College in one innings by 67 runs. At Moor Park, on the 26th July, they beat the Moor Park Club in one innings by 64 runs. Their other matches were unfinished, but were mostly in favour of the School. Mr. C. F. Buller was captain in 1864; Mr. M. H. Stow is chosen captain for 1865. The professional is James Heartfield.

The table beneath will show

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
C. F. Buller	16	4	70	514	32·2
M. H. Stow	13	0	89	243	18·9
W. T. Phipps	10	1	76	176	17·6
H. G. Phipps	16	2	47	273	17·1
A. M. Hornby	13	3	51	186	14·4
Hon. J. G. Amherst	14	1	44	193	13·11
J. M. Richardson	13	1	29	177	13·8
F. W. Smith	15	1	57	181	12·1
H. H. Montgomery	12	2	51	114	9·6
W. Evetts	6	0	30	54	9·0
C. L. Arkwright	12	1	15	61	5·1

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Total Balls bowled.	Total Runs made from.	No Balls.	Wide Balls.	Wickets.	Runs to a Wicket.
Hon. J. G. Amherst	1265	454	2	7	48	9·22
C. L. Arkwright.	1322	535	—	—	57	9·22
C. F. Buller	213	79	2	9	9	8·7
H. G. Phipps	99	52	—	1	4	13·0
J. M. Richardson	96	49	—	1	3	16·1

In the match with Moor Park the analysis of the bowling was not kept. This would have increased Arkwright's score to 66 wickets, Amherst's to 53, and Buller's to 13.

The batting return furnished by the Wykehamists is confined to the bare average obtained by each individual. Only four of last year's performers remain in the Eleven of 1864, and of these the progress of Mr. C. Awdrey is the most marked—viz., from $12\frac{5}{8}$ to $17\frac{1}{2}$; Mr. Tuck also advances from $9\frac{10}{16}$ to $12\frac{3}{8}$; Mr. Bowen's (the captain) figures show a declension from $14\frac{7}{10}$ to $12\frac{3}{8}$; and those of Mr. Pyke from 12 to $10\frac{3}{8}$. The Captain is Mr. F. R. S. Bowen; Professional, James Dean (Sussex). The full return is as follows:—

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

W. Lindsay	$22\frac{4}{8}$	J. J. Tuck	$12\frac{3}{8}$
L. S. Howell	$18\frac{1}{8}$	H. Rhodes	$11\frac{3}{8}$
C. Awdrey	$17\frac{1}{2}$	W. A. Stewart	$11\frac{1}{8}$
C. V. Godby	$16\frac{7}{8}$	J. N. Pyke	$10\frac{3}{8}$
F. R. S. Bowen	$12\frac{3}{8}$	F. Haygarth	$9\frac{1}{8}$
H. B. Deane	$12\frac{3}{8}$		

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	No Balls.	Wide.	Wickets.	Runs for Wickets.	Balls for Wickets.
Bowen	272	119	13	—	—	17	7 —	16 —
Tuck	2086	726	213	—	29	61	$11\frac{45}{81}$ —	$348\frac{12}{81}$ —
Rhodes	1306	590	109	—	18	40	$14\frac{3}{4}$ —	$32\frac{33}{48}$ —
Howell	100	45	8	—	3	3	15 —	$33\frac{1}{6}$ —
Lindsay	871	319	80	—	3	16	$19\frac{15}{16}$ —	$54\frac{7}{16}$ —
Pyke	580	319	47	—	4	26	$12\frac{7}{26}$ —	$22\frac{3}{13}$ —
Deane	155	60	8	—	20	5	12 —	31 —
Awdrey	282	100	23	—	7	7	$14\frac{3}{7}$ —	$40\frac{3}{7}$ —

The next of the present series of analyses is that of Merchant Taylors' School, and, as will be seen by the annexed return, the batting averages are generally much better than those of last year. The School Eleven has not won so many matches this season as in the previous one, principally owing to their indifferent bowling, and we regret to say it—but the truth must be spoken—the somewhat careless fielding of the tail of the Eleven. 'Look to your bowling' is a precept previously inculcated in 'Baily,' for that it is which makes good batting: and as to the matter of fielding it is scarcely less important; for what demoralizes a bowler so soon as bad fielding and the rejection of 'chances' which he has created? Or what avails it if a man goes to the wicket and obtains a lot of runs, and then by carelessness or laziness in the field, suffers his opponents to score notches which should have been saved? A true register of the bowling is most essential to the success of an Eleven, and absolutely indispensable to those who, like ourselves, are expected to form and express opinions concerning the relative merits of individuals or cricket fraternities.

With this admonition—which we earnestly trust our young friends will accept in the spirit it is offered—we hope next year to be able at this time in 'Baily,' to give full records of both the batting and bowling averages of all the Public Schools; and we would point out that furnished in our present Number of the doings at Harrow as a model on which such returns may be framed, so as to occasion as little trouble as possible, not only to those who prepare them, but to all who may subsequently have to deal with them. There are

13 names included in the return of Merchant Taylors' School, of which the larger moiety (eight) figured in last year's list—viz., R. S. Brown (Captain), who has raised his average from 13 to $17\frac{1}{17}$, Wayman from $7\frac{1}{17}$ to $12\frac{1}{17}$, Turner from 9 to $10\frac{1}{13}$, Ward from $4\frac{1}{13}$ to $8\frac{1}{13}$, and Cole from $4\frac{1}{17}$ to $8\frac{1}{17}$, while Bond has receded from $6\frac{1}{17}$ to $5\frac{1}{17}$, Coplestone from $6\frac{1}{13}$ to $5\frac{1}{13}$, and Rev. A. Church from $10\frac{1}{17}$ to 4. Coplestone was Captain until June, when he left, and since then Brown has assumed the command. The following will be found the correct record of

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs.	Greatest Score.	Times not out.	Average per Innings.
R. S. Brown	12	173	33	2	$17\frac{1}{17}$
O'Driscoll	13	136	23	2	$12\frac{1}{17}$
Wayman	10	123	42	1	$12\frac{1}{17}$
H. Turner	15	158	51	2	$10\frac{1}{13}$
Ward	15	121	25	2	$8\frac{1}{13}$
Cole	10	62	11	1	$6\frac{1}{17}$
J. Bond	10	53	20	—	$5\frac{1}{17}$
Coplestone	9	46	28	—	$5\frac{1}{13}$
Rev. A. Church . .	11	44	11	—	4
Mann	10	32	11	2	4
Small	7	24	13	1	4
E. Turner	1	4	4	—	4
J. Sharpe	5	13	5	—	$2\frac{1}{3}$

At the eleventh hour we have been favoured with the following from Marlborough and Westminster, where, we again regret to say, the bowling has not been considered of sufficient importance to insure a register being kept. We can therefore only present our readers with

THE BATTING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE ELEVEN (1864).

	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs.	Average per Innings.
E. F. Taylor	17	28	1	93	765	28'9
E. L. Fellowes . . .	23	36	5	109	837	27
R. F. Miles	14	17	7	*50	223	22'3
J. Leach	12	18	0	87	383	21'5
E. D. Mansfield . .	13	18	2	*103	337	21'1
R. J. Cross	19	31	2	84	633	20'13
J. W. Baggallay . .	22	29	9	*65	381	19'1
F. S. Head	19	29	4	*69	459	18'9
J. M. Lloyd	22	35	4	73	564	18'6
T. P. Mornington . .	23	36	3	45	450	13'21
A. Hillyard	23	35	1	39	412	11'27

* Not out.

These returns show a general improvement on those of last year. Messrs. Fellowes, Leach, Lloyd, and Baggallay showing the greatest increase; whilst Cross, Leach, Mornington, and Hillyard have all moved in the right direction.

The Westminster Eleven Batting Averages, on the other hand, have a down-

ward tendency, seven of last year's team being again returned, and of these four are considerably below their 1863 performances, viz.—Lane, who has receded from 38·6 to 23·1; Walker, from 16·2 to 9·7; Oliver, from 10·4 to 7·4; and Edward, from 9·3 to 6·13: whilst an advance is made by Short from 12·1 to 20·1; Dowdeswell from 5·5 to 13·4; and by Circuit from 4·3 to 5·5. Mr. J. E. Dowdeswell is the captain of the St. Peter's College Eleven.

THE BATTING AVERAGES OF THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN (1864).

	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs.	Average per Innings.
W. W. C. Lane	7	11	2	37	208	23·1
C. H. Short	10	17	0	55	341	20·1
A. W. Hammars	10	17	3	43	238	17
G. E. Dowdeswell	8	14	0	65	184	13·4
E. W. Wylde	4	7	0	23	84	12
E. Bray	10	16	0	31	184	11·8
E. Northcote	9	15	2	24	141	10·11
H. Walker	9	14	1	24	124	9·7
E. Oliver	10	16	2	17	102	7·4
A. Edward	10	17	0	24	109	6·13
G. J. Circuit	8	12	5	8	40	5·5

In taking leave of the subject in our present number, we must again express a hope that early communications from the Captains of the Elevens not included here will enable us to complete the series in 'Baily' of December.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Olla Podrida.—The Davenport Delusions.—Richmond Recollections.—Stud Statistics.—The Dublin Disappointments.—Ashdown and Amesbury Attractions.—Newmarket Notices.—Monthly Mortality.—Light Literature.—Racing Rumours.

OCTOBER has been almost exclusively devoted to Newmarket and pheasants; although the quarrels about the spiritual agency of the Davenport Brothers have occasionally diverted attention from Gratitude and Thalestris, and Brick and Stockinger. Much has been written about these gentlemen, and having been ourselves a witness to their performances, we may as well state our impressions, which were perfectly unbiassed. Imprimis, in 'the agency of spirits,' we should state we are non-believers, except when they come from the sphere of Justerini and Brooks, and are accompanied by water. Then, in certain cases, we are of opinion they may be productive of benefit, and, as such, ought to be regarded. The scene of action was the dining-room of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who received us with a Turkish embroidered smoking-cap on his head, which, however, could not turn our thoughts from the Colleen Bawn, more especially as the gentle heroine was by his side, looking as charming and graceful as when, in her scarlet cloak, she so often won the sympathies of an Adelphi audience. Our *compagnons de voyage* were the Director of an Aristocratic Journal, and well known at Broadlands and in the salons of the French noblesse; the Finance Minister to the paper in question, as well as a Bolton Millionaire, as conspicuous in that district, for the care and attention he bestows upon his operatives, as for his enthusiasm

for yachting, which lets him 'ride out' any storm in which his vessel may fall in with. And as her name is *The Medea*, to our classical readers, at least, it is not necessary to say that she ought to be built strong enough to encounter the 'Furies' of the gale. The remainder of the company were composed of Lord Bury, Captain Inglefield, the traveller, or rather Arctic voyager, Sir Charles Wyke, and several literary and scientific gentlemen, who were really anxious to discover the truth of the proceedings in a dispassionate way. For ourselves, we candidly state we had not the faintest 'idea of what we were going to witness. For a moment we thought we might be told whether our fancy would win the Cambridgeshire, or the real reason why Coburn's friend, Mr. Edwin James, refused to accept the late owner of *Adamas* as referee. We also imagined we might be enlightened as to the period when a new telegraph would be provided for Epsom, and the liberty of the press restored to Newmarket. But we hoped in vain, for the oracles were dumb on these interesting points, and we had almost begun to repent of our visit, when the entrance of 'the Brothers' awakened our attention. In size they are short and muscular, and they were dressed in evening costume. Nothing could be simpler than the cabinet in which they seated themselves, and, barring the three doors being made to open simultaneously, it could have been knocked up by any village carpenter in a few hours. The seats were so low, that it was impossible for either of the young men to put their hands up to the window without rising from them. The first step was to ask two of the company to fasten the brothers to their seats in the cabinet. This was done by Lord Bury and Captain Inglefield, who by passing the cords through holes in the seats, and bringing them round to the wrists, had them pinioned as safe as Calcraft has any of his unfortunate clients on Black Monday at Newgate. So tight indeed were the cords drawn that the wrists of the youths were lacerated by them. Seals were placed over the knots on the ropes, and we as impatiently awaited the result, as that of the *Cæsarewitch*, which was being run at the time. No sooner had the gas been turned off to the lowest permissible pitch, than what we may perhaps call 'the fun of the fair' commenced. From the interior of the cabinet the most discordant noises proceeded, and Mrs. Boucicault, unless she had been assured that all her china and crockery were safe in another room, must have imagined she was without the means of eating a dinner, or taking a cup of tea. Then sounds so unearthly from the violin were heard that Paganini might have been awakened. A phantom hand, bearing a strong resemblance to a real one, flitted three or four times across the window, and in a second the doors were flung back, the gas turned on, and the Brothers discovered sitting in the same posture, fastened down as tight as before, and looking as unconcerned as if they were in a first-class carriage of the Great Western, reading a letter of 'Argus' in the 'Morning Post.' Immediately there was a rush to examine the seals, which were unbroken and untouched, and which rendered the mystery of the performance still more extraordinary, particularly so when, at a subsequent stage, the same circumstances occurred, when Sir Charles Wyke was locked up between the Brothers, and he will swear neither of them ever moved from their seat, for he had his hand on each of them, while the phantom hand, if we may so term it, flickered in front of the audience. This increased the mystery, for there is no earthly reason for supposing any complicity between the honourable Baronet and the exhibitors. Similar feats of tying and being untied were gone through, when the young men were seated in chairs round the circle, and the manner in which the coat is put off and on, and the musical instruments flew about the room, may certainly be

reckoned among 'The Mysteries of London.' As we have before adverted to our idea of 'spirits,' we will only add here, that what we saw was very curious and well worth going to see. The agency by which the feats were accomplished we had no more to do with, than the conductor had to explain. It is not to be supposed Messrs. Davenport will work for nothing; and in taking leave of them, we will say there is no more reason for the Saints to expel them from the Metropolis, than there was for the Pope to yield to the demand for the expulsion of Mr. Home from the Eternal City.

The racing season in the North terminated in the Land of the Thistle; and both at Kelso and the other Scotch gatherings there seems to have been more company than horses. It seems strange, that when the Highland and Lowland aristocracy come out in such force at the few Meetings, that are to be found in the country, they do not endeavour to put their racing on a more efficient scale. By all accounts, an ample supply of money is needed to increase the value of the stakes; but this would be nothing, when spread over so many wealthy sportsmen as are to be found scattered about the country. A reform in the management of the chief Meetings is also called for; but we are well aware of the difficulties under which officials are under for lack of funds, that it would be ungenerous to visit the sins of others upon them. Our own experiences extend only as far as Richmond, where there is one of the most extraordinary courses we ever saw, with a Stand to match. As we wended our way thither from the abode of the Mayor, Mr. Scott, who acted also as one of the Stewards, and whose idea of hospitality corresponds with that of the Chief Magistrate of London, we could not help reflecting on the hundreds of great Sportsmen who had toiled up that steep ascent before us, who were now gathered to their fathers, their names only recalled by the perusal of some old Stud-book. The course is an up-down one, bounded by one of those low walls peculiar to Yorkshire, and the Stand is almost as ancient a relic as Richmond Castle, which faces it. The view from it on a clear day is magnificent, as York Minster, distant upwards of sixty miles, might be descried from it. At the same time the eye wanders over the beautiful valley of the Swale; and, when fatigued, seeks relief in the Hambledon hills on one side, and those of Penhill and Middleham on the other. The latter were, as usual, enveloped in clouds, and but for the living proof of Johnny Osborne and Aldcroft, we should almost have doubted the existence of the place. Easby, snugly nestled in trees, and washed by the meandering Swale, was beneath us; and it was impossible, in the intervals between the races, not to turn from the outcry in the Ring to scenes of a fairer complexion. The Stand would shock the refined ideas of the Ascot Stewards, and the Newmarket authorities would have fainted, to see that in the weighing-room there was a kitchen range, with boiler and oven complete. The access to the Judge's Chamber, in which Mr. Justice Johnson sat to hear summonses, was by means of a window, to which a small set of steps was attached. By a piece of glass let into a cupboard door the jockeys made their toilette, and one more elaborate than that of young Job Marson we never saw attempted by Charles Mathews on any stage. Whether he was doubtful about his weight we cannot say; but we are certain he was anxious about the small quantity of jewellery he carried about him, as a plain gold pin was changed for a black one; then his collar was taken off, and he weighed it and himself as carefully as a chemist would a pennyweight of magnesia. So far satisfied, the next process was to remove his shirt, which he did in a measure as unintelligible as the Davenport Brothers, for we are certain he never took his jacket off. The shirt was subjected to a similar rigid test as the collar, and the result, we

presume, was satisfactory; for it was carefully rolled up and put away, the neckkerchief pinned down as neatly as before, minus the collar, and a thin silk jacket was the only protection his slight frame had from 'a north-easter' that would have penetrated through any number of greatcoats. And yet the child with a cough on him only equalled for its hollowness, by that which causes such misgivings among the friends of the Duc de Caderousse-Grammont, thought nothing of it. And while we were expressing our fears to Johnny Osborne, that the lad, who is a striking image of the great Job, and sits his horse exactly in the same style, might soon follow in the steps of his father, we found he was very much amused at our fears, and pronounced them groundless. We hope it may be so; for the dearth of boys of his description is lamentable, and a bitter subject of complaint among trainers. And yet, in this strange weighing-room, what mighty Turf characters have been seen! It was here that Jackson, who rode more Leger winners than any man, with the exception of William Scott, went to scale year after year; here the famous Billy Peirce, who used to 'knee the lads' so much, and when he could not beat them any other way, made each of their horses, in turn, run away, weighed in and out; Bob Johnson, the famous rider of Beeswing, and who gave up because Mr. Lockwood would not place Beeswing for the Leger, was also an *habitué* of the room. Afterwards came Sim Templeman with his almost annual Inheritress, and the spare and gaunt John Holmes, who told the solicitors of a well-known nobleman, when they offered him a composition of ten shillings in the pound, that he would make his Lordship a present of the flesh he had got off for him. Charlton, the nattiest of the Yorkshire School, and the champion rider of light-weight handicaps, full many a time and oft had donned his jacket here—and yet all have passed away. In this little room, also, we reflected, had stood the famous Duke of Cleveland watching the weighing of Dainty Davy by Traveller, out of Slighted-by-all, who won the Gold Cup four years in succession, Mr. Sutton's Silvia being second on each occasion. Here also might have been seen around the clerk and the tryer, as the Judges were termed in those days, the Dukes of Ancaster, Bolton, and Northumberland, as well as the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Tankerville, Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Sir L. Dundas, the Charterises, the Shaftos, Stapletons, and other names on which Yorkshire gossips like to dilate, and which called up the departed great. Now Lord Zetland was the only representative of the Peerage present, and as 'the good Earl's' mare came back to weigh, there was no mistake in the cheers which greeted her, for the Aske men completely surrounded him, and would not allow him to escape from the manifestation he rather tried to avoid. Mr. Williamson, another of the links between the two generations of racing and hunting men, was also present, full of legendary lore and pleasant gossip, contrasting the past with the present, and speculating as to the future. Members of Parliament, seeking a renewal of the confidence hitherto reposed in them by their constituents, assisted also at the reunion, the approach of the Dissolution having been smelt as keenly as a dead horse in the desert by a vulture.

The first part of the performance was delayed by an accident to the scales. and as no alteration had been made in them in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, and they bore the mark of 1725 on them, it is not wonderful they should crumble to pieces. After the first race, Mr. Peart immediately despatched a messenger into the town for a fresh set; but they were not to be obtained, and it seemed as if there was no help for it, but postpone the sport. At last the quick eye of old John Osborne, who we were sorry to see still

suffering from his old complaint, discerned a remedy, for in crossing the course he came in contact with an itinerant weigher of persons, who wished to ascertain the effect of their Banting process, for the small fee of twopence per head. Immediately the discovery was made, he communicated with Mr. Peart, and suggested his employment. That gentleman, than whom there is none less fettered by red tape and routine, jumped at the proposal, and effected an engagement with him then and there for a sovereign, and a free admission to the Stand, and as the worthy C. C. entered with the new official, he was received with what the newspaper reporters term 'a perfect ovation.' Business was then resumed, and beyond the fact that in the first race John Osborne laid twenty-five pounds to ten on Lion against Brown Bread, and beat him with the latter by a head, there was nothing to note; and as the stake was exactly twenty-five pounds, it paid John for his bet. His splendid mare, Wild Agnes, who we look on to be almost as good as her great likeness, Alice Hawthorne, won the Sapling in a walk, a fine young English gentleman laying a hundred to fifteen on her, just to give him an interest in the race. Mr. Bowes is not usually fortunate in his handicaps; but the North has certainly been more kind to him than the South, and Early Purl got through the chief ones here very easily. But what was won on him was dropped at Newmarket, where we imagine he must have been very sore, or he would not have cut up so indifferently.

An anecdote of a Cornet, which we heard on the course, we cannot resist quoting here, as we have not seen it before in print. The young officer in question, after a rather wet night at a friend's, and from which several S. B.'s had not been able to quite set right, was taken to Spigot Lodge and shown the horses. Among them one was pointed out as Paul by Chanticleer. Anxious to display the results of his early religious education, he at once exclaimed to the head lad who accompanied him, 'Paul by Chanticleer. Quite right. Good name, I perceive. Chanticleer, a cock. No denying him three times now; is there?' Going on at this rate, he was not a little taken aback by his friend correcting him and telling him he had mistaken Paul for Peter, and then again showing

'A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or touch not the religious spring.'

Homeward bound to the South, we put in for provisions at York, and finding the 'social-science men' had possession of the City, we wended our steps to the outskirts, and inspected the Fairfield Stud Farm. Originally well devised by Mr. Thompson, its new proprietor has laid out some three or four thousand pounds in additional boxes, and improvements, so as to make the establishment one of the largest and most commodious in the country, and having stocked it at an equally large expense, he ought to make it pay. Among the names we ran against were Lady Clifden, and no one taking stock of her would fancy she was worth the large sum Mr. Tattersall knocked her down for at Doncaster, for she was as ragged as a pauper, and no more like the animal on which Fordham used to win such sums for Captain Christie and his followers, than we are to Hercules. Then there was Tunstall Maid, so identified with the early career of John Osborne; and in foal, to Stockwell, grazing quietly by the side of Villaret, a very handsome blood-like chesnut mare in foal to St. Albans. We also saw, after long years, Lunelle, by Touchstone out of Mountain Sylph, in foal to St. Albans. The foals looked as well as could be expected at the season of the year, and those which we noted down as the most promising were the colts by St. Albans out of Villaret, and by King of Trumps out

of Bezerina, and the fillies by Thormanby, out of Breeze, and by Newminster out of Lady Tatton. In the boxes we saw Carnival, whom Mr. Jackson had just hired of Mr. Naylor, and who had every symptom of being one of the handsomest horses in the country when he has grown down. Several nominations had already been obtained to him, and no doubt he will fill early without any extraordinary aid. Neptunus, for whom Lady Clifden is destined, is very much altered for the better, having lost that hackish appearance he had as a three-year-old, and which might have deterred many people from sending to him. For hunting mares, Scandal, we apprehend, will be much appreciated, as he is just the stamp of horse to suit them. Mr. Jackson, we may say, has entered into his new undertaking with the spirit which characterizes all his doings in connection with horses. And it may turn out after all that Blair Athol, in addition to the Derby and Ledger, has fathered the largest breeding stud in the North. At Rawcliffe, its next door neighbour, we found a clean bill of health, and a batch of nine young Melbournes of the most promising character, just the sort which Mr. Tattersall likes to put up, and which will give him a good day at York next spring. The Company have also made a valuable addition to their stud in Mona, the dam of Bacchus, with a colt foal own brother to the latter; and a chesnut mare by Bandy out of Mona's dam, with a colt foal by Claret, and served by the same horse. Another Stud Farm, on a smaller scale, is in course of completion, about six miles from York, by Mr. George Thompson, who has not ridden in public since his marriage, and although the situation is a bleak one, report describes the arrangements to be as near perfection as can be arrived at. While gossiping about studs, we may remark that St. Albans remains at Hampton Court another year, and that Mr. Simpson, by the advice of William Day, has refused the offer of a thousand guineas for Vidette for the Royal Paddocks, being satisfied he will do better at home. Tim Whiffler, whom Lord Coventry has got a rare bargain, has gone to Croome, a fact which reminds us that Chanticleer, who hailed from there some three years back, had an end put to his sufferings a few weeks ago. Mat Dawson has a lock of his hair, which he begged for *in memoriam* of a horse who did so much for Mr. Merry, both when in training and at the stud. Pelion, one of the handsomest horses of his day, and whose memorable struggle with Longbow at Doncaster, is still fresh in our recollection, is to be added to our equine obituary. He was, we believe, still the property of Lord Clifden, whom we regret to state lies in an almost hopeless state of imbecility, brought on by a softening of the brain.

The sale of the late Duke of Cleveland's Stud could not help to be well attended; but the chroniclers said such savage things about the condition in which they were brought to the post, or rather to the box, that out of charity to the individual who had the charge of them, we refrain from giving his name. Paste, whose Cæsarewitch was spoiled by Audrey dropping from the skies upon her, literally required paste to keep her together. But Mr. Weatherby was so fond of the blood, that he got her a bargain in that respect for the Duc de Morny, for 120 guineas, which she will no doubt get back at Vireflay. John Osborne would not be denied his own King Arthur, whom he had spared to the Duc for 2000 guineas in the Spring; and as no one would offer him beyond 500 guineas he returned to his old quarters at Ashgill; and Sam Rogers, we should imagine, over his own 'round table,' would not regret his departure after the taste he had of him at York. Of Tim Whiffler, well might 'the Salesman of the Life' remark, 'that, to read his performances, he was the cheapest horse ever sold, and to stand by his side, the dearest

ever bought in Newmarket. Light and narrow, with no palpable power anywhere; but upright and bad before, with indifferent shoulders; high and light in his quarters Tim Whiffler is an enigma of a racehorse. Heart and action were the twin secrets of his success on the Turf; while if he succeeds again at the Stud, any deduction from form and symmetry, as against "Go" and Gameness, must be but something of an idle study.' The purchaser may quite as well remark, however, the proof of the pudding is in the eating; so until we have seen Tim's stock, it would hardly be just to prejudice his claims to the Stud further. From the manner the Newminsters are running, 2000*l.* was not an unnatural reserve for Lord Stamford to put on Newcastle, and the time may come, perhaps, when his Lordship will not regret that he was returned to him. Sedbury, handsome as a picture, although roaring like the Bull of Basan, was secured to the foreigners; and if his Lordship did lose some 700*l.* by Onesander, he was perhaps well out of him. Trumpeter has left Harleston, and takes up his quarters at Danebury, where he has joined the twenty guinea list, a promotion strictly earned by merit. Since Bay Middleton stood there, John Day has not had so promising a stallion about his place; for every two-year old got by him has won, with the exception of Salpinctes, of whom it is said, the Emperor of China has a leg, so we suppose he has not been particularly wanted until his Imperial Majesty's money from Pekin can be got on at a good price. The Ranger has gone to Ireland, where horses of his stamp are much needed, and Nabob, who we have all along contended did not leave his country for his country's good, has been put up to forty guineas, and the movement of breeders towards him will be what is styled an early closing one. The Palmerstown Association for Breeding Blood Stock in Ireland, we are glad to find is making good progress, although, with money at such a price, the period is hardly a favourable one for bringing out new schemes. Yet half the capital has already been subscribed, and with a Committee consisting of the Marquises of Downshire and Conyngham, Lords Bessborough and St. Lawrence, Captain Beresford, Mr. Dunne, and Mr. Bernard, there is little doubt the whole of the funds will soon be got together. Lord Naas is the head and soul of the undertaking, as well as the Honorary Secretary; and from his high character and ability the strongest guarantee is afforded that no tricks will be played with the funds of the Company. The establishment will be situated at Palmerstown, which is close to the town of Naas, and among those who have taken shares, in addition to the Committee, are the Dukes of Devonshire and Manchester, the Marquises of Lansdowne, Aylesbury, Ormond and Drogheda, Lords Palmerston, Longford, Annesley, Bective, Castlerosse, Powerscourt, Digby, and Sugden, Sir Henry Des Vœux, Sir Thomas Burke, Sir Robert Peel, The Speaker, Col. Ouseley Higgins, &c. These are men of the right stamp; and we are assured that in coming forward to revive the Irish racehorse to its former status on the Turf, they are actuated quite as much by patriotic motives, as by money-making ones. To support their statement that the undertaking will be of a remunerating character, the Committee quote, as follows, the averages of the principal yearling sales this season:—Her Majesty's, 276 guineas; Rawcliffe, 176 guineas; Mr. Greville, 190 guineas; Sawcliffe, 210 guineas; Mamhead, 134 guineas; Mr. Blenkiron's, 275 guineas; Col. Townsley's, 230 guineas. These figures are encouraging, particularly when we add of our own accord that of Mr. Cookson's as being 414 guineas. It is rarely, if ever, we recommend a scheme of any kind, because we are aware of the adventurous character of the age in which we live; but the

Palmerstown Association stands out in bold relief from the hundreds of plants on the public, and we therefore imagine we can do no harm in recommending it to the attention of those Sportsmen, who like more than Government interest for their money.

The mention of Ireland naturally calls up the American Farce, in which Coburn and Mace were to have enacted the principal parts, but which was not suffered to be performed. To a well-conducted Prize Ring—if such an institution could be formed—we have no antipathy; for we are not of such a milk-and-water sort, to be frightened at the sight of a black eye, or a little red lavender flowing from the nose. But after the ruffianly scenes which have been enacted at the late great tourneys, as they are called (Heaven save the mark!), it is the duty of every man interested in the preservation of the peace, to put an end to them; for it is not to be supposed that any one would encourage a thieves' benefit. There is a freemasonry in most callings, and a common understanding amongst professions, founded on the principle of mutual insurance. But in the Prize Ring the matter is altogether different, for they will not even protect their own order from robbery, or those to whom they are actually indebted for support. Their extermination, therefore, is loudly called for; and if it is argued they must live, we would in reply remark, in the language of Talleyrand to the poor relation, who urged the same plea in seeking for a Government appointment, that we do not see the necessity for it. Notwithstanding all the moving accidents between field and flood which occurred at the fight between King and Heenan, and in which The Fourth bore their full share, that numerous and indefatigable body were as eager for the fray, and as anxious for a second edition of the fun as ever. The application for foreign service, as a trip to Ireland was considered, was not confined to 'the line 'division,' but to 'the guardsmen,' if we may so apply the phrase. The 'Life 'Guards' patronized the Irish mail on the previous Saturday morning, and had any accident occurred to it, or the steamer which bore them across the Channel, what a sensation would have been created, and what employment would have been given to the memoir men! Fortunately, the disagreeable task of chronicling their Life and Times is spared us. Between the two 'Life Offices' the most friendly understanding prevailed, although, for obvious reasons, they took up different quarters. The run from Euston Square to Queenstown was pleasantly depicted by the Editor of the 'Sporting Life;' and as it was his first, and we imagine, we may say, his last visit to the Sister Isle, we were curious to know his impressions. Certainly he has availed himself of the privilege of not concealing his thoughts very freely; and we have no doubt the picture he drew of Dublin, and Ireland and the Irish, was too true to be pleasant, for it brought on him in one week more abuse, than the Liberator was wont to receive in a twelvemonth from our own people. And yet we cannot see that he has been less tender with the Irish, than they have been with the manners and customs of other countries, which they have visited as tourists and book-makers. The sensation at Queenstown on the arrival of the train was of a truly Irish character; and every thick-set man in a drab greatcoat with mother-of-pearl buttons the size of a saucer, and a face as bare of hair as an actor's, was an especial object of curiosity, and looked on in the light of a hero. Mace gave a private audience on the following morning, and felt in such high spirits that, despite of it being the Sabbath, he said he felt constrained to hit somebody, upon which the Editor in question suggested to him that his own private Secretary would be the fittest trial horse for him; and he immediately acted on the suggestion. In the afternoon the Champion had 'a reception,' and

what the 'Morning Post' reporters term 'a small and early party.' Whether his religious exercises were performed prior or subsequent to his manual ones, we have no means of knowing, for on that point the authorities are silent. Coburn, in the mean time, was hiding himself in the wilds of Limerick, the office having been given that the Irish Government had taken such an affectionate interest in him, and so much admired his style of beauty, they were determined he should not run the risk of having it spoiled. Of this there was not the smallest risk, inasmuch as at the conference for the choice of that much-coveted appointment, viz., the Refereeship, Mr. Edwin James not only objected to Mr. E. Smith, of 'Bell's Life,' who is as well acquainted with the laws of the Ring as Lord Westbury with the practice of the Court of Chancery, and is quite as respectable in his line, but would insist on an Irish publican, who had been in America, filling the appointment. As nobody on Mace's side had heard of his existence before, or could swear to his identity now, and a rumour existed he was a relation of Coburn's, the idea was not entertained for a moment, and the humbug of the proceeding was soon seen through. Other persons were recommended to Mr. James, and strong hints conveyed to him that he never meant his man to fight. At last Mr. Smith put the straightforward question to him, if his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, laying all state considerations aside, would kindly consent, on his return from Denmark, to take the Referee's chair, would he object to him? This was a clincher, it will be admitted; but Mr. James was equal to the occasion, for he replied that even in the remote contingency of the Heir to the Throne yielding to such an unusual request, he had no alternative but to decline to recognize him in that capacity. Arguing with a man of this sort was like trying to cross the Bay of Biscay at this season in a Thames wager-boat; and the conductors of the English Press, not having time to fool away upon such proceedings, immediately broke up the conference, and wended their way back to London, minus their expenses, and a great deal of temper, upon being sent on such a fox-and-goose chase. The epithets applied to Mr. James by the outside members of the Ring were, as may be imagined, the reverse of complimentary, and will dwell in his memory for some time to come. On the next morning, the Thurles Railway was lined with police in full uniform, and in every other carriage 'a plain-clothes man' was placed, lest by any chance the affair might come off. These precautions were of course very salutary with the end that was had in view; but we do protest against every individual to whom Nature has given a round bullet-head, high cheek-bones, sunken eyes, and a half-inch turn-up nose, and who did not choose to patronize Truefitt for his hair, or Poole for his wardrobe, being compelled to give a long account of himself, and furnish references as to his antecedents, merely because he was a traveller on that day. Such a proceeding is a gross infringement of the liberty of the subject, and should not pass unnoticed. In the mean time, Coburn, having run the gauntlet of no end of policemen, managed to reach the trysting-place, and throw his hat in the ring, for which piece of absurdity he was rewarded with three cheers, and nothing else; and very glad we believe he was to get out of the country. Of course the usual claims and counter-claims were made relative to the stakes; and of course the stakeholder took the common-sense view of the question, and returned each man his money, and washed his hands of the whole concern. Ruffians and cowards as are the majority of the pugilists of the present day, it is satisfactory to think that on salt water they met more than their match in old Neptune, who, with his trident, before he had got them on his domain more than ten minutes, reduced

them to the helplessness of infants, from which, perhaps, it would be as well if they never recovered. And so ended this wretched farce, which robbed the sensation writers of a great feature for the display of their peculiar qualifications, and it is to be hoped rung the knell of the Prize Ring.

Newmarket has had half Belgravia transplanted to it during the three Meetings; and the White Hart and Rutland Arms have had quite a Clarendon and Claridge aspect about them. The Sport has been beyond all precedent good; but the interference to which the Admiral is reported to have been subjected in some of his handicaps, has led to a great deal of grumbling and remarks from journals which, for obvious reasons, rarely touch on such matters; and their course of action savours of an approaching mutiny. Singular, both the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire were each won by a head; and Lord Coventry must consider himself very fortunate in having had Grimshaw on his mare, for he and not she won the race. The scarcity of Lemprières, in the present day, rendering any account of Thalestris's history in olden times very difficult to learn, we quote the following verse from an ancient ballad in Percy's 'Reliques,' which may perhaps throw some light upon her proceedings:—

'Thalestris, the Amazon,
Was beautiful and bold;
She seared her breasts with iron hot,
And banged her foes with cold.
She kept the chasteness of a nun
In armour as in cloister;
But George undid the Dragon, just
As you'd undo an oyster.'

Lord Glasgow and Aldcroft have parted never to meet again; and for both, the mutual separation was highly desirable, as Lord Glasgow ought to have a jockey about whom he should never be uneasy, and Aldcroft an employer who would think he had done his best whether he won or was beaten by a head. That Cambuscan should beat General Peel in his match, was only natural to those who witnessed the finish of the Leger, and Ackworth's victory in the Cambridgeshire completely put Mr. Hill and John Day right with the public as to his pretensions for the Derby.

The Coursers during the last month have had two grand gatherings at Ashdown and Amesbury. At the former place, the ground was as hard as baked clay, and some of the courses were so long that it was only by the dust the dogs could be discerned. The usual fashionables were *en cheval*, and more than one Newmarket face was added to the group. The Derby brought thirty-two out of the forty-eight entries to the slips. Mr. Russell's clever puppy, Rapid Rhone, (purchased by Col. Bathurst, after having given Satirist a handsome beating), and Lord Uffington's King Cole divided. The Oaks went to Ashdown by Lord Sefton's Sarah Bell, and Lord Grey de Wilton's Necklace, the latter being bought the day previous, subject to his pedigree being confirmed. It was strange, considering how Canaradzo is fancied as a sire, that he had not a single representative in any of the above stakes. The Craven Cup brought out a useful dog in Soapy Sam by Lapidist, and on the downs with a good hare he will be a disagreeable customer to any kennel. The Border again showed Mr. John Jardine in his old form, his Hacker by Gilbert polishing off the forty-four opposed to him, in the most business-like manner. The old Bedlamite blood also sustained its prestige through Mr. Gibson's speedy puppies by Jacobite out of Cyrina; Gunner and Gunboat running up second and third. In the All Aged Stakes, we were much struck with the improvement made in Clasper, who distinguished himself last year by running

up to Gertrude for the Border Produce Stakes. As a Waterloo dog, we know of none so promising, and we hear a well-known courser has already secured him to run in his nomination. At Amesbury, since coursing has been recognized as an English sport, there has never been such a gathering of 'man and dog' as were to be met with between the Second Newmarket October and Houghton Weeks. Poor old Mr. Biggs, we imagine, if he could have come out of his grave, could not have credited his own eyes when he saw no less than 208 greyhounds engaged and on the ground; and we are satisfied if the Druids had not been sounder sleepers than the late Lord Glenelg, they must have been woke up by the yelling of the various kennels. Scarcely a courser of any note was absent, the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire being, as usual, at the head of affairs, well supported by the Ashdown Division. The journalists of the Leash were also in immense force, from the ubiquitous hard-riding Stonehenge, to the patient and industrious pedestrians, Ashdown and Robin Hood. The occasion was certainly worthy of their descriptive powers, and well have they exercised them. The meeting, while we write, being in course of progress, must be continued in our next.

Hunting news is very barren, the dry weather stopping hounds in most parts of the country. In Hampshire expectation is on the *qui vive* for the production of 'Æsop's' new book, containing the history of the various Hunts up to the present time. Rumour says that the work, although a compilation, displays a vast amount of industry, and will conjure up scenes and reminiscences on which Young Hampshire will like to dwell; and certainly the subject is a tempting one for a writer desiring to tread in the path of 'The Druid,' who for so many years has had the patent for that line of business.

Our Obituary for the month, we regret to state, contains one name we should liked to have seen longer spared from it, viz., Captain Becher, who in the golden age of Steeple-chasing was the foremost man of his day, amateurs and professionals alike succumbing to him. Captain Becher was the son of 'Old Becher,' as well known in his latter days in Tattersall's Yard as Mr. Rice or Mr. Newcombe Mason, and was 'the last of the leather breeches.' Born in Norfolk, where his father had a farm, and himself a very fair horseman, the Captain had a Mentor worthy of his ability. From his cradle, as it were, he sprung on to his pony, and having taken his several degrees from Shetlands to cobs, he ultimately arrived at his ambition, which was a steeple-chaser. For that perilous sport he had every qualification, viz., a firm seat, capital lands, iron nerves, a knowledge of pace, which increased every race he rode, and a wonderful quick eye to a country. From the number of horses that passed through his hands at home, before he came upon anything with a mouth, or any reputation for fencing, he had become a finished horseman. As a youth he was so popular that some friend who had seen him ride, got him an appointment in the Storekeeper-General's Department, and for some two or three years he was abroad with the Army of Occupation. Peace and Tommy Coleman all at once changed his occupation, as the latter blue-coated, buff-waistcoat, and drab-breeches hero, in the present fashionable phraseology, inaugurated hurdle-racing, and steeple-chasing at St. Albans. Other places quickly followed; and all at once the Captain found himself famous, and his name as familiar as a household word. In 'Silk and Scarlet,' 'The Druid' has photographed him so pleasantly and correctly that he may be said to have quite taken the wind out of our sails, and to have spared us the trouble of recounting his victories. But during the first few years of his career in the saddle, the public, from seeing his name in so many places so distant from each other,

must have fancied he had so many 'doubles,' particularly from the want of railways, which compelled him to post from one Meeting to another both day and night; and, with the exception of Old John Day, we know of no harder traveller. Still his spirits were always cheery, and, whether he won or lost, he was always ready for a glass or a song. Vivian was the horse with whom he was most identified, and with whom he won the Grand Ailesbury, when Lord Waterford had made a certainty of it with Lancet, as Mr. Elmore did with Grimaldi. So enraged was the Marquis with his defeat, that he matched Cock Robin against Vivian for a thousand, and was beaten over Market Harborough solely by patient riding. In the following year, Saladin beat Vivian for the heavy-weight race, but the light-weight again fell to his lot. At St. Albans the famous Grimaldi died with him just after he had won. At Dunchurch, and Cheltenham afterwards, the pair again divided the honours of war, and they were as great favourites with the public as Peter Simple and Tom Oliver in latter days. To talk of the contemporaries of the Captain now would be impossible with the small space at our disposal; but we may observe, for the benefit of the rising generation, that he lived at that period, when Powell on Saladin might be seen in the prints, jumping a brook at Ailesbury as wide as the St. Lawrence, and when Seffert on Parasol was depicted clearing a fence some fifteen feet high, and dwelling on the top of it, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. The death of Grimaldi also furnished a striking subject for the artists of the day; and 'the heavy man' of the Adelphi or the Surrey might have imbibed a useful lesson from the attitude, and agony, which our hero displayed when gazing on his dead favourite. On the flat he was equally renowned as across country; and his winning at Croxton Park on Mr. Bowes's Jagger, a perfect brute to ride, after he had broken a stirrup-leather, was much talked of at the time, and is not even now forgotten. In the South, however, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, on Lady Emily, used to tickle him and Vivian up occasionally. His courtesy title of Captain was given him by the Duke of Buckingham, of whose regiment of yeomanry cavalry he was a member, and we have no doubt it gave him a lift in society. Backed as he was by the public, as Fordham and Grimshaw are now, he never deceived them, and his escutcheon is free from any stain of that sort, and he was always famous for persevering to the end with his horses, and by so doing he won many a race out of the fire. Considering the desperate countries he rode over, he met with less falls than many of his contemporaries; and it is singular that his worst one was when he was staying with his friend the late Mr. Benjamin Way of Denham, when a mare he was riding, slipped up with him, and seriously injured his thigh. On giving up public life, his circumstances were far from good, but latterly they improved, and the evening of the Great Steeple-chaser's life was peacefully closed. Painted as he was so often, it is to be regretted Mr. Joy was not able to secure his square-built figure, intelligent face, and white curled whiskers, for his forthcoming picture of the Yard, before the common enemy had snatched him from us. We should add, that his remains rest in Willesden Cemetery, a fitting spot, as over the neighbouring country he had distinguished himself in many a scurry, and many a run.

Sam Scott, of Stockbridge, who was always so anxious to be brought before the public, so much so, when he could not do so in any other way he essayed it by the magnitude of his hotel charges, must, we suppose, also have a line or two given him, or his spectre will be haunting us. Sam trained for some years at Ascot, but without success, and he then changed his quarters to Houghton Down, where he took the house and stables now occupied by Tom Browne.

It is reported, but not vouched for accurately, that he once won a race; and it is a fact that when an employer, who had been with him five years, remonstrating, and complaining of his want of luck, he told him he ought to have patience. On retiring from Houghton Down, he became John Day's tenant of the Grosvenor Arms; but his want of management was again conspicuous, so much so, that the Ring tabooed his house at the last races, and little did the owner of Victorious imagine when he read the Riot Act so strongly to him, that he had made the last earthly claim.

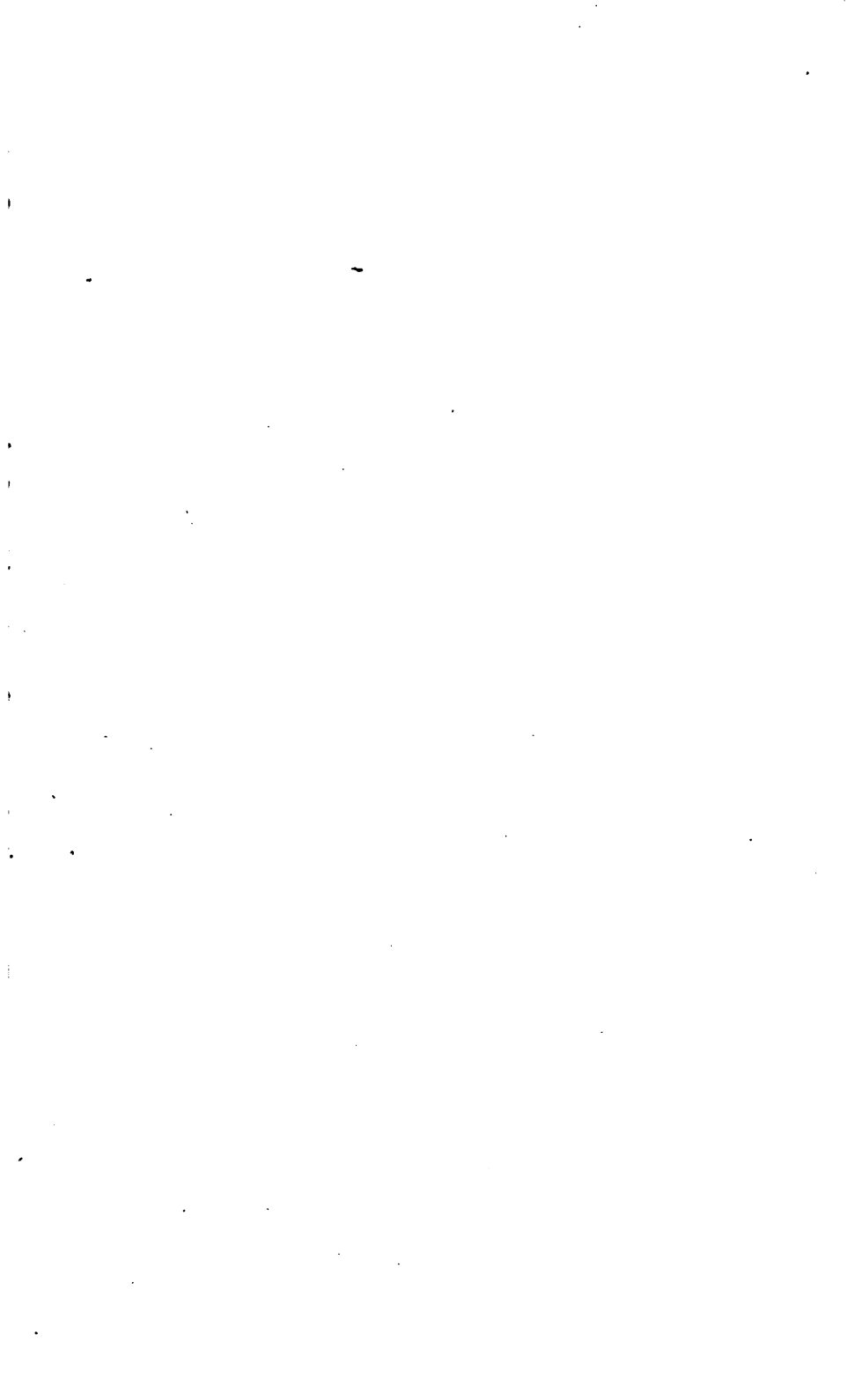
In Sporting Literature, little or nothing is doing; and as we have not yet fallen in with Charlie Thornhill's new novel, 'Which is the Winner,' we must defer our opinion of it until next month. In the mean time, we may say the majority of the reviews are in its favour, and speak highly of its sketches of character. But Sporting works require Sporting critics, who espy excellences, and detect faults, which are perfectly occult to sucking Barristers who have rarely strayed beyond the Temple Gardens, and are as ignorant of the Sporting as we ourselves are of the Exeter Hall world. The 'Fisherman's Magazine' we had not time to notice last month; but it is only justice to its conductor, Mr Pennell, to state that his Directorate is deserving of all praise, for the extent, variety, and utility of the information to be found scattered through its pages. The engravings are beyond the usual average of Magazine pictures; and the followers of the gentle art may be congratulated upon possessing a Periodical so adapted to their taste, and such a fitting vehicle for the discussion of all moot points in connection with their favourite pastime.

Racing gossip is not very plentiful; but for the Duke of St. Albans' sudden retirement few were prepared. Various reasons are assigned for it, but they are not of a nature to be retailed. Prior to the Meetings, Newmarket held a very creditable Amateur Concert at the Rutland Arms, which was followed by a Ball; and while some of the loving couples were parading along the corridor they were not a little frightened by an old 'White Ghost' popping out of a bed-room, and tally-hoing them as heartily as a three o'clock fox in Cheshire or Leicestershire. William Day has purchased the whole of Lord Exeter's property at Newmarket for 10,500*l*. But he will not leave Wood-yeates, or Aldvediston, the church of which, one of the most ancient in the county, he is using earnest endeavours to restore. Already, nearly every member of the stable has contributed to the fund, and 'Lord Frederick' and his staff stand out conspicuous as donors. Lord Derby has been employing his leisure hours, since his retirement from the Turf, in translating the Iliad of Homer into blank verse, and Mr. Murray announces the publication of the work very shortly. Owing to the lamentable death of Mr. Howard, it is rumoured that Mr. E. R. Clarke will be revived like an old comedy, and Sir Frederick Johnstone is talked of as one of the favourite candidates for the Stewardship of the Jockey Club, vacated by Mr. Alexander in the Craven week. 'Vates' has emerged from his retirement, and donned his armour once more to split a lance with Doctor Shorthouse, in behalf of his favourite Dutchman. And it is only due to the Doctor to state, that he never shirked the encounter for a moment, and proved himself a stalwart knight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.—The Bishop of Bond Street has no seat in the House of Lords; and although length of service would qualify him for the next vacancy, we are

given to understand Lord Shaftesbury has declined to bring in a Bill on the subject, for fear of the strenuous opposition of the Primate.





London.

James H. P.

Proseman

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EARL GROSVENOR.

IN resuming, when the leaf is on the fall, our Portraits of Masters of Hounds, we imagine we have made a happy selection in Earl Grosvenor, inasmuch as Cheshire is second to very few counties in England for the good sportsmen it has produced, and the annals of Fox Hunting are rife with their deeds, which have been illustrated in prose and verse, for upwards of a century.

Hugh Lupus, Earl Grosvenor, the eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster, was born 13th October, 1825. He was named after the celebrated Hugh Lupus, Count of Avranches, first Earl of Chester, and uncle to William the Conqueror, in whose train he came over from Normandy, at the time of the first invasion of England. His descent, therefore, is perhaps more illustrious than that of many of our Aristocracy; and by the alliances which his family have contracted within the last half-century, the House of Grosvenor, merged in that of Westminster, stands at the very head of the English Peerage, and is, moreover, endowed with revenues of regal dimensions to support its dignities. Earl Grosvenor was educated at Eton, and after completing his studies at Balliol College, Oxford, pursued a course of travel to investigate the political institutions of other countries, and fit him for the performance of those duties in the British Senate which he one day would be called upon to fulfil. On his return he was elected for Chester; and in 1852 he was united to his cousin, Lady Constance Gertrude Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, with whose rare beauty the public have been made familiar by the numerous portraits which have appeared of her in the various Exhibitions, and who also may be said to have inherited the personal and mental graces of her mother, the intimate friend of Her Majesty. Sharing the liberal politics of his father, Earl Grosvenor has throughout his career in the House of Commons supported the administration of Lord Palmerston in the most consistent manner, and has been as diligent in the discharge of his duties as a Representative as might be expected from one who had so many calls on his time and attention. Retiring in his manners, the subject of this sketch may be said never to have 'truly developed his form' as a public man

until the Volunteer movement sprang up. Then, shaking off his inanition like a lion a dewdrop from his mane, he entered heart and soul into the scheme, which provided us, in case of necessity, with a means of defence for our household hearths, without trenching on the military resources of the country. Putting himself at the head of his father's tenantry, both in Cheshire and Middlesex, he speedily raised two corps, which are reckoned among the *élite* of our Volunteer forces, and by his active superintendence, and encouragement in the shape of prizes for shooting, they have attained a degree of discipline which has won for them the marked approbation of the Government Inspectors. This course of conduct is the more singular proceeding from one whose family estates were originally acquired by an invasion, which his Lordship's favourite force was instituted to repel. And certain are we that, if by any possibility such a deplorable event was to be repeated, the Cheshire Volunteers would maintain for the House of Grosvenor that territory which was won by the sword, and which has ever since been diffusing plenty and comfort throughout its districts.

Thus far we have dealt with Earl Grosvenor as a legislator and a politician, but it is now time to treat of him as a Sportsman and Master of Fox Hounds. In these capacities it is only natural his Lordship should excel, as his very name, Grosvenor, is supposed to be derived from *gros-veneur*, the Norman-French for a great hunter. And we have only to point out Lord Wilton, the most accomplished horseman of the age, as well as Lord Ebury, and many other members of the family, to testify that riding comes as natural to them as to a Chifney, a Buckle, or a Day. It was fortunate, therefore, for the county that when the harmony of the Cheshire Hounds had been disturbed, and the whole Hunt thrown into confusion by what was called, and is still styled 'The Cheshire Difficulty,' Lord Grosvenor was found willing to put himself at the head of affairs to conciliate the disaffected, and restore the kindly relations which had always existed between the Subscribers, prior to the outbreak to which we allude. In this difficult office his Lordship's amiable temper, right mode of looking at men, matters, and things in general, added to the prestige of his position, enabled him to soon ratify a treaty of peace, which has proved a solid one, and been productive of the best results as regards the social intercourse of the Cheshire families. That we have not exaggerated the state of public feeling on the occasion of Lord Grosvenor's accession to office, we need only refer to Rowland Warburton's famous song, which was sung at the Tarporley Hunt Meeting in November, 1858, and some stanzas of which we quote *in memoriam* :—

'Old and young with delight shall the Gros-Veneur greet,
The field once again in good-fellowship meet;
The Shire with one voice shall re-echo our choice,
And again the old pastime of Cheshire rejoice.
May the sport we insure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chase be Le Gros-Veneur !

' Though no more, as of yore, a long bow at his back,
Now a Gros-Veneur guides us, and governs our pack ;
Again let each earthstopper rise from his bed,
This year they shall all be well feed and well fed.

May the sport, &c.

' Let Geoffrey with smiles and with shillings restore
Good-humour when housewives their poultry deplore.
Well pleased, for each goose on which Reynard has preyed,
To find in their pocket a golden egg laid.

May the sport, &c.

' Should our Chief with the toil of the Senate grow pale,
The elixir of life is a ride o'er the vale.

" There of health," says the song, " he shall gain a new stook,
" Till his pulse beats the seconds as true as a clock."

May the sport, &c.

' I defy Norman-dy now to send a Chasseur,
Who can ride alongside of our own Gros-Veneur ;
And, couching my lance, will challenge all France
To outvie the bright eye of the Lady Constance.

Long, long may she grace with her presence our Chase,
The Bride, and the Pride, of Le Gros-Veneur !

The Cheshire Hounds are one of the oldest packs in England ; and that they are well supported is proved by the subscription to them reaching 2,100*l.* per annum, in addition to which 500*l.* is added by the Sportsmen of Liverpool and Manchester, who are in the habit of hunting with the hounds, to compensate the farmers for poultry, and other expenses incidental to the Hunt. One great feature in this pack is that they date back from the earliest days of hunting in Cheshire, descending from Master to Master like the heirloom of a family estate. In 1841, however, their destruction appeared to be imminent, for dumb madness broke out in the kennel ; but, luckily, owing to the very large number of puppies at walk that season, the pure old Cheshire blood, on which Sir Harry Mainwaring prided himself so much, was preserved. Still, in order to provide against any contingency that might have happened, and to preserve for Cheshire its high reputation for sport, the Gentlemen of the County came forward, and with the spirit of true fox-hunters purchased the celebrated pack of Mr. Wyndham, better known as the South Wilts, which happened at the time to be in the market. Had Joe Maiden been spared to us, we might have been better enabled to record many a tale of field and flood, and many a kennel anecdote. But at the present moment, after many changes, it is satisfactory to think that Joe's horn should have descended to Peter Collinson, who began with the Duke of Buccleuch, under Williamson, and then went on to Lord Hill, with the Shropshire. Subsequently he distinguished himself as Huntsman to Mr. Baker, with the North Warwickshire ; and in his present appointment he has fully maintained the reputation which he so justly earned in that most difficult country. As a rider to hounds Lord Grosvenor is distinguished by his graceful seat ; and as a proof of his determination to be with his pack, we witnessed him breasting the Dee in a flood,

when only four others out of a large field were found to follow him in his Leander trip to Wales. In his stud Lord Grosvenor is most partial to thorough-bred animals; and not the least attraction at the Meets was the presence of the Countess on her favourite chesnut, purchased of Lord Hopetoun, which unfortunately died last year. The Countess, although not betraying the boldness of an Amazon, rides with sufficient nerve and gracefulness to enjoy the sport, and retain for her that feminine respect which it is so desirable that ladies should receive in the field. At the Centenary Anniversary of the Tarporley, one of the oldest Hunting Clubs in England, Lord Grosvenor was appropriately elected Chairman, and a ball on a most magnificent scale followed the banquet given in celebration of the occurrence. In conclusion, we may observe that Earl Grosvenor's appointment as Master of the Cheshire Hounds must have been a felicitous one, when for so many years, he has given such satisfaction to a country which can boast of Sportsmen of the calibre of a Brooke, a Shackerley, and an Egerton, besides many others whose names we have not space to enumerate. And with the chorus of the favourite song we have quoted, we say, as they continually chant,

'May the sport they insure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of their Chase be Le Gros-Vencur !'

THE LATE JOHN LEECH.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE world has sustained a heavy loss during the past month in the unexpected death of Mr. John Leech, the well-known contributor to 'Punch,' and the illustrator of the most popular books of the present century. We are not called upon in these pages to make room for the memoirs of ordinary men, be they connected with art, literature, or the sports of the field: it may generally be sufficient that we provide a notice of a living celebrity, without ransacking the grave for the characteristics of those who are gone; but in the present case we claim exemption from ordinary rule in favour of the late John Leech on more grounds than one. His connection with sport, and his world-wide reputation as a delineator of the turf, the chase, or the road—the universal interest which seems to have centred in him, and which was developed in a remarkable manner on the melancholy occasion of his death—and the blank which at present he has left in the art to which he was devoted, and which it will require time to fill up, are some few reasons why we may assume that everybody, and, above others, the readers of these pages, should feel some interest in the details of a career which has added so much to the cheerfulness of their existence. No drawing-room was without its weekly reminiscence of John Leech; no library table, or few, at all events, was incognizant of the light literature he adorned; many a hunting or shooting box gave daily testimony to its proprietor of the

cunning hand, and humorous intelligence, which is now cold in the grave, or has flown to other scenes, by the brilliant sketches which graced its walls. Well, then, John Leech was no common man; and although a biography of that gentleman would be neither agreeable to our readers, nor in keeping with the alleged design of the Magazine, a sketch, something fuller than those which have appeared before, may interest those who can estimate the very rare combination of talents and qualities which he possessed.

Mr. John Leech was born in 1818, and educated at the Charterhouse, in those happy days when a classical training was considered one of the marks of a gentleman, and when the education of the mind was duly valued, and a course of mere instruction regarded with the suspicion it deserves to be. We are no blind admirers of stereotyped scholarship, which was never intended to travel beyond the limits of its own province; but we are decided enemies to the slipshod incongruities of modern teaching, which seems to place all virtue in a confusion of tongues, sciences, —ologies, and —ics, and is calculated to land a boy high and dry on his entrance upon life, without even a knowledge of his own ignorance. To a classical education, Mr. Leech, like many of his contemporaries, Thackeray among them, owed the peculiarities which distinguished him even as an artist, and which enabled him to exhibit on the canvas the sports of the field and the commonest adventures of social life with a refinement and delicacy all his own. He appreciated it, and understood the collateral advantages which it gave him; and that the Charterhouse understood and appreciated him will be best proved by the tablet which is to be erected there—a joint memorial to the intelligence and talent of himself and Thackeray.

The development of Mr. Leech's great excellence as a draughtsman was accidental. His was not one of those cases in which a career is marked out at once in accordance with taste or inclination, and everything done to foster and improve it. On the contrary, he was a medical student, and afterwards with a general practitioner, whose peculiarities are supposed to have found a chronicler in Albert Smith, in the character of Rawkins. Medicine is a science, not an art; and, in 1839, John Leech decided his future career by deserting the former for the latter. We are not surprised at his selection of a profession; we rather wonder that with the great capability he has since exhibited he should have ever hesitated. He might have rendered most essential service in his profession as a medical man before he taught men to forget pain as he has done by his pencil.

To an engraver in Judd Street, named Oran Smith, the world is indebted for the suggestions which first made Leech a draughtsman on wood. It was this capability which rendered his talent so available in the present day; and the rapidity with which he exercised this part of his art was most surprising. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to conceive a career of its limits more successful than his; and the value of his work was appreciated in his lifetime—a circum-

stance with which genius has had not unfrequently to contend. Leech remained with Oran Smith some time, during which he was also employed in drawing occasionally on stone for Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly.

The name of this firm calls up naturally pictures of a particular class ; and although many very fine engravings have come from the corner of Sackville Street, we believe the crowd which usually stops the way there is attracted by other metal. The great taste for a horse, and everything connected with the chase, which was characteristic of Mr. Leech, turned his attention to these channels of communication with the outer world ; and it reflects credit upon the knowledge of Mr. Fores that he should thus early have discovered talent, to be more fully developed. The proprietors of 'Bell's Life,' in 1841, employed him to do some etchings, which are well remembered, and which, though roughly thrown off once a fortnight, displayed considerable humour ; whilst that which must have been a real labour of love to him, was all this time mingling with his other work. We speak here of his illustration of children's books. They who knew the hearty love which he possessed for those earthly cherubs, with their rounded limbs, and dimpled cheeks, and golden locks, may form some idea of the pleasure with which he added to their stores of enjoyment by his charming pencil. To the last hour of John Leech's life, one of his greatest characteristics was his love of children ; not the selfish Aristotelian self-laudation of a parent, but a pure love of beauty and innocence in its most engaging form ; and as though he should go out of the world in the midst of his most unalloyed happiness, there was a children's party in his house on the very evening he died. In 1841 he began his connection with 'Punch ;' and from that day he was before the world in an eminent position, as one of the most humorous, skilful, conscientious, indefatigable contributors to that periodical. His cipher, the leech in the glass of water, became a well-known favourite, and was looked for with avidity by every one.

From this time, too, Leech exhibited most strikingly that taste which induces us to think that this notice of him and his works may not be out of place in this magazine—we allude to a frequent tendency to horses, and the sports of the field. There is nothing of which his pencil was not capable : he drew men, women, and children to perfection ; boats and Balmoral boots with equal facility ; he was at home in the drawing-room or the cottage, at croquet or at hopscotch ; on the Row or the road ; with the swell or the costermonger ; in a cart or a carriage ; but his delight was at the coverside. There John Leech was himself ; and in the provinces which he had seen, and on the Sussex Downs, no man has approached him. The women who rode out of Brighton on a sunshiny morning in November he has immortalized. Those hacks, so well known and badly ridden, can never be forgotten, hardly mistaken. His quiet, middle-aged sportsman, delighted with the sobriety of the business, unflurried, and attentive, on a good, useful, clod-compounding

hunter, short-legged, and short-docked ; his thin, spare-limbed, and straight-legged customer, eager for the fray, and only too ready to indulge his anxious horse with a grind as soon as a proper excuse for it shall arise ; his stout agriculturist, bald-headed and square-coated, on the family cob, indulging in the national taste at the expense of the missus and the shay ; the professional coper on the cast-off steeple-chaser ; and the breaker on the four-year old, with his half-learned lesson. In all this detail of business there was as much variety as in his street boys or his babies. Some men see no sort of difference in babies ; look at John Leech's ! The newspapers' boy is as distinct from the apothecary's boy, as he 'overhauls the 'postesses,' as Charley from Augustus, or Lady Mary from the Marchioness, in more fashionable scenes. In all the hunting scenes this is marvellously portrayed. With most men a horse is a horse, and a man is a man ; if the one be put into good action (and this is rare), and the latter be put well upon the former, sufficient has been done for the British public, who are apt to accept spirited sketching for truthfulness of detail. There is, however, really as much speciality in one hunter as in another, as much variety between two of the same class as between a hack and a cab-horse, the Duchess of Beaufort's carriage-horses and those of a mourning-coach. The same may be said of a seat on horseback ; it is not simply that the military school is distinct from the hunting-field, or the frock-coat and patent-leather caperings of Rotten Row are different from the business-like trot of the country magistrate on his market day, or the afternoon airing of the curate of our parish, but it is that, of fifty men who are seen at the side of the cover or crossing a country, scarcely any two are exactly alike. One man is sitting down closely on his horse, and riding him carefully, with a view to future events ; another is sitting well back in his saddle, and sending him along over the ridge and furrow as if horse-flesh were as cheap as dogs' meat, and the aforesaid impediments as easily overcome as the ups and downs of the Bankruptcy Court. There you see the jockey boy, brought from the course to the cover, unable to forget the lessons he learnt on the flat, or the gallant captain, who never sees a flight of rails or a customer without thinking of his exploits at Liverpool or Market Harborough, and putting himself into the true grand national form. Now all these varieties, and a hundred more, have passed undetected by common men, or dwindled into the one startling difference between a good seat and a bad one, until John Leech taught the unlearned to appreciate delicacies, and showed a refinement of observation which was the offspring of education and truth.

But everybody has a fault, and, without being hypercritical, we think we detect one in John Leech. His horses were a little short of that *quality* which distinguishes the Shires. Hunters they are, all the world over ; Essex, Hertfordshire, Surrey or Sussex, may be proud of them : useful cattle and commanding a certain price in the market ; but the best of them has always appeared to us to fail in

that little turn of speed and fashion which the highest class of sportsmen demands. This arose, probably, from the habit of constantly seeing a remarkably clever class of horse, and which, with good handsome shape, combined the qualities of a hunter in an extraordinary degree. Had the subject of this Article been habitually accustomed to watch Lords Wilton, or Hopetoun, Mr. Villiers, or Sir Rainald Knightley, he would have imbibed a notion of a higher finish than he appears to have done. That he was able to draw anything that he put his hand to, let his wonderful sketches of first-class horses in the Row and elsewhere attest; and had circumstances taken him, for his hours of recreation, further afield, the result would have been evident in his labours. To regret anything more than the loss of Mr. Leech himself, at this moment, is impossible; but there may come a time when we should have been glad that some writer on sporting subjects would have taken him from Jorrock's, or Sponge, or Romford, to indulge in his own anticipated dream of a gentleman and a sportsman: when he might have illustrated the bent of his own mind and genius in doing justice to his author. Such an employment of his great talent was in contemplation when he was summoned from his earthly labours to his own gain and our great loss: the only doubt that can rest on an unfulfilled enterprise, is, whether the author himself could have proved worthy of such an illustrator.

These considerations bring us to a consideration of John Leech's talents connected with the sporting publications of the day, in which it is not too much to say that he occupied by far the first place. All our readers are acquainted with the adventures of the renowned John Jorrock's, M.F.H. The peculiarities of Mr. Sponge on his Sporting Tour are known to most of our contemporaries. 'The Richest Commoner in England,' and 'Plain or Ringlets,' have been sufficiently popular; and at the present moment a successful publication, under the title of 'Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds,' is appearing monthly from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans' printing-press. The first of these wanted but little to add to its original popularity, it is true; but there can be no doubt that even that admirable book, and most undoubtedly the remaining works of the author, will live in the memory of generations by the talent of their illustrations. They owe a short-lived popularity to the wit of the writer, and would doubtless have shared the fate of thousands of ephemeral productions about equally meritorious; but they have been rescued from oblivion by the pencil of Leech: and have created a sensation due to nothing but the impression which the illustrations have created. We have before reviewed in this periodical the pictures which were exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and which gave evidence of a new feature in the artist's genius. They taught us that he was a colourist of no mean pretensions: and that had his time been more at his own disposal, or circumstances been favourable, he might have taken a high place in a walk higher than that in which he shone. We are far from believing that he could have been as popular, nor could he as

well have merited the name which we have lately heard applied to him with singular felicity 'The Artist of our Homes.'

The great amount of work which Mr. Leech got through at various times of his short life would seem to bespeak great energy or great facility. We believe it to have been the latter. A hard-working plodding draughtsman he certainly was not. He was fond of society, had the means of enjoying it, and qualities peculiarly adapted for embellishing it. He had a very large circle of literary acquaintance, and a genial kindness and simplicity of character which converted many of them into friends. In general company he was somewhat retiring and shy, with a close humour which showed itself rather by a genial smile than a hearty laugh; and he could afford even during his long malady to caricature his own ills, to laugh at the inconveniences which helped to embitter his last days. Street nuisances were a sad but fertile source of food for his wit and talent: and the penalties he endured were converted by him into an agreeable recreation for his admirers. So long as his health permitted it he was always in the world, and one of its greatest ornaments; and it was not until the last two years that his sufferings, judging by the result (which were scarcely regarded in so serious a light as they might have been), precluded him to a certain extent from his usual recreations. He was a member of the Garrick Club: his visits to Scotland and elsewhere, with two or three friends, were always a source of the keenest delight to him; but made subservient to the purposes of his profession, by the constant companionship of his sketch-book. This occupation could have been but a labour of love. His execution was so rapid, and his appreciation of the humorous so innate, that we can scarcely regard his remunerative employment in the light of a business. Mr. Leech had great success, constant employment: his talents were fostered and brought out by very clever men, amongst whom we may mention Gilbert A'Becket, Tenniel, and John Millais; and his gains, pecuniarily speaking, must have been considerable. Indeed, if he has died in moderate circumstances, it is owing to that kind, affectionate, and generous disposition, which recognized claims sometimes pressed even beyond their due and legitimate right.

Amongst the amusements in which he particularly delighted was an hebdomadal visit to the Puckeridge. On the Friday evening he was in the habit of leaving Brunswick Square, where he resided for many years in happiness and prosperity, for the 'White Horse,' at Baldock. He was usually accompanied by a couple of friends, or brother-artists, who like himself could see their way into no greater holiday than a day's foxhunting. The modest hostel to which they resorted was famous for nothing but the excellent simplicity of its fare, and a very superior bottle of old port wine on state occasions. Its fine old sign, and the host himself, stood high in the estimation of his guests; and one almost recalls the days of Izaak Walton and his innocent enjoyments, when we think of our late favourite, paving the way for his morning's recreation by a moderate but

cheerful bottle the night before. He was in all things temperate and refined; and although the plainest fare would have satisfied him, it must have been served *de rigueur*. Of late years he always rode a little chestnut horse, belonging to the landlord; although he had one of his own always standing there, and which he sent out for the pleasure of old acquaintance' sake, and to see him go. The meets were usually within easy distance, so that when the friends chose to return to town on the Saturday evening they could do so comfortably. Leech himself, however, occasionally went on to spend Sunday with the Squire, Mr. Parry, where he probably imbibed, with his modicum of rich Falernian, some hints on hunting and hounds which could scarcely come from a more experienced head. It makes a melancholy ending to this account of the artist's modest enjoyment of his favourite sport to have to state that the poor old inn, the horse, the house, and the sign in which he so much delighted, were all sold up within a few days of his death.

We have already implied, if not mentioned, among John Leech's characteristics, his peculiar appreciation of everything gentlemanly as connected with sport. In his humour there was so much refinement, in his satire so much *bonhomie*, in his caricature so much of truth, that those who were personally unacquainted with him cannot doubt the existence of this trait in his character. It peeped out in various ways, as it always will; but one of the great illustrations of it in him was his fondness for a neat and well put-on top-boot. He could endure nothing low, or even common, in the way of dress, but above all things a vulgarly-shaped boot distressed him. His fastidiousness on this point might have satisfied even Captain C——r himself: and had he been a visitor to the counties of Gloucester or York he would have undoubtedly exercised the energies of his art in transmitting to posterity one of Bartley's best. Of that art we have, with due regard to the limits of this article, already said sufficient; but we cannot close our remarks without stating that, amongst the warmest admirers of Mr. John Leech's genius, and of his personal character, Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have been conspicuous. The fact is honourable to both of them, and merits more than a passing notice.

In his person Mr. John Leech was above the middle height, a remarkably good-looking man, well-dressed, and until the last two years apparently active, and capable of taking much exercise, in which he delighted. From that time his health appeared to fail him gradually; and though his genius showed no signs externally of decay, he exhibited in his work a certain lassitude which could not have been natural to a *physique* such as his had been. This was clearly the consequence of an illness which he himself felt, but which his friends, too sanguine, conceived to be more imaginary than real. It is beyond doubt that he had troubles which at least assisted the organic disease from which he suffered. He was obliged to leave his house in Brunswick Square from causes which have been elsewhere detailed, and which, though apparently trivial to a man of

sound health, become insufferable to the victim of anything like a nervous disorder. He could bear no sound latterly; and while he sometimes indulged in comic denunciations of the organ-grinders and the Volunteers, who pervaded the quiet of his neighbourhood at most unearthly hours under the inspiring strains of drums and fifes, it was plain to see that these petty irritations were seriously affecting his health. His last visit to Homburg seemed for the time to have been of some service to him; but on his return to this country he complained of the same restlessness, and was compelled to try a more bracing air in the hope of some amelioration. He complained much of his incapability to take horse-exercise, and of the palpitation of heart which followed any unwonted exertion. He was, however, still more or less capable of receiving his friends, and to the last day of his life was employed in the duties of his profession. His death was at last somewhat sudden, and certainly unexpected by those who (whatever regrets the world may feel) have most reason to deplore the loss of a kind and honourable man, beloved and admired for his virtues and talents, not only in his own circle, but in every class of society—we had almost said in every palace and cottage in Europe. He was buried in Kensall Green Cemetery, and if the sincerity and numbers of the mourners can afford any consolation to the survivors, or be any guarantee of the worth of the departed, the friends and family of Mr. John Leech have indeed still much to be thankful for.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE hard work of the chase and the elasticity of feeling created by mountain air soon produced their good effects on the vigour and endurance of the hunting party. In a few days only all superfluous matter incidental to the human frame was reduced to a minimum, and speedily replaced by a development of muscle worthy of the ancient athletes. Assuredly no modern scheme invented for the purpose of bringing the body into subjection, or for training it to the highest state of physical power of which it is capable, can be compared with this simple process. Assay it, ye heavy weights; go, climb the wild region of Le Niolo, and pursue the mouflon for one month through his native fastnesses, and, depend on it, you will require no doctor to prescribe your diet and undermine your constitution; and no engineer to clear away promontories, beneath which the best blood of Harkaway, measuring six feet in girth and nine inches under the knee, has so often staggered through the binding clay.

The angel that comes down from heaven and troubles those pools of Bethesda in which Wilson and Gully work their miracles, is simply the air of those blessed Malvern Hills. Without it the poor paralytic would not so often cast away his crutches, and leap again.

with joy; the wet sheet would soon be the winding-sheet of the London *roué*; and the gross man would be skinned in vain. Nevertheless, to be just, that process of decortication is a wonderful substitute for exercise; and, although it does not give muscle, many a Naaman will own that his flesh has come again 'like unto the flesh of a little child,' at the command of those Malvern prophets.

That oft-quoted phrase of '*Vires acquirit eundo*,' although used by the poet in a moral sense, was strictly applicable to Pendril's physical condition; the harder he walked the stronger he grew, and the longest day only seemed to give him fresh power for further exertion. Such, too, was the improved form of the others, that Tennyson declared he felt the earth lift like a spring-board under him as he traversed the mountain-side: the shadow had gone back ten degrees on his dial, and the wiry old chasseur really looked some fifteen years younger than he seemed to be when he first landed at Ajaccio.

On a Saturday evening, after six days of continuous hard work—

'*Mollitèr austerum studio fallente laborem,*'

sweetened, that is to say, by an amount of sport which, besides its wild and ever-varying character, possessed the charm of undeniable good quality, the hunters had returned to their tents somewhat later than usual, and, for the first time, not quite so well satisfied with their day's diversion as they were generally wont to be.

The gentlemen had finished their dinner, and were sitting in front of the tents enjoying the mountain breeze, as it descended with delicious, life-giving freshness from the snow-capped hill above. About a hundred yards below them the goatherds were engaged in milking their flock—or, rather, the women were doing the real work while the men lay scattered on the ground, humming plaintive Corsican airs, or smoking their pipes, in a dreamy and listless fashion worthy of veritable Asiatics.

'I don't feel half comfortable,' said Pendril, 'at the result of our day's sport; if it had been a matter of half a dozen mouflon fairly stalked, or fairly run down in chase, I should feel no qualms on the subject; but the wholesale destruction of so much game I must own gives me pain.'

The hunters had met that morning within a short distance of the spot from which Piero had killed the pair of ravens, on the first day of their visit to the valley of rocks; and having ascertained that the direction of the wind was favourable for approaching the narrow chink by which the mouflon had climbed the precipice and escaped from the glen, Pendril and Tennyson, after a long and perilous *détour*, contrived to post themselves at a point from which they obtained perfect command of the whole pass. When thus posted, they were about fifty yards from the edge of the precipice—a sufficient space, as they thought, to enable the mouflon, if they adopted that route, to gain a good footing on the hill, and to be clear of the rocks in the event of their falling before the hunter's fire.

In the mean time Will and Piero, accompanied by Charon, had entered the jaws of the ravine: but as the hills on either side were, literally, as steep as a wall, and the level ground between them, if any portion of it could be called level, consisted of huge granite boulders scattered thickly over an area of at least one hundred acres, the progress they made in drawing such a cover was small indeed. Charon, however, proved to be a host in himself; on two or three previous occasions he had taken to the new game kindly, and now, as he touched upon a fresh night-scent, and swung over the rocks, and lashed his sides with his long clean stern, Will knew the game was at hand, and would be roused at the very first sound of the hound's tongue.

The welcome note was soon heard: full, rich, and harmonious, it burst forth as that of a tenor bell,

‘Swinging slow with solemn roar
Over some wide-watered shore;’

and, as it fell, reuttered by a thousand tongues, on Pendril's ears, in his far-distant hiding-place, every nerve in his body tingled at the sound.

In a moment twenty mouflon or more were afoot in the valley; for some time the affrighted beasts bounded hither and thither in the wildest confusion, as if unable to distinguish the quarter from which the sound originated; but, as the sound drew nearer, away they went in one dense herd, only separating and following each other when the nature of the ground compelled them to do so. At first it seemed to be their intention to break away on the lower side, for they ran in a sort of semicircle, gradually edging off towards the gorge at which the men had entered; but the moment they caught sight of Will, now mounted on a boulder, and waving his cap frantically, they headed back, and went straight for the cliff. One large mouflon, somewhat lighter in colour than the rest, led the herd, keeping about ten yards in front, and every now and then halting on some prominent spot to reconnoitre the ground ahead. And now, as he gained the base of the acclivity, up which his perilous passage lay, he scanned it, like the leader of some forlorn hope might have done, for an instant only, and then dashed up the face of the rock without further delay. One by one, as fast as they could follow him, came the rest of the herd, the last hurrying on in a state of panic at the near approach of the baying hound. However, there was no jostling on the cliff; each waited for the other, even with punctilious ceremony; as one advanced the next followed, springing and pitching in his turn upon points of rock apparently no larger than the crown of a hat. It was a marvellous sight. Up, up they mounted, but so steadily and so deliberately as if they were well aware that instant death would be the penalty of one false step.

Three hundred feet below, at the foot of the precipice, Charon came to a check; he had clambered to a ledge about twenty feet from the ground, and, being unable either to advance or retreat, he absolutely

roared with rage. Will would have rushed to the rescue; but the intense interest aroused by the saltatory feats of the mouflon, the danger they incurred at every step, and the ambush into which they were hurrying, so attracted his attention that he had no eyes left for the hound's predicament.

In a few seconds more the leading mouflon had gained the summit of the cliff in safety; then another and another followed close on his haunches, until ten or a dozen had fairly landed on the mountain side. A moment's hesitation on the part of the chieftain, as he suddenly caught sight of the hunters, gave Tennyson a steady shot, and in another moment the fine beast fell dead on the spot. Pendril took the next, but was not equally fortunate; his ball passed through the animal's fore leg, just above the knee, smashing the bones in twain, upon which the poor brute pitched on his horns, but, instantly recovering himself, he wheeled round, and dashed madly back on the rest of the herd, now on the very brink of the precipice. The greater portion of these, however, by a rapid flank movement managed to avoid the shock, but the wounded beast, no longer able to control his course, bore down with terrific speed towards the top ledge of the cliff, and at that point coming into violent collision with a ewe mouflon and a half-grown lamb at her heels, over they all went headlong into the gulf below.

Will, who saw the whole catastrophe, described it as the most awful sight he had ever witnessed. The impetus acquired by the first rush, and the velocity so immediately attained by the falling bodies of the mouflon, carried them instantly over every projection of cliff with which they came into contact. Yet, as they struck a ledge head-foremost, they appeared to make tremendous efforts to gain a footing, but all in vain; the result was only a desperate somersault from one point to the other, until they came lifeless to the ground.

Charon, too, had a narrow escape, for the wounded mouflon grazed him in his fall: a few inches nearer, and the hound must have been inevitably killed.

'It was, I repeat, a disastrous affair, to say the least of it,' said Pendril, continuing the conversation, as if the scene still haunted him; 'and I cannot help thinking it was chiefly owing to my own mismanagement.'

'Or mine,' replied Tennyson, not willing that his friend should regard himself as the principal culprit. 'If I had given the leader more law the blunder might probably not have occurred; though I really believe the whole thing was rather an accident than a blunder.'

'No, no; it was my hand that did the mischief. The shot was a fair one, and the veriest tailor could not have managed it more adroitly. After all, it's an ill wind that blows no luck. These poor goatherds will be grateful for the game, and will rejoice to find that in the pursuit of their enemy we spare neither sex nor age.'

At that moment two of the goatherds' wives, accompanied by

Piero and the Corporal, were approaching the tents, bearing the spoils of the day. One of the women carried the ewe mouton aloft on her shoulders, holding it by its hind legs, while the other guided the pony on whose back the three mouton were securely strapped to the pack-saddle. Piero brought up the rear, being busily employed in smoking Pendril's cigars, which he only removed from his mouth to swear at the women or the pony, whom he evidently regarded in an equal light, as simply beasts of burden born to relieve the lords of the creation from the curse of labour to which they were all doomed—a point of faith religiously observed by every sturdy peasant in Corsica.

The goatherds and their families, for the first time in their lives, were now living on the fat of the land. Pendril not only provided them with as much venison as they could eat, but the unconsumed portion of the excellent Faviani wine, so bountifully supplied by Madame Fioré, was also divided amongst them to gladden their hearts. For these gifts their gratitude was boundless, and men, women, and children seemed to vie with each other in expressing it by performing any act of service required from them with the utmost readiness and good-will. They brought pine wood from the forest, which, even in its green state, made capital fuel; they carried the game home from long distances and inaccessible spots; and acted as capable and trustworthy guides. But in addition to these services the women and children brought their almost daily offerings of fresh eggs, milk, and honey in the comb. This last, although deliciously fragrant, was yet somewhat bitter in flavour: a peculiarity imparted to it by the flower of the box-tree, which in Corsica assumes the proportions of a handsome forest tree.

Thus, when the question arose as to a further move into the mountains towards Monte Cinto and the forest of Aitone, the good vicinage in which they had fallen had no little weight in detaining the hunters for a few days longer on their present ground. Game was still to be found in almost any direction; they were certain to get no better neighbours, and might fall in with worse; Corte was within easy reach, and the General had half promised to pay them a visit; then the day on the Grosso was yet in store—a day on which Brando hoped to see the King of le Niolo, as he called the great mouton, succumb to the speed and power of Wildfire. Twice had the Braconnier been to the tents to remind Pendril that the horns of that mouton would never be grander, nor his weight heavier, than they were at the present moment. 'Three years ago,' said he, 'I first promised the good monks of Martino one of his haunches; but he still lives; and, happily, the monks are not likely to die from their long abstinence on that account.'

But there was yet another reason for not striking his tents, to which Pendril attached the greatest importance, and that was, anxiety on Temple's account. From the day that he quitted Corte for the Val-dell-Orco to the present time, Pendril had received no tidings whatever either of his whereabouts or his movements.

The provision-basket, now escorted by a couple of men, never failed to reach the tent on alternate days; and, as Pendril examined the packet of letters usually forwarded by Madame Fioré, it was quite painful to witness the disappointment he expressed on not finding a line from Temple.

So to push further afield, to a region as unknown to the peasantry of Corte as the Mountains of the Moon, would be at once to sever their present communication with that city and put an end to the chance of hearing from Temple during their peregrination in that savage land. Accordingly, Pendril having talked the matter over with Tennyson, it was agreed to postpone their expedition to the deep forest of Aitone at all events for the present; and in the meantime either Temple himself might turn up or letters arrive which would clear away the mist of uncertainty and perplexity in which the hunters were now involved.

‘I very much fear,’ said Will, whose opinion, when he gave it, was always entitled to respect, ‘that Mr. Temple has dropped into trouble, or he never would have suffered your honour to remain so long without hearing from him. I should like, if I may be allowed, to go in search of him; and if he’s above ground, the cover must be a thick one if I don’t unkennel him.’

‘No, no, Will; that will never do; we can’t afford to run the risk of losing you as well as him: besides, you little know the danger into which Mr. Temple so wilfully rushed when he deserted us at Corte.’

‘That’s exactly why he may now want assistance. Every horse that jibs is safe to get its punishment; but I should be grieved to think Mr. Temple suffered ill-usage because he had a stronger fancy for a young woman’s company than for your honour’s.’

Pendril, however, was firm on the point, and considered that the time had not yet arrived for taking active measures in Temple’s behalf: for such was the peculiarity of his temper, that if he were not really *in extremis*, he would be certain to turn round and denounce all proffered aid as an unwarrantable interference in his private affairs. He was the very man to snarl out—

‘Let me alone
To pick my own bone,’

or to complain, like the stern moralist, that he was encumbered with help at a time when he did not need it.

‘No, Will, we must have patience in this matter: we’ll stand by and look out for danger, but it will not do to cut away the life-buoy just yet.’

But while his friends are feeling this solicitude on his account, how has Temple fared in the attractive but adventurous sport in which he has been engaged? Jules Gerard may glory in the excitement of lion-hunting ‘in dark Cimmerian desert,’ and at the hour of ‘blackest midnight;’ the gallant Waterton may recount, as he does with such graphic power, his wondrous ride on a cayman’s back, the

recital of which is enough to make even a Napier turn pale; Du Chaillu may tell of his encounters in the solitude of an equatorial forest with monsters heretofore unknown to man; Gordon Cumming may drive a hippopotamus by the tail through the deepest pool in the Limpopo with more ease and less noise than an Irishman would drive a pig home from a neighbouring market; ay, and the poet may sing of that glorious chase when, in the days of ancient chivalry, according to 'a legend of the Quorn countrie,' the redoubtable Peter Miles challenged 'Sir Gilmour' for the championship of the heavy weights, and disdainfully exclaimed:—

‘Ye Melton men, ye Leicester knaves,
Come ride with me, say I;
Five minutes over Skeffington,
And then lie down and die;’

but the spirit of excitement and daring which carried those heroes to the front of the fray, and brought them out of it with triumphant colours, was a tame devil compared with that which took possession of Temple as he entered the Val-dell-Orco on his present adventure.

When he left Corte, and turned his back on his friends, he had thrown overboard every scruple of conscience on that score, and had resolved to carry no needless weight in the race for which he had now entered. ‘One gun less,’ said he to himself, as his thoughts reverted to the hunting party, ‘will be rather an advantage to them than otherwise; and as Pendril and his new friend fraternize so well together, it is consoling to reflect that my company will be missed by neither.’ So, having contrived, without any great effort, to smother for a time that ‘still small voice’ which will make itself heard at sometimes very inconvenient seasons, he persuaded himself that, so far from doing his friends an injury, he had rather done them a service by not encumbering them with his additional presence, a substitute for which they had now found in each other’s company.

It is strange how ingenious we become in the art of moral self-defence, and how clever we are in throwing dust in our own eyes when we desire not to see the monster which, like Frankenstein, we have created with our own hands! But, sooner or later, the silent monitor assumes a hideous shape, beyond the conception of Mrs. Shelley, or even Dante, and then it will scare the stoutest hearted. Temple’s time had not yet come. He had now managed not only to shift his burden without a twinge from his own shoulders, but to lay it complacently on those of his friends, repeating the old manœuvre, wherein the man pointed to the woman and the woman pointed to the snake—*chacun pour soi*, even in that first indictment.

In the dead of the night on which Temple had parted with Agnese, a light barca, impelled by a crew of six strong men with muffled oars, stole swiftly and silently into one of those wild fiords which abound on the west coast of Corsica. From the straight

course it held towards the high land there could be little doubt that the man at the tiller was at home on that dangerous coast. 'Ease all,' said he, in a low, imperative tone of voice, as the boat came stern for'ard towards the reef of rocks on which he was about to land: 'ease all, and fend off; the French wolves have long ears, and it won't do to disturb them yet awhile.'

Galofaro then jumped ashore, and in five minutes, notwithstanding the long ears and the lynx eyes that guarded the shore, the small but valuable cargo of spices which the boat carried were safely landed by the crew.

'Now, men,' continued the smuggler, 'lash your oars to the thwarts, knock out the plugs, and sink her; the sea will tell no tales.'

'How deep?'

'The deeper the better: in ten-fathom water she'll be safer than in Port Mahon.'

So the swarthy Moor who pulled the bow oar shoved off the barca, and in a few minutes more she settled steadily 'down amongst the dead men,' with nothing but a small red buoy, carefully moored below the surface, and scarcely larger than a perch float, to mark the spot in which she lay. The Moor continued swimming for some time in circles over the ground, to make sure that all was snug below; but a dab-chick, that has suddenly ducked beneath the nose of a dog, might as easily be discerned in the depths of a mountain-tarn, as the barca ten fathom deep in her bed of seaweed; yet, when Galofaro calls, she will float again, light as the bird itself, o'er the topmost crest of the wave, and laugh at the storm.

'Now then for the cliffs,' whispered the captain; 'and the first man that speaks shall swallow my marline-spike, head and all.' And to prove it was no idle threat, he drew a long heavy stiletto deliberately from his waist, and pointed out the route by which the men, carrying each of them a couple of boxes slung over the shoulder, were to gain the Macchie, and then defy pursuit.

At that moment a small bright light from an alumette burst forth in the cliff within a hundred yards of the rock on which the men were assembled, and the voices of the patrol, as they met to confer and to light their pipes, sounded so ominously near, that Galofaro again thought it necessary to caution the crew.

'Look to your feet, men, in scaling the heights; the whole coast is alive with land-sharks; and if you crush a stick or start a loose stone, they will be down upon us in swarms; so mind how you tread, I say.'

It was quite true; every douanier in that district, and every man in a picked troop of gendarmes were there on the look out for Galofaro, and for the rich prize of contraband goods which it was expected he would run on the western side of the island. But Galofaro gave little heed to the value of the cargo, great as it was; his main object and his highest delight was to outwit the officers and defy the law; the adventure was what he prized, not the gold:

and then, as his heart yearned after his daughter, it was a matter of the last importance to him and herself that *the run* should be accomplished with the utmost secrecy ; otherwise, the blockade of his house would be the immediate result of its discovery, and his visit to the Val-dell-Orco rendered all but impossible thereby.

‘Hark,’ said De Grenier, who at that moment had struck a light, ‘I’ll swear I heard a splash in the water below.’

‘Nothing but the mullet,’ responded the douanier, ‘which you may always hear in this bight when the sea is calm and the wind is off shore.’

‘Then I’ll bring my rifle down to-morrow ; it will be capital ball practice, and at least more agreeable sport than smuggler hunting.’

‘That’s a matter of fancy, captain ; the sport I prefer is catching a bale of goods or a box of spice that has never paid duty ; one such haul is better game than a shoal of mullet.’

By this time Galofaro and his men were crossing with cat-like caution the narrow path used by the douaniers in their nightly rounds, and were now actually within a few yards of De Grenier as he rattled on upon the subject ever uppermost in his thoughts.

‘But mullet shooting must be tame work compared with the sport of salmon-fishing. The English mouslon hunter I met at Corte told me that a friend of his, a Mons. de Warriner, a celebrated English chasseur, had killed on the Garry, a Scotch river belonging to the Chevalier d’Ellys, a hundred fine salmon in one month, and that, too, with a rod and line of the most delicate construction.’

‘Too many, I should think, for the London market, captain : but how did he entice all those fish to take his bait ?’

‘He lured them to the surface, as far as I could understand, with a kind of humming-bird, bound to a hook, a food on which the Scotch salmon get immensely fat, and then he sent them to his friends.’

‘Sacra Mater ! the man must be a prince to give so many fish away. But what cigars are you smoking, captain ? they emit an aroma such as I never met with in tobacco before.’

A whiff of the spicy gale, as the smugglers gained the scrub and passed rapidly to windward, caught for one instant the attention of the douanier ; but in another the more powerful fumes of tobacco prevailed over the delicate aroma, and bore it neutralized away.

‘Mine is veritable, home-grown Corsican tobacco,’ said De Grenier, who, from his cloud-compelling habits, had failed to notice anything unusual in the ‘whiffing winds ;’ ‘and, in truth, I find nothing so good on this side the Red Sea.’

In the mean time, the ‘Morgana,’ bearing the rest of the crew, is lying in the distant offing at single anchor, like a greyhound in a leash, ready for a start ; and, with the first blink of daylight, the whole pack of douaniers, still posted in the dense scrub, are keenly watching her movements ; but as well might they hope to lay hands

on the phantom ship and her demon crew as capture Galofaro and that felucca. Her cargo, too, of precious spices is now travelling through the bush on the backs of men who will bear it safely to its destination, and her captain is sleeping soundly and tranquilly, as an infant in its cot, in his own eagle's nest on the boldest cliff of the Val-dell-Oreo.

The moment Galofaro set foot in his own abode, his nature seemed to undergo a complete change. He, who among the desperate fellows that composed his crew was by far the first and the most desperate of all in every deed of daring and violence, became, in the company of those he loved, the gentlest and the kindest of human beings. Agnese appeared to possess and to exercise a power over him akin to that which the serpent-charmers of the East exhibit in their treatment and manipulation of the hooded snake. The passions of the man seemed to be purified by her presence, and to lose that ferocity which he took small pains to suppress in his rougher intercourse with the rest of the world.

How often does it happen that the light hand of a woman softens and controls, with a kind of magic touch, the temper of the most fretful steed; when, the moment a man gets on his back and takes him by the head, the same animal becomes an ungovernable brute! The influence of Agnese, however, over this turbulent spirit was not altogether attributable to her management of him, but rather to the absorbing affection with which he regarded her. Galofaro, when he lost his beautiful wife, the only idol to which he had ever knelt, filled up the niche in his heart with her living image and worshipped it with his whole soul.

But this strong feeling which bound the father to his child was mixed up with a fierce element of jealousy, not usually found in the pure, unselfish nature of parental affection.

Over and over again Galofaro had been heard to swear that the man was not born to whom he would give Agnese in marriage; and terrible were the pangs he suffered when the idea of being separated from her by such a contingency flashed across his mind.

So well known was this resolve to those best acquainted with the man, that, beautiful and tempting as the fruit was, it still hung on its parent tree safe as yet from the longing eye and grasping hand of every neighbouring intruder. Once, indeed, an aspiring youth, the son of a merchant at Ajaccio, had been rash enough to lay siege to the Grotta itself, reckless of all danger. Galofaro, however, returning suddenly from sea, discovered the love-sick swain in the very act of playing Romeo beneath the maiden's balcony; and, before he could escape, the crew pounced upon him, and only awaited the chief's signal to give his carcase to the horse-crabs.

Galofaro, however, had no thought of taking the youth's life, but coolly ordered his men to bear him to a goyle in the dark forest below: and there, turning his face to a mighty pine, they compelled him to encircle it with both arms, and lashed him by the wrists fast to the tree. When he was thus secured, Galofaro with a savage

jest claimed the young man's gratitude for providing him with 'an ever-green bride: 'Cling to her, and embrace her tenderly,' said he, 'for neither in life nor death will she desert you.' Then, whispering to one of the men to come and cut him adrift in the morning, the smuggler left him to his fate. This, however, proved a sadder one than he intended; for the man forgot or neglected the order; and at least a year afterwards, when all search for him had ceased, the poor fellow was found by a party of chasseurs, still standing against the tree, a bleached skeleton.

The tale oozed out; but the youth's father had long employed Galofaro in contraband trade; his tongue was thus tied, and consequently no steps were ever taken to bring the offenders to justice: but the smuggler's name and that deed will never be forgotten in Ajaccio.

Galofaro had not been long at the Grotta, before he discovered from Agnese's manner that something unusual had occurred during his absence. The nervous trepidation with which she met him, and the flood of tears that gushed forth, when he questioned her on the subject, aroused his suspicions and filled him with intense uneasiness.

'Tell me,' said he to her, with a tender emotion for which no one who knew his stern nature would have given him credit, 'what mean those clouds on Agnese's brow; and why is her eye dimmed by tears? her smile was ever wont to be joyous as the morn, and her words of welcome refreshing as dew! Tell me, my child, who 'is it, or what is it that has troubled you?'

For the first time in her life Agnese could not at once look her father in the face, and return a fearless answer to the questions he had so pointedly put to her; and, as she scorned to prevaricate, it was some time before she could so far control her feelings as to make a clean breast of it, there and then. A short and painful struggle, however, soon brought her courage up to its usual high level; and then, as her eye rose and met her father's, Galofaro quivered to the very core of his heart when he heard the earnest, decided, and unambiguous answer Agnese made.

'My father,' she replied in a soft, beseeching tone, 'it is but a 'short story and you shall hear it all.' She then recounted to him minutely the adventure in the valley; the seizure of the kid by the rapacious eagle, and its happy rescue from instant death by the hand of Temple, 'who had suddenly,' she said, 'come to its aid as if from 'heaven.' Then, as she told him of the meeting at the well, the converse in the grove, and the promise he had given her to return and ask her father's consent to their intended marriage, her voice faltered, and her eye again trembled as if there were yet further revelations which she dared not now disclose. It was, however, but a momentary hesitation—a weakness such as any maiden might feel when the confession of her 'true love's passion' was wrung from her under similar pressure: so, recovering herself, she went on: 'This is the fourth day since he left for Corte, and he will be 'here, I believe, before sun-down, to speak to you on a subject in 'which we are both equally interested——'

‘He will be a bold man to do that,’ said Galofaro, in a husky tone of voice, well known to his crew, but never before heard by Agnese.

‘He is bold, father, or I would not ask you to listen to his appeal: had he been otherwise I should have hated him at first sight.’

The smuggler could now no longer conceal from himself the uncomfortable fact that Temple had stolen a march upon him in his absence, and had turned the time to account, not only in winning his daughter’s affections, but, as he believed, in weakening them towards himself—and at this inference a cold shiver passed over his frame as if he had been suddenly struck down by malaria; and the strong man’s spirit absolutely writhed with agony. The fever, however, which was smouldering within him was checked for a time by the bitter yet needful tonic of further reflection.

‘The girl,’ he said to himself, ‘is a stiff-tempered one, and will stand up against a storm like a Memel pine. Rough measures will only rouse her into sturdy resistance; so I’ll humour her fancy now; and by-and-by I shall be able quietly to trap the young thief that would so ruthlessly seize and tear that treasure from my heart.’

‘At all events, Agnese,’ continued the smuggler, ‘it will be time enough to consider his proposals when he comes to make them himself: what his plans may be I cannot pretend to guess; but his wish to confer with me sounds honourable and straightforward.’

Agnese threw herself into her father’s arms; and, for an instant, his rugged nature yielded to the influence of true paternal love; but, as the thought occurred to him that it was solely for the sake of this young foreigner she was now coaxing him with her caresses, the current of his affection again curdled up, as if it were suddenly acidulated by a strong mixture of gall and vinegar. Thus, because Agnese loved Temple, Galofaro pre-hated him; and, if the slightest suspicion had crossed his mind that Temple’s attentions were simply those of a mere gallant, the bright dirk of the smuggler would have been speedily darkened by his life’s blood.

A wild scream from the sea-eagle, chained on the topmost rock of the Grotta, now startled Galofaro more effectively than if a shot from a rifle-cannon had been fired across his bows, and, at the same time, brought a flush on Agnese’s cheeks, such as the fairest rose of Provence might envy. That cry, only given when some strange sight or sound caught the eagle’s attention, was never heard by the smuggler without alarm; for twice, at least, had his citadel been saved from the Gauls by that vigilant sentry. So, grasping his revolver, which, with a long knife, always hung ready in his belt, Galofaro rose in haste, and looking down from a loop-hole overhanging the ascent to the Grotta, he discovered Temple then at the foot of the rock, commencing to mount it as if he were already perfectly familiar with the path and the spot to which it led.

On the small balcony, as Agnese was wont to call it, in front of the Grotta, and serving as a fence against the precipice, a rude parapet was constructed with loose rugged boulders weighing some two or three hundredweight apiece, and piled one upon the other like cannon balls in an arsenal, ready for immediate use. Over the staircase, which was formed by a straight but precipitous groove, hollowed from the rock, and descending without a zig-zag from the top to the bottom, these blocks of stone were intended to travel : and any one of them, toppled over, would clear away and crush a battalion of soldiers attempting to mount by that passage. Thus the position, unassailable from above, was also, barring a surprise, all but impregnable from below, and might easily have been held by a couple of resolute defenders against any number of men that could be brought to its attack.

When Galofaro spied Temple, planting his foot with no small amount of confidence on the first steps of the staircase, his immediate impulse prompted him to start a loose stone and dispose of the unwelcome visitor without further ceremony. Accordingly, in one stride, his hand was upon the parapet : and, as he paused for a moment to select a boulder and start it in a right direction, Agnese rushed to the staircase, and descending a few steps looked up with a wild gesture and exclaimed : ‘ Down with it, father ; the rock that ‘ crushes him shall crush me first : if he is to die, let me die too.’

Galofaro stayed his hand : Virginius would have done so at that appeal ! the image of his lost wife, the star of the Cyclades, stood before him in living statuary ; her head thrown back, her figure defiant, and her eye gleaming with desperation ! The smuggler was appalled by the apparition ; and for once in his life his right arm, like Jeroboam’s at the altar in Bethel, lost its power, as if it were dried up to the socket.

‘ By heavens, Agnese, you do your father an injustice,’ said he, suddenly changing his tactics ; ‘ if the young man is true to you, ‘ a hair of his head shall not be injured.’

For the moment the smuggler was in earnest : with that vision before him old memories crowded in and paralyzed his fell purpose. He saw, too, his daughter utterly reckless of danger, and ready to sacrifice her life on the same altar with that of him to whom she had given her heart. The argument was irresistible ; the wind dead in his teeth ; so, making a virtue of necessity, he wore round and ran before the gale.

‘ Give me your hand, Agnese,’ said he, with a pathetic touch in the tone of his voice ; and, in a second, his daughter was again at his side trusting him implicitly, and only condemning herself for venturing to suspect her father’s loyalty.

Temple received a rough but apparently hearty welcome at the hands of Galofaro : how Agnese received him may be better imagined than described : at all events that interview will now remain a secret for ever ; but what the results of Temple’s visit were must be made the subject of another chapter.

A FEW LAST WORDS ABOUT THISTLE-WHIPPING.

It was not for a moment to be supposed that my notions upon hunting the hare were to be appreciated by the fast school. Good sportsmen are scarce: they are but thinly sown even in the most favoured countries. 'How can you expect,' says one objector, 'to kill a good hare after Christmas with hounds under fifteen inches?' My answer is, 'That with ten couple of hounds, well under that standard, Mr. Philip Honeywood killed sixty-one brace of hares in one season.' 'Catch me running after hounds,' says another: 'how much of the sport should I be likely to see?' To him I should reply, 'If you are too indolent or too inactive to use your heels, use your head, if you have one, instead. If you only sit upon a gate, and keep your ears and eyes open, you will see sufficient hunting between eleven o'clock and four to give you matter of cogitation for a fortnight. But, kind Master, for the sake of us stout gentlemen, cultivate the cry of your pack. It is one of the great charms of hare-hunting. Moreover, the hound that has the deepest note will generally hunt the lowest scent. The squeaking, peaked-nose fox-hound beagle will drive the scent and make the most of it, no doubt; but the hound that carries the line over a greasy fallow, or down a stony road, is a broad-nosed fellow, who proclaims the fact in a deep-toned and long-drawn-out "Owgh!"'

Some sportsmen (and good ones, too) have such a dread of their hounds being lavish of tongue that they run into the contrary extreme, and they get together a pack which is almost mute. A mute hound does much more mischief than you can readily see: he is constantly slipping his companions, who then have to hunt a foiled scent. Want of steadiness in a pack is more immediately the fault of those who have the management of it. During the course of last season I was out several times with a pack of harriers, hunting a first-rate country: no expense is spared upon the establishment, and the hounds themselves look well enough, but the system that is adopted entirely mars the sport. As soon as one of the field has started a hare he immediately gallops after it, screaming with all his might and main. No doubt the gentleman intends to catch the hare himself, but, with the best of intentions, he fails. The rest of the field, not to be behindhand in doing mischief, all halloo, and the huntsman blows his horn. The hounds, quite distracted, flash all over the country; the whipper-in starts off at full gallop, rating them, and, in his turn, being rated by the huntsman. Woe betide the hound that comes within the length of his lash! After the lapse of considerable time—all haste and no speed—the hounds are turned, and, upon being brought round, very naturally take the scent heelway. Then commences more rating and blowing of horn. At length the hounds are put right, and they touch upon the scent in a flashy, uncertain style. Before they have crossed the second

field a halloo is heard. Off starts the huntsman, and out comes the horn again, as he shouts, 'Put 'em to me, Jack!' Jack has no difficulty in whipping them off a scent to which they have never half settled. But the directions as to where the hare has been seen are anything but accurate, and, as the hounds decline to put their noses down and find out for themselves, the huntsman soon decides that it is best to go and look for a fresh hare. The history of the first hare is, with slight variations, the history of the second; and the field begin to say to one another, 'There does not appear to be 'much scent to-day.' That, very likely, may be the case, but the hounds have never been allowed to try; their heads have been up all day like a regiment of soldiers. A critic found fault with the late Mr. John Warde's fox-hounds that their heads were too heavy. 'Yes,' answered the old squire, 'they are so heavy that, when they 'put them down to the ground, they never get them up again.' This fulness of hunt, for which Mr. Warde's hounds were famed, was very much the result of their not being interfered with. So I shall conclude these last words upon this subject by again urging upon my hare-hunting friends to let their hounds work the scent out for themselves.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES AND THE GREAT GLACIERS OF RUDRU HIMALEH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE OLD
'WORLD.'

CHAPTER III.

'There's a lofty realm where the lightnings play,
And the avalanche rolls on its fateful way,
Where the glaciers crack and the landslips fall,
And snow-wastes cover the earth like a pall.'

Early morning.—The start.—Musk-deer.—Wild scenery.—Difficult travelling.—Burrul shooting.—A Snow-Leopard killed.—More sport.—A grand view.—Rudru Himaleh.—Burrul-stalking.—A snap-shot.—Game a-foot.—Successful work.—The Bivouac.—The appearance of the Great Glacier from the Valley.—The Cow's Mouth.—The Source of the Ganges.—An Adventure with Snow-Bears.—Preparations for Glacier-land.—The appearance of the Glacier.—Crevasses.—Obstacles in travelling.—Sunrise on the Mountains.—The head of the Glacier.—The chasm of the Ganges.—Ice Caves.—A storm.—A dangerous position.—The shelter.—Avalanches and Landslips.—Intense cold.—Our Bivouac at a high altitude.—The Return.

THE next morning early I opened the door of the tent without disturbing my sleeping companions, and looked out into the night. The gorge was still in darkness, for although the moon was shining brightly, the high lateral mountains intercepted her rays, and cast a deep shade below. The air felt cool and bracing, but not a leaf stirred, which was most favourable for effective stalking, as the taint in the air caused by man's presence is carried on the wind to almost

incredible distances, and is immediately detected by the denizens of the mountains, whose organs of scent are most keenly developed. All was still save the rushing of the waters, and not a sound denoted the existence of animal life save that indescribable low hum, or soft murmur of the invisible insect world, which ever greets the hunter's ears in the early morning.

Having satisfied myself that we had every prospect of fine weather for our expedition, I bid the man who was on the look out to rouse the people, and in a few moments we all assembled round a blazing fire. Having partaken of a substantial breakfast, and superintended the packing of our baggage, we lighted our cheroots, and waited until there was sufficient light to distinguish our way, when we shouldered our rifles, and set out for the glacier, distant eighteen miles. We kept an extended line whenever the nature of the ground permitted, and beat the most likely-looking patches of forest for musk-deer, of which there were numerous fresh traces. Fred got a couple of shots, and managed to bag a fine old buck with a pod that weighed over an ounce. I might have had a fair shot had I been prepared, for one started up from behind a bush within easy gun shot whilst I was fastening up my gaiter, but before I could raise my rifle it bounded away out of sight.

The scenery was very wild, our route lying through a narrow gorge down which the river dashed in a granite chasm, often forming a series of cascades, whilst now and again lofty snowy peaks were seen towering high above the castellated masses of rock that crested the bleak and rugged mountains. Although the general nature of the valley altered very little, a great change was observable in the appearance of the forest; white birch, silver firs, dwarf rhododendron, with strongly-scented leaves, and juniper, became the prevailing trees; pines becoming scarce, and cedars having entirely disappeared. The route up stream became much steeper, and very difficult; sometimes we had to scramble over an immense accumulation of loose *débris* covered with soft snow, often clambering over boulders of rock or along narrow ledges; again, we had frequently to cross the river on natural snow bridges, which offered very precarious footing, and a false step would have precipitated the traveller two hundred feet into the roaring abyss below.

Notwithstanding the numerous obstacles *en route*, we had excellent sport as we advanced, twice falling in with burru on the grass-covered slopes of the hill sides; and here I was very successful, for I killed two, right and left, and broke the leg of a third, which, however, got away, whilst two others were bagged by my companions. I also succeeded in stalking a snow leopard, which had evidently been following the burru, and knocked him over by a lucky shot through the head as he was stealing away over some craggy ground some two hundred yards distant. It proved a beautiful specimen, the fur being very soft and close, having a whitish ground with dark spots. These animals are very cunning, and, notwithstanding their traces are often seen on the snowy ranges, comparatively few are bagged.

Whilst I was performing the operation of skinning the leopard, and my companions were breaking up the other game, Chinear espied something moving on a grassy patch in a ravine high up amongst the rocks on the left bank, and with the aid of my glass I made out a large flock of burru, some of which were lying down, and the others quietly grazing. It was of no use, I knew, approaching them from below, as the ground was unfavourable for stalking, and we should have stood no chance of getting within range without being perceived; so we arranged that Fred should creep along through the birch forest and clamber up the hill on the further side, whilst the Doctor and I should try and get above on the near side, so as to take them on both flanks.

After a careful reconnaissance of their position, we crept noiselessly upwards, keeping our bodies bent as low as possible, so as not to attract their attention, and by dint of hard climbing, often on all fours, in rather less than two hours we emerged from out of the birch forest, and traversing a belt of stunted juniper bushes half covered with snow, reached the rocky crest of the hill, breathless and faint from continued exertion. Throwing ourselves down on a smooth slab of rock, to rest and regain our steadiness, previous to approaching the burru, our attention was drawn to the magnificence of the panorama then before us, and for a time we gazed spell-bound. Before us lay the glacier world, with its interminable barriers of eternal snow, peak upon peak, rising one behind another in endless succession. From the valley, on account of the steepness and close proximity of its boundaries, little was to be seen except a narrow strip of sky above; but from the elevation we had now attained, which the Doctor made out to be nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about 4,000 above the bed of the river, the scene was grand beyond conception. Rising above an unbroken girdle of perpetual snow, seventeen peaks seemed to pierce the heavens, the lowest of which exceeded 20,000 feet in elevation. Most conspicuous, from its colossal proportions, was the mighty Soomeroo Purbut, or Rudru Himaleh, with its five majestic peaks towering high against the deep cerulean firmament. They rise in a semi-circle facing the south-west, and from where we stood appeared to form an immense amphitheatre filled with eternal snow, in which the Ganges has its primary source. Here the Brahmins say Mahadeo sits enthroned in supreme majesty, clouds, mists, and impassable wastes of eternal snow forming a barrier inaccessible to aught of mortal birth. They believe that the God formed the Himalaya for his habitation, and Soomeroo Purbut for his retreat, after he was obliged to quit Lunka, or Ceylon, on account of the rebellion of his son Rawen. The five peaks are Rudroo Himaleh (21,009 feet), to the east; Soorga Roomee (21,493 feet), to the west; and Burrumpooree, Bissenpooree, and Ood-gurree-kanta, whose altitudes are not yet measured, in the background. The glacier, which was said to be only six miles distant, was hidden from our sight by a projecting spur from the adjacent hill. The other peaks that chiefly attracted

our attention, as much by their variety of form as their enormous height, were the Himaleh Bahn, an isolated column of scarped rock 12,000 feet high, the crest of which is covered with eternal snow; St. George, 21,256; St. Andrew, 20,428; St. Patrick, 21,392; the Pyramid, 20,060, to the eastward; Mount Moriah, 21,386; Gog, 21,639; Magog, 20,279; and nine other peaks, names unknown, of the Jaunli and Badrinath ranges, to the southward. Rising over the dark tops of a long range of intervening ridges towards the west, rose a barrier of intensely white snowy peaks, which one of the Puharees informed me was the Bunderpouch, over Jumnautree, the source of the Jumna. Although the distance to some of these peaks from where we stood must have exceeded forty miles as the crow flies, yet the air was so transparent that their outlines were most clearly and sharply defined. From this point we had a very extensive view of the valley of the Ganges, now and then getting a glimpse of the river itself, as, like a silver thread, at a vast depth below us, it wound along from the east, and then took a southerly direction towards the plains. The general character of the valley is that of a grand ravine bounded by two precipices of almost vertical rocks, sometimes with only sufficient space between for the windings of the river, and at others opening out to a mile in breadth.

But it was time to look after the burrul. Having regained our breath, we examined our rifles, and stole quietly forward along the crest of the hill. We had not gone many yards, our footsteps scarcely making any noise over the crisp snow, when Chinear, who was a couple of paces in front, stopped short, and made a sign to attract our attention; a slight rustling was heard, and in an instant there was a rushing sound on the opposite side of a ridge of rocks like that of an animal bounding away at full speed.

There goes our game. 'Is it not provoking?—after such a fag, 'too!' exclaimed the Doctor, in a subdued voice; and he was pressing forward, when I thought I heard a second movement, and made a gesture for him to keep still; another moment, and I perceived the horns, head, and black breast of an old ram peering inquisitively over a narrow ridge of rock, not fifty yards from where we were standing. To fling up my rifle and press the trigger was the work of a second, but when the smoke cleared away nothing was to be seen.

'Cleanly missed, by Jove!' cried the Doctor, as a shrill snort, followed by a trampling of feet, was distinctly heard on the other side of the crest, and for a moment I thought I had made a mess of it. Not so Chinear: he insisted the animal was hit; and so it proved, for, on running up to the spot, there was a fine full-grown ram stone dead, the bullet having entered the skull right between the eyes. The rest of the herd galloped away in the direction of the ravine where we had marked burrul in the first instance, and on the other side of which Fred had gone to take post. As they had not seen us I did not think they would go very far, so we pressed on after them, and at last arrived at the edge of the slope, when by craning

over, we saw a herd of at least forty burrul grazing undisturbed on the grassy flats below us. Where now was Fred? Ensconcing ourselves behind some rocks, which served as a screen, we waited impatiently his approach. At last I saw three moving figures in clear relief against the sky on the opposite hill—it was Fred and his two shekarries. I watched him with my telescope, cautiously creeping along the broken ground, rifle in hand, prepared for anything, and halting every now and then to sweep the ground with his glass. Perceiving from his movements that he could not see the flock from where he was, I stepped back a few paces, and fastening a handkerchief to my ramrod, made the signal that ‘game was afoot,’ which was instantly understood and answered. Fred, with the precaution of an old sportsman, now sent one of his people along the hill at the entrance of the gorge, so as to drive back the herd in case they should break in that direction, whilst I did the same on my side, and then leaving the Doctor, I posted myself at the head of the ravine. Hardly had I reached it, than I heard a couple of shots from Fred, and the reports were still reverberating among the rocks when the Doctor also let drive right and left, and I saw the flock scatter in all directions, as if puzzled to know from what point the danger threatened. Again Fred’s rifle cracked, and a magnificent old ram that was leading half-a-dozen females, plunged suddenly forward, regained his legs a moment, and then dropped. Again there was a confused hurrying to and fro, a gathering as if for consultation, then the whole herd burst into a gallop, and disappeared over the crest some distance below the spot where the Doctor was posted, and in a few moments I saw them dashing across a distant hill miles away with undiminished speed. As matters turned out, I did not get a shot, for I did not care to fire at random among the herd, which was my only chance; but my companions had no reason to complain, for Fred killed one outright, and wounded a second, which was bagged after a long chase and several more shots; whilst the Doctor killed one, and wounded another, which got away. Our game being collected, and gralloched, was much heavier than we could carry, so we had to leave two men in charge whilst we made the best of our way to the rest of our people, whom we left in the valley, and sent coolies to fetch it.

As it was now too late to think of continuing our march we determined to bivouac under the cover of a patch of pine forest which offered some shelter. Our scouting tents were soon pitched, a shanty constructed, and a huge fire lighted, round which we assembled, for as the sun declined the evening became chilly. We were very well contented with our day’s sport, having killed a musk-deer, a snow-leopard, three male burrul and four females—a bag which has rarely been equalled in one day by any three guns. The next morning, as some of us felt rather stiff—the effects of the severe fog the day previous—we turned out later than usual, and striking camp at noon, continued our journey up stream. The walking became very toilsome, for we had to pass over several ravines and water courses half-

hidden with snow, which often gave way under our weight, and occasioned awkward falls. Crossing over to the right bank, we kept along a grass covered flat, well known as a famous feeding-ground for burru, and here we saw two flocks, out of which Fred and I, by judicious stalking, each managed to kill a couple; whilst the Doctor gave chase to a huge snow bear that was rooting up herbs on the slope below, and which Fred and I must have passed within fifty yards without perceiving. Bruin was so intent upon his work that he allowed our companion to get within thirty paces before he got wind of him, when leaving off eating the herbage, he cocked his ears back, growled, and made a sudden rush forward as if indignant at being disturbed. The Doctor, in nowise discomposed at this demonstration, which was evidently intended to intimidate, threw up his rifle and took a steady shot, aiming between his eyes, but (the first sight* of his rifle being cut for a hundred yards instead of flush with the barrel) the ball struck too high, and merely grazed the forehead, and ploughed up the skin of the back. This made the bear vicious, and with a savage roar he came straight at his antagonist, who was luckily standing on the higher ground. The charge up hill impeded his movements, so the Doctor had time for a second fair shot, and stopped him in mid career with a bullet in the chest, which rolled him over stone dead. This bear had evidently only lately left his winter quarters, for he was very thin and emaciated, a perfect bag of bones. Having left two of our men to take the skin, we continued our route, and at last came to the glacier, which at first sight appeared like a huge embankment or barrier of snow, extending right across the valley there nearly three-quarters of a mile broad. In perpendicular height it might have been two hundred feet, although in places the accumulation of *débris* and terminal moraine made it appear less.

At the base of the glacier is the tunnel-like chasm called the Cow's Mouth, through which the Ganges issues forth no insignificant sub-glacial stream, but already a swift flowing river about fifty feet wide and three deep. In the hot weather the volume of waters increased four-fold from the melting of the snow on the mountains above. Clambering up the boulders of rock and *débris* that had been carried down by the glacial action, we got upon the glacier, from whence we had a glorious view of the gigantic Rudru Himaleh, with its summit wreathed in fleecy clouds. With the exception of the glacier itself, which appeared to stretch upwards for several miles with a gradual ascent towards the summit of the mountain, the general character of the valley seemed but little changed, for as far as the eye could see on either side, glistening snow-clad hills rose ten or twelve thousand feet, confining the view. The boiling point of water gave an elevation of nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of

* A most stupid mistake that all gunmakers, who are not themselves sportsmen, invariably make, and which is often the cause of accidents. In the jungle more game is bagged within fifty yards than above that distance, consequently all rifles ought to have a flush back-sight.

the sea, an altitude much greater than any of the Swiss glaciers. After the Doctor had completed his observations, and we had gazed our fill at the solemn grandeur of the scenery, which seemed to impress the mind with a sense of calm repose, we descended from the glacier and retraced our steps, about three miles to a patch of pine, under the shelter of which our people had prepared our bivouac. A blazing fire, and a substantial dinner were awaiting us, very requisite comforts in these regions, and after having resuscitated the 'inner man' we held our usual consultation, at which it was determined that the morrow should be devoted to an exploring expedition up the great glacier. Preparations were commenced accordingly, alpenstocks, light silken ropes, and my portable bridge were got out; kiltas of provisions packed, and half-a-dozen of our stoutest followers told off to accompany us. Fred undertook the arrangements of the victualling department. The Doctor occupied himself in carefully stowing his instruments for ascertaining altitudes, &c., whilst I saw to the general equipment of the party.

These matters settled, after a smoke and a hot brew of Gler Livet, we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and slept the sleep of the just.

Early dawn saw us up and equipped for our arduous enterprise, and after a substantial breakfast we started for the glacier, which we reached before the sun had made his appearance from behind the distant mountains. Several of our people had accompanied us up to this point, carrying the stores, &c., so as to spare the exploring party as much as possible; and I gave orders to those left behind to build a shanty in a sheltered place near the foot of the glacier, and to collect a large quantity of wood, and prepare a bivouac against our return in the evening. This precautionary measure saved our party a fatiguing tramp of three miles, when we returned almost worn out and exhausted in the evening.

The surface of the glacier presented a constant succession of wave-like undulations, or rather of narrow ridges, separated one from another by deep hollows, in which we found crevasses, fissures, and sometimes pools or wells of clear, pellucid, blue water that we could not fathom with a line a hundred yards long. Every part was more or less studded with enormous angular boulders of rock, some of which were fifty feet in height, and different kinds of *débris* that had evidently been carried down from the mountain above. They were of all shapes and sizes, and amongst them I noticed grey, red, and black granite, several kinds of marble, a peculiar white, hard, fine-grained micaceous stone, schist, serpentine, laminated quartz, and very rich copper and iron ore. Some appeared as if they had been freshly quarried, the edges being sharp, whilst others looked as if they were honeycombed by long exposure to the weather, and the sides facing the sun were covered with yellow, green, or black lichen. The colour of the surface of the glacier varied in every direction, sometimes presenting a pale sea-green hue, at others blue and purple of every shade, dirty-white, grey, and here and there black. The different formations of the ice were very extraordinary. In some

places were numberless fantastically-shaped pinnacles, and sharp peaks of translucent bluish-green ice, which reflected beautiful prismatic colours in the bright rays of the sun, and in others huge dome-like masses, that in the distance looked like the ruins of ancient Saracenic buildings.

We experienced much difficulty in crossing some of the widest crevasses, and my portable bridge was in constant requisition ; indeed, if we had not brought it with us, much time would have been lost in unavoidable circumambulation, and searching for narrow places which we could leap, or natural ice-bridges ; whereas, with its aid we were enabled to direct our course almost as the crow flies. It was not, however, easy travelling, as in places we found the ice extremely slippery, and whilst descending some of the steeper slopes, it was a difficult matter to retain our footing, even with the aid of our iron-shod alpenstocks. When we commenced our journey, the highest ridges and summits of the mountains on each side, as well as the head of the glacier, were covered with an impenetrable veil of dense white mist, heaving and surging about like a tempest-tost sea, which prevented our distinguishing their outline, or indeed anything, except the lower part of those spurs nearest to us, that appeared to rise like a wall from the glacier, until they gradually became blended in vapour. After a time, however, the mist in one quarter appeared to be tinged with a reddish hue, and by degrees became illuminated with the rays of the rising sun, whose powerful influence over the whole face of Nature gradually made itself apparent, although the luminary itself was still hidden from our sight by intervening ranges. The mists rose and were dispelled : the clouds, lighting up one by one, exhibited glorious tints of every hue, and then began to separate, disclosing here and there as they opened patches of deep-blue sky, or dazzling white snow, until by degrees the whole horizon seemed bounded by a continuous unbroken barrier of snowy ridges crowned by towering peaks and majestic summits.

Imagination can scarcely portray to the mind such scenery, and no description can convey an adequate idea of its stupendous grandeur. The earth has but few similar scenes, and as we gazed, a strange irresistible fascination seemed to steal over our senses chaining us to the spot—the immeasurable vastness and absence of any indication of the existence of man, impressing upon us an almost undefinable feeling of awe. Here the whole face of Nature bears the stamp of immortality. Seasons never change—unbroken winter ever reigns.

Looking upwards, towards the head of the glacier, the prospect was sublime, for we appeared to be standing at the base of an enormous foaming cataract, far exceeding that of Niagara in grandeur, which had been instantaneously frozen. So strong, indeed, was this resemblance, that as we gazed, strange feelings of fear came over us, lest the Power that had fixed this mighty river in all its fury and turbulence should as suddenly break the spell, and allow it to overwhelm us. It was a scene which no mortal could contemplate,

and still disbelieve in the existence of God ; for the voice of Nature there was irresistibly powerful, and a mysterious influence would have inculcated a natural religion even in the mind of a savage, and impressed upon him a consciousness of the infinite supremacy of an all-ruling power. On gazing upon the numerous towering peaks, that seemed to pierce the heavens, one felt ' that there was speech in ' their dumbness.' My companions were animated with the same feelings as myself ; and the Doctor very opportunely recalled to mind, and repeated with great pathos, those glorious lines by Coleridge,—

' Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts ?
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !'

On either side rose stupendous barriers of snow, and interminable fields of ice, varied in places with dark, frowning precipices ; bleak scarped rocks, and rugged overhanging cliffs, on which the snow could not lie on account of their steepness. Down every ravine, and gully, deep snow beds, and blue glaciers rolled, each transporting masses of rock, and an accumulation of shingle and *débris*, that formed moraine in some places several hundred feet high.

Avalanches, masses of snow, and landslips, were continually falling on both sides with loud roaring noises, like peals of thunder, or salvoes of artillery, obliging us to keep in the centre of the glacier, so as to be out of the way of the *débris*, and even then we were scarcely safe, for on two occasions huge boulders of fine-grained white granite, with sharply-splintered edges, evidently just broken off, flew across our path with a strange rumbling noise. On every side the ice kept cracking and splitting, as if it was heaved up by some internal movement, causing continuous reports like volleys of musketry, and at time we felt a strange tremulous movement underfoot, somewhat resembling the shock of an earthquake. In some places we found beds of snow so honeycombed, that we sank into it waist-deep, and here we had to feel our way ; but as we got into higher regions, the snow appeared to have become changed into ice.

After several hours' journey, during which excitement made us unconscious of fatigue, we came to a longitudinal chasm, far exceeding in width any we had hitherto met with, in which, at a great depth below, was seen a rapid river rushing along a channel of ice with a tremendous roar. From its size, as well as the direction in which it was flowing, both my companions coincided with me in the opinion that this was the Ganges, although about nine miles from the Cow's Mouth, generally considered its source.

The extreme length of the opening was seven hundred and forty-

two paces, and its width from twelve to thirty feet. Its depth, we estimated to have exceeded four hundred and fifty feet, as our line of a hundred yards, with a stone fastened to the end, did not appear to reach two-thirds of the way down. The river, itself, looked shallow, from boulders of ice that had fallen in from the top, appearing to turn the stream. This, however, we could not prove; for, notwithstanding we hurled down huge blocks of ice, and pieces of rock that were scattered about near the edge, they broke all to pieces before reaching the water, by rebounding from side to side, causing strange rumbling noises to re-echo from the depths below.

In some places the chasm was completely arched over with solid ice, and in others it appeared to have been closed, or bridged, by blocks having fallen in from above, or part of the precipitous walls having given way. Even when open, we could not always see the stream, although we heard it rushing along its tortuous channel, as the walls inclined inwards, one overhanging the other. From the under faces of these projecting sides hung clusters of gigantic icicles, exceeding fifty feet in length, and in the tunnel-shaped aperture, through which the stream flowed, we could discern stalactites of translucent ice, that assumed the proportions of massive columns supporting a vaulted roof. Fred and I, with the aid of our long silken ropes, which we fastened securely round a huge boulder of rock, managed to cut steps in the side with our axes, and to swing ourselves on to a narrow ledge of ice some distance down the chasm, from whence, with our field-glasses, we could examine most minutely this extraordinary place. From this lower elevation we could see a considerable distance into the cavern, which appeared like a lofty hall hewed out of solid amethyst, and had we been superstitious, we might have attributed it to the work of genii, or the grotto of some water nymph; for it presented a most marvellous appearance, the sides glittering as if studded with numberless brilliants and opals, and the light within assuming the most beautiful azure tints varying in shade from the pale turquoise to the deep sapphire.

The roaring noise made by the turbulence of the torrent, as it rushed dashing and foaming along its icy bed, prevented our hearing each other speak, and regardless of the cold, we were gazing in silent admiration at this magnificent specimen of Nature's handiwork, when my attention was attracted to small pieces of ice falling from above. Looking upward, I saw the Doctor's face, upon which considerable anxiety was depicted, protruding over the scarped edge of the opposite side of the chasm, and from the contortions of his mouth, I could make out that he was calling to us, although the roaring of the water below prevented his voice being heard. A significant movement of his hand, however, fully explained his meaning, and in accordance with it we retraced our steps, and after some exertion, once more stood upon the surface of the glacier.

We had left our companion gathering different kinds of lichen, and examining the various species of rock that lay scattered about, in order to form some idea as to the nature of the mountains above,

from which they had been carried by the continuous movement of the glacier; and he must have become so absorbed in his occupation, that he did not observe the threatening appearance of the horizon, until his attention was called to it by one of the Ghoorkas, when he gave us warning.

An appalling calm reigned, but a momentary glance at the dark mass of clouds enveloping the summit of the mountain, satisfied us that a violent storm was brewing, for the usual deep blue sky was gone, and a grey murky vapour seemed to be approaching us rapidly from the winds eye. Not a breath of air was stirring, still there was a strange indistinct rushing sound heard like that of the wind sweeping through some distant gorge, or the monotonous sighing of a tempest-tost ocean. Behind us the valley and the mountain peaks were still lighted up by the golden rays of the sun, but before us all was dark and black, and there seemed to be a spot where the bright day met the lowering gloom without mingling. I swept the now circumscribed horizon with my field-glass in the hope of discovering some temporary shelter from the violence of the coming storm, and had lowered it without any satisfactory results, when my eyes met Fred's, and I read in their expression that embarrassment, which even the bravest are apt to feel when suddenly hemmed in by perils. The doctor, too, looked very serious and anxious, whilst the countenances of our native followers betrayed intense terror. We were in an awkward position, and my companions evidently looked to me to get them out of it. On every side dangers lurked, and for a moment I felt undecided how to act, weighing the consequences of each step and calculating the chances. The odds were decidedly against us. If we remained in the centre of the glacier we should be exposed to the whole force of the hurricane, and in all probability be swept away before it into one of the numerous yawning chasms or crevasses; if we took refuge from the storm amongst the lateral mountains, we ran great danger of being buried alive, killed, or maimed by the avalanches or landslips that were continually falling. Again the strange rumbling noises that issued from the glacier, portended no good, and on every side the ice heaved, trembled, and cracked, as if it threatened to open under our feet. Add to these perils, the chances of our being frozen to death, blocked in by the snow, lost in the fog, struck by lightning, or falling into a sleep from which there is no awakening, and on summing-up the reader will think as I did, 'that we had got ourselves into a fix.' Again my field-glass was put into requisition, and this time my eye glanced upon a cleft or gully in the side of the mountain, where the scarped faces of the lower rock seemed to overhang the glacier. This offered the most efficient shelter, so pointing it out to my companions, I gave directions to our people to make for it with all speed, and in a few minutes we were gathered under the lee of a projecting spur.

A moment's indecision might have proved fatal to the whole party, for scarcely had we gained the shelter than the huge pall of vapour that seemed to be gradually descending from the mountain as if it would crush us, was suddenly rent asunder by some mysterious con-

vulsion, a ghastly white forked flame lighted up the gloom for a moment, followed almost instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which resounded in a hundred gorges, and the storm was upon us. An ominous moaning seemed to proceed from the head of the glacier, as if the God Mahadeo was grumbling in his retreat on account of mortals approaching the forbidden limit, and a thick mist through which the sun shone like a pale red moon, now overwhelmed us, accompanied by a sharp, cold, cutting wind, against which our waterproof blankets afforded but little protection. I never felt anything like this intensely-piercing cold blast, it seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins and cause it to stagnate.* We also experienced severe acute pains across the forehead, and behind the eyes, giddiness and oppression of breathing, but I scarcely suffered as much as my companions or the Ghoorkas, whose blood red eyes, blue lips, and strangely wan and livid countenances were horrible to behold. The Phaidee coolie got both of his hands and arms frost bitten, and when we removed his gloves they were quite rigid, like those of a corpse, but by vigorous rubbing with snow and brandy he recovered their use. All our followers were individually brave and fearless fellows, but on this occasion they were quite disheartened and crestfallen. From the first they had looked upon our expedition as almost sacrilegious, and imagined every moment that we should encounter more than mortal adversaries for having invaded the hitherto unapproachable sanctuary of Mahadeo. Indeed, the howling of the tempest, the cracking and rending of the ice, the roaring of avalanches, and the rumbling of landslips, were all attributed to supernatural agency, as being the work of 'Bhoots' [evil spirits, who are said to inhabit the mountain], conspiring for our destruction. For two hours the violence of the storm continued unabated, vivid streams of forked lightning flashed in quick succession, sometimes appearing in one continued blaze, the intense brightness of which almost blinded us, whilst peal on peal of thunder awakened a hundred echoes amongst the mountains. All the elements were at war, yet no rain fell, though very finely-powdered snow was driven through the air with such force that it made the exposed parts of the face feel almost raw. At length there was a lull, when Ered and I, almost benumbed with cold, left the doctor and people wrapped up in their coverings, and pushed up the gorge to reconnoitre. Scrambling over a heap of loose rocks and *débris*, we at length discovered a crack or fissure in the rock, forming a narrow but very lofty cave, where we determined to bivouac. Calling up the rest of the people, we commenced unpacking the kiltas, lighted a fire, and made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would admit. After much patience, we heated a couple of large tins of preserved soup, and made a hot brew of strong grog, the stimulating effects of which I fairly believe kept body and soul together in some of us, and enabled all to endure the intense severity of the weather. Considerably refreshed by our hot meal, we lighted cheroots, and managed to keep tolerably warm by all laying down close together under cover of our blankets and waterproofs.

* The thermometer fell to 23° from 27°.

Our cavern proved impervious to the weather, and circulation once more restored, things began to assume a different aspect. Our people regained their spirits, and the doctor, taking out his barometric apparatus, boiled a panikin of water, and made out that we had attained an altitude of nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty feet, or nearly seven thousand feet higher than the terminal moraine at the cow's mouth. We now held a consultation as to our future proceedings, and it was resolved to return to camp, for although the storm was over, the hollow murmuring of thunder was still heard faintly rumbling among the distant hills, and the sky still looked dark and threatening. It was with extreme reluctance that we turned our faces from the head of the glacier, and commenced a retrograde track, for our object was not yet accomplished, and there is always a strangely mysterious fascination and inexplicable charm in perilous enterprises that lures the adventurer onward, making him feel indifferent or reckless of consequences. As circumstances turned out, however, it was very lucky that we did not attempt to go further, for had we done so, in all probability none of us would have returned to tell the tale. For several hours the mists and vapours continued so thick that we could scarcely see thirty yards before us, besides which we often found drifts of freshly-fallen snow so deep and soft that we had to proceed with the utmost caution, feeling every foot of the way with our iron shod poles, lest we should fall into some abyss. Again, owing to our slow progress, we suffered very considerably from the intense cold, our limbs getting so benumbed and stiff that walking became heart-breaking work—still we kept on, for delay was dangerous. Towards evening the fog began to clear away, revealing a patch of deep blue sky, which gradually increased in size, until the whole western horizon became clear, and a flood of golden light broke through the gloom, illuminating the whole valley. 'This was cheering, but we had still far to go before we could rest our aching limbs, and we anxiously watched the great orb of day sink behind the western hills, gilding the faces of the higher peaks with his lingering glory, and bringing them out in strong relief. Anxious as we were to get to our journey's end, we could not help stopping, in spite of the cold, to admire the glorious and indescribably beautiful ever-changing hues with which the heavens were tinged. After a brief space these brilliant colours gradually faded away and the day was gone. The rising moon, however, shone clearly and bright, and after a time the outlines of the mountains stood out as distinctly defined as at mid-day, the most distant objects being plainly discernible. We were all very much done up with our tramp, and it was with intense satisfaction that at last we descried a column of smoke, which we knew proceeded from the watch fire of our people. Here we found a comfortable shanty constructed, and a hot meal ready, after partaking of which we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and were soon in the land of dreams.

'Weariness,

Can snore upon a flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.'

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1864.

IN 'Daily' of November we gave under this head so many of the batting and bowling returns as had come to hand in time for insertion, and we redeem the promise then made of completing the series in our present issue.

We shall commence with the Charterhouse, the information respecting which is, we regret, very meagre, owing, as the courteous and honourable young gentleman who undertakes the arduous secretarial duties informs us, to the circumstance 'that the Cricket Register is not brought to school 'during the football quarters.' The return furnished us is confined to the bare batting averages of the Eleven, of which the larger moiety (six) are *débuts*. All the old hands show an improvement upon their last year's form, K. A. M. Mackenzie having advanced from 15·6 to 16·17, and taking the lead, G. E. Smyth from 4·27 to 9·20, Hon. F. S. O'Grady from 7·16 to 8·29, G. S. Davies from 10·22 to 13·25, and L. Ogden from 4·10 to 8·7. The following is the list entire:—

THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

K. A. Muir Mackenzie	16·17	J. M. Byng	6·1
G. S. Davies	13·25	W. W. Cooper	5·16
G. E. Smyth	9·20	M. Muir Mackenzie	5·1
Hon. F. S. O'Grady	8·29	W. L. Boreham	3·8
L. Ogden	8·7	C. P. Scott	3·1
H. Murray Mackenzie	7·6		

Hon. F. S. O'Grady, Hon. Sec.

No return of the bowling has been supplied to us, which is much to be deplored.

The changes in the Cheltenham College Eleven have not been numerous; they have lost their leading scorer of 1863, J. K. Robertson, but appear to have found a worthy successor in his brother, J. C. Robertson, who opens his account the first year with 15·5. R. T. Reid has moved up from 17·13 to 18·13, H. Throsby from 11·7 to 15·7, Bramwell from 10·15 to 11·5, A. Higgins from 8 to 10·14, H. Parr from 12 to 18·6, while R. O. Cotton has nearly trebled his last year's performance by jumping up from the bottom of the list to 19·12 (the second best). The remaining old hands, viz., H. Cameron and W. H. Croker, have receded, the former from 14 to 12·3, and the latter from 21·16 to 15·5.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

	Number of Matches.	Innings.	Total runs made.	Times not out.	Average runs per Innings	Overs.
H. Cameron	22	35	963	5	32	3
R. O. Cotton	22	35	639	2	19	12
R. T. Reid	14	22	373	2	18	13
H. Parr	14	22	402	0	18	6
L. C. Abbott	18	27	355	5	16	3
H. Throsby	12	20	307	0	15	7
W. H. Croker	12	20	285	1	15	5
J. C. Robertson	14	22	315	1	15	5
J. Garnett	10	17	214	3	15	4
B. Bramwell	18	31	335	1	11	5
A. Higgins	18	31	314	1	10	14

The elaborate table of the Cheltenham bowling, which has reached us, deserves a compliment, which 'Baily' has much pleasure in awarding to the compiler, whose modesty has, however, caused him to omit his name. The 'powers that be' at other kindred institutions, would do well to follow so good an example. A remarkable fact is shown in this table, viz., that the slows have yielded the least number of runs per wicket—the true test of the quality of the bowling, after all.

BOWLING AVERAGES (1864).

	Inngs. bowled in.	Balls.	Overs Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs for Over.	Balls per Wicket.	Runs per Wicket.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets per Inning.
J. C. Robertson (slows)	1	30	7.2	12	1	3	1.5	10	—	4	—	3
A. Higgins (slows)	17	787	196.3	396	32	49	2.2	16.3	8.4	1	—	2
R. O. Cotton	32	2890	722.2	1251	253	130	1.529	22.30	9.81	3	1	4
H. Throsby	8	333	83.1	168	27	15	2.2	22.3	11.3	1	—	1
W. H. Croker	14	776	19.4	323	76	27	1.129	28.20	11.26	2	4	1
H. Cameron	18	630	157.2	246	64	16	1.89	39.6	15.6	23	—	0
R. T. Reid	3	62	15.2	45	5	1	3	62	—	43	—	0

We now come to the Rugby Eleven, of whom five of the 1863 team will be found in that of the season just concluded, and four of these have improved on their previous year's performances. H. V. Ellis (the Captain) has gone from 9.12 to 19.9, E. W. M. Lloyd from 16.25 to 29.12, R. G. Venables from 5.4 to 10, G. J. Prince from 12.13 to 13.13, whilst L. J. Maton (who, owing to a bad hand, was unable to play in all the matches) has retrograded from 10.11 to 10.3.

The Rugby Eleven won both their matches in London, beating the M.C.C. and Ground by 120 runs, and Marlborough in one innings and 33 runs. In the latter match, it will be remembered, E. W. M. Lloyd carried out his bat for 139 runs. The thanks of 'Baily' are due to the Captain of the Rugby Eleven for the following carefully-compiled tables of both batting and bowling averages. Mr. H. V. Ellis was Captain in 1864, Mr. R. G. Venables is Captain for 1865. The professional is Alfred Diver:—

THE RUGBY ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1864).

	Innings.	Not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs.	Average.
E. W. M. Lloyd	27	4	139*	795	29.12
E. M. Kenney	14	3	74	359	25.9
H. V. Ellis	18	0	86	351	19.9
F. M. Hadow	28	3	51	432	15.12
J. F. Green	24	4	48*	325	13.13
H. W. Verelst	27	0	57	361	13.10
G. J. Prince	15	3	35*	198	13.3
L. J. Maton	10	2	22	103	10.3
R. G. Venables	25	3	35	250	10.0
A. C. Boevey	23	1	27	213	9.6
C. A. Tosswill	21	0	48	195	9.6

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES (1864).

	Innings.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Over.	Balls per Wicket.	Runs per Wicket.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average Wickets per Innings.
A. G. Venables .	32	4544	1136	1666	422	170	1'534	26'124	9'136	21	—	5'10
F. M. Hadow .	15	1348	337	503	110	52	1'166	25'48	9'35	12	—	3'7
J. F. Green .	16	1484	371	556	114	49	1'185	30'14	11'17	79	—	3'1
E. M. Kenney .	16	1736	434	590	169	47	1'156	36'45	12'26	10	—	2'15

We beg to call the reader's special attention to the Rugby bowling, which but for the large per centage of wides, may fairly challenge the very best performances that have been registered in this important department of the game this season. In the aggregate no less than 9,112 balls were delivered, showing the low average of 28'208 to a wicket, off which only 3,315 runs, or 10'135 per wicket, have been obtained. A. G. Venables bowled, as near as may be, one moiety of the large number above quoted, and his individual return of 9'136 runs per wicket, and 5'10 wickets per innings, must be regarded as one of the 'curiosities of the season' 1864.

At the risk of being voted importunate, 'Baily' again urges upon those young gentlemen who captain the respective school Elevens, or who undertake the duties secretarial, the desirability and great advantages that must accrue not only during their period of brief authority, but in after years, from 'looking to their bowling,' and preserving a strict and accurate register of every ball delivered, and its results. Bowling is of the utmost possible importance, and it is owing to the weakness displayed in this department of the noble game that the gentlemen of England get such fearful lickings every year at the hands of the professionals. Our parting admonition will therefore be—'Look to your bowling!'

NOTICE.—If our young friends will kindly forward us next year as early as possible, after the close of the season, particulars of their batting and bowling, we will tabulate the whole, placing each in the order of merit, after the plan adopted by the leading sporting journals, with the average of the County Elevens.

On the eve of going to press, the following letter has reached us; and as it is absolutely necessary that a uniform plan of compiling averages should be adopted to enable us to carry out the plan we have proposed, and to convey a correct idea of the relative merits of the young gentlemen connected with the various public schools, we insert it, and 'Baily' begs to suggest the following form of returning the batting and bowling averages in 1865.

'Harrow, Nov. 26.

'SIR,—I think it only fair to call your attention to the fact, that the 'Eton and Harrow averages which appeared in the November Number of "Baily," have been calculated on a different scale. In the Eton averages, the "Not Outs" are counted as "No Innings," though the runs are included in the total; while in the Harrow averages, the "Not Outs" are counted as an ordinary innings. Consequently, if the Harrow averages had been made up by the Eton method, Mr. C. F. Buller's average would have been 43 instead of 32; and many of the others several points higher than the figures at which they now stand.

'HARROVIENSIS.'

FORM OF BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Number of Matches.	Completed Innings.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average Innings.
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FORM OF BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	Matches bowled in.	Total Balls bowled.	No. Balls.	Wide Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Total Runs.	Total Wickets.	Average Balls per Wicket.	Average Runs per Wicket.
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YACHTING AND ROWING.

By this time most of the craft we met in the Isle of Wight are laid up for the winter, and many of them doomed to undergo sundry changes in rig, lengthenings, and other alterations which the summer's performances have suggested as advisable. Let us hope the result will be as satisfactory as the owners hope and the builders prophecy, though experience has shown us, that with yachts, as in other matters, let well alone is a maxim more to be honoured in the observance than the breach. On the other hand, as folks say about racehorses, though they only half believe it, every one may do as he likes with his own; and if the owner of the Tortoise, X tons, chooses to have her changed from schooner to cutter one winter, lengthened the next, and finally raised, or have a centreboard put in, pray why should he not? *De gustibus*, &c.; and there are many worse ways of spending one's money than in carpenters' wages, and we trust that our friends may find their case the exception which it is said proves the rule, and that next season will show their pet alterations to be a success.

After the excitement of the Isle of Wight *gala*, most owners took a little rest, and a cruise, in preference to the hurry-scurry of racing. Lord Londesborough, however, Messrs. Broadwood, Chamberlayne, Dunbar, Lane, Maudsley, and several other famous yachtsmen, met at Plymouth, most of them having taken part in the return Ocean Match from Torquay round the Eddystone, which Mr. Fielder's Julia won, nearly twenty minutes ahead of everything. The Royal Western Yacht Club provided a capital programme, and The Prince of Wales' Cup for schooners, brought together some fine craft, the Albertine, Galatea, and Madcap, as well as Mr. Lane's Jeannie. The Madcap won easily, but Lord Londesborough turned the tables on the second day, and won by about five minutes, but having to allow ten for tonnage, the prize again eluded his grasp. Since these events there has been little news in the yachting world beyond reports of new clippers ordered, and being built, which are to do wonders next year. The Metropolitan yacht clubs have had closing trips, which, if not adequately representing the strength of the clubs, have generally been very pleasant meetings, and remembering the remarks of the 'Times,' in which we fully concur, about the superiority of small dinners over large ones, we ought perhaps to be grateful to the members for their absence.

In rowing matters, the North seems to be acquiring an unenviable notoriety for squabbles, a sort of 'win, tie, or wrangle' principle, at variance with all our ideas of sport and honour. The unseemly dispute about the Tyne Regatta Cup was scarcely settled, after sundry ineffectual attempts to frustrate justice and common sense, when we have another curiosity in aquatic legis-

lature. The race between Chambers and Cooper was looked forward to with the greatest interest by the rowing world, and all who could get there were somewhere near Scotswood on the day. Chambers, good judges argued, must be getting stale, and Cooper everyone knew was so much improved, so, putting this and that together, a splendid race was expected, and nobody thought it would be a gift for either. Both came to the post fit, and after rowing a little over a mile a foul occurred, which was claimed by each, and Chambers beginning to sink, he came on board a steamer, leaving Cooper to row over the course. With regard to the foul, the umpire decided that both men were in their own water at the time, and that neither had claimed in due order, and therefore the foul could not be entertained. The natural conclusion to be drawn from this was that Cooper had won, as he had gone over the course, and Chambers had not; but in the face of this reasonable deduction the umpire declared it 'No race, and bets off,' a verdict which, though no doubt gratifying to the Chambers division, appeared somewhat anomalous to the unprejudiced public. After a deal of discussion it was agreed to row on the following day, when Cooper, either disgusted with the 'previous day's performance, or from some other cause, did not seem in anything like form, and Chambers won easily. A wordy war has been going on ever since as to the bets, which were declared off by the umpire, contrary to the custom of the Turf and the Ring, in which bets invariably stand if the event is decided within the week, though in this instance, as the first day's affair was declared *sans cérémonie* to be no race, to annul the bets was perhaps as good a method of cutting the Gordian knot as any other. Of course the sporting papers were appealed to by those interested, but who shall decide when doctors disagree? and as one great authority said bets off, and another bets stand, folks have in most cases adopted the version which suited them best. The question has been, as it were, reopened within the last few days, by a decision in the Gateshead County Court, where the bets-off view has found favour. We hope that ere long some understanding may be come to with regard to rowing bets: there is no reason why they should not be governed by the same rules as Turf speculations, and it is most undesirable to have such matters brought into court.

Shortly after the race between Chambers and Cooper, a match was made between Cooper and J. H. Clasper to row a mile, the former staking fifty pounds to twenty-five. A good race was expected, as young Jack, though no Hercules, is very fast for a mile; but the affair has unfortunately ended in a forfeit. A similar result has befallen a proposed spin between T. Matfin and Teasdale Wilson. The former has rowed at the Thames National Regatta with varying success, and the latter is a strong, clumsy sculler, who was beaten last year by Drewitt. A match was also made between the evergreen Harry Clasper and James Percy. The latter is chiefly known as a pedestrian, while the eternal Harry seems a link between the past and present generation of aquatic, his performances going back to the times of Bob Coombes and Newell, which, considering that he is fifty-two years old, is not very astonishing. The astonishing thing is, that at his age he can row at all, and more so in such form as he showed at the Thames National in 1862. Still he was not good enough to beat Percy, who is a fine young man in the prime of life, about half old Harry's age. Percy is brought out by the Cooper party, who have thus some slight revenge for their defeat in the big match.

A good match was expected between Tom Royal of Westminster, and young Wise of Hammersmith, but it resulted in a foul after about a mile, Royal boring his opponent all the way, and finally fouling him so persistently

that the spectators made noisy demonstration of their disgust. Royal, like his father, seems as it were a sprint rower, if we may coin the expression : he started very fast, and got away sculling beautifully, but without much powder, and after a short distance was caught and passed, the *Wise-aces* being all through so confident as to lay odds on their man when he was astern. Wise is a promising young sculler, having won the Coat at the Thames National this year with great ease ; his most laudable performance, however, was a splendid stern wager to Kilsby last autumn, when they rowed neck and neck, and Kilsby did not get clear until past Chiswick. We suppose Wise will not be long making a match with some one, though most of the second-class men are by no means anxious to tackle him. A race which ought to be good is fixed for the 4th inst. between Kilsby and D. Coombes, to whose unsatisfactory race for Doggett's Coat and Badge we alluded at the time. Coombes is at present a slight favourite, and being more likely to improve than Kilsby, may perhaps win ; but it will be a very close thing and well worth seeing. Green, the Australian, seems to be anxious to have another try with Chambers, and has recently stated his desire to row for the Championship of the Thames on the usual terms. He was stated a week or two back to be already on his way hither, but we hope for his own sake he is not. Why does he not fly at lower game, and challenge Josh. Ward the American crack, who has recently had another victory over a local opponent, one Stevens, in a slight breather of five miles on the Hudson River ? Ward, according to the reports we have received, is a long, steady sculler, who does not always take the lead, but generally rows his men down after about a mile, and Green being the very reverse of this, might take the lead and keep it, as there is no doubt of his pace, and a trip to America would be a novelty.

Amateur oarsmen, like their yachting brethren, have now pretty generally laid up their craft for the winter. The various clubs have had closing races—the London re-opening their season for a sculling handicap in all classes of boats, from in-rigged gigs to wager-boats. The experiment was amusing, if not very successful as a handicap ; Cecil, the 'scratch' man, finally winning after an infinity of fouls among the competitors, but the gigs and heavy craft had but a poor chance. It was, however, a very amusing display, and with a little practice handicap rowing might be considerably developed. The season being over, the various clubs can now congratulate themselves or otherwise on their performances. The Kingston has certainly the lion's share this year, having won the Grand Challenge, Wyfold, and Diamond Sculls at Henley ; the Amateur Championship, the Barnes Challenge Cup, and the Senior Fours at their own regatta. The London men carried off the Stewards' Cup at Henley with their splendid crew, and won the Senior Fours at Walton, and Juniors at Barnes, Senior Sculls at Walton, and several minor affairs, not forgetting Bedford Regatta. Ryan also rowed well for the Wingfield Sculls, but not being shown up like his competitors, lost a very fair chance. The West London have won the Challenge Cups for fours, and for sculls, at Tewkesbury and Stourport, and Cecil, who is L.R.C. also, rowed a good second to Woodgate for the Wingfield. The Twickenham and North London Clubs scored their first public victory at Walton and Barnes respectively, and we trust next season to see other clubs follow their example : meanwhile, hoping they will keep their fat down by football, pedestrianism, gymnastics, glove practice, or one or more of the various diversions which the rowing clubs provide for their members during the winter, we bid our aquatic friends good-bye until next year.

THE DAVENPORT DELUSIONS.

WHAT WE WITNESSED AT A *SÉANCE*.

As the town is just now ringing with the exploits of a quartette of our 'Transatlantic cousins,' and as every body is asking every other body 'if he has seen the Davenports,' we do not think a couple of pages of 'Baily' will be unprofitably occupied by a relation of the phenomena which came under our personal observation a few evenings since. We shall offer no opinion as to the agency whereby they were brought about: it is sufficient for our present purpose to state honestly, truthfully, and impartially the bare facts that occurred during the 'manifestations,' as they are called, whereat we were present.

The party of operators consisted of a Dr. Ferguson, Mr. Fay, and the Messrs. William and Ira Davenport, their trading name being the 'Davenport Brothers.' Unfortunately for them, when they arrived in England they were unwise enough to attribute their 'manifestations' to super- or preternatural causes; but John Bull 'would have none of it,' and therefore they have now withdrawn that plea, and, without attempting any explanation, exhibit their wonderful performances, leaving the bewildered spectators to draw their own conclusions.

We were invited a few evenings since to meet a large party of scientific and literary gentlemen at the house of a friend in Belgravia, and on our arrival we found the attendant of the 'Davenports' erecting their 'cabinet,' as it is designated, in a large unfurnished apartment, and, in common with others, had a full opportunity afforded us of examining its construction minutely. It is made of thin panelled oak, about nine feet in length, seven feet in height, and three feet in depth, and placed on tressels about sixteen inches high; its only internal fitting is a narrow seat, running round three sides of it, perforated with several holes, through which a good-sized rope would freely pass: the front is enclosed with three doors of equal size, opening from top to bottom of the cabinet. In the upper panel of the centre door is a diamond-shaped opening of about nine inches, a curtain of blue silk depending inside, so as to cover it. The doors are secured by bolts inside. We could detect no secret springs or mechanism of any kind; neither was there anything remarkable about the musical instruments, which were afterwards used. We feel bound to state that there was no reserve whatever on the part of the Davenports, and all our interrogations were readily and satisfactorily answered.

Thus much having been premised, we will now endeavour to describe what occurred. The company having taken their seats, Dr. Ferguson explained that there were certain conditions necessary to be observed by them, in order to ensure the full and proper development of the extraordinary phenomena they were about to witness—silence and attention being strongly insisted on. He next requested that the company would select two of their number as a committee, which was done, and these gentlemen were then asked to bind the 'brothers,' who had taken their seats in the cabinet, the ropes (ordinary sash-line of about an inch in circumference) lying at their feet. One of the committee (a newspaper editor) produced from his pocket a roll of broad white tape, and wished to know if he might be allowed to use that material instead of the cord which had been provided; but Dr. Ferguson would not permit it, urging that the tape might break, and insisting on their right to conduct the experiments in their own way. This point being conceded by

acclamation, the 'editor' declined to act as a committee-man, and another gentleman was chosen. But, as time was fleeting, the cabinet was closed, as the Doctor said, to 'see what would happen;' and in four and a half minutes, upon a signal being given, the doors were thrown open, and there sat the 'brothers' firmly bound to their seats at opposite ends of the cabinet, with their hands crossed behind them, the cords passed from thence through the seats round their ancles and thighs respectively, so that they could neither move forward nor laterally. All present examined the lashings, and expressed themselves satisfied of their security. The doors were again closed, the musical instruments, which consisted of a violin, two guitars, a large tambourine, two hand-bells, and an old brass trumpet, being placed on the floor of the cabinet. Within three seconds a chord was struck on the guitar, and some very rough music, in which could be distinctly traced the violin, guitar, tambourine, and bells, was gradually wrought into something like a tune, which lasted several minutes. The sudden ejection of the brass trumpet from the aperture was the signal for opening the doors, when, lo, and behold! there sat the Davenports firmly bound, as before. After repeating these experiments, with some slight variations, a hand was exhibited at the aperture, and several of the company were invited to grasp or feel it, which they did, declaring emphatically that it was a 'veritable hand.' A gentleman present was next asked if he would seat himself within the cabinet, which he readily consented to do, amidst ironical cries of 'Good-bye, old fellow! have 'you made your will?' and being tied in this position, one hand was placed on the head of Ira, and the other on the knees of William Davenport, the musical instruments being deposited on his lap, or otherwise in contact with his person. The doors were once more closed, and the light lowered, when the same discordant sounds issued from within. After a short interval, 'Open sesame!' was the word, and there sat, like statues, all three, as previously. The temporary prisoner was requested by the Doctor to state publicly what had occurred during his incarceration, and he declared positively that neither of the Davenports moved, that, at his request, the spectacles were removed from his nose, that human hands felt him over and about the face, that the bells were rung, the tambourine and guitar transferred from his lap and placed on his head, and that sundry other changes in the economy of the cabinet also took place. This experiment closed what is called the 'light *séance*;' and the Davenports were loudly applauded.

After a short interval, and the re-arrangement of the room, the cabinet being placed on one side, and a small Pembroke table introduced, whereon the musical instruments were placed, also two Windsor chairs in which the performers were to be bound, Dr. Ferguson addressed a few words to the company, stating that darkness was a necessary atmospheric condition of this part of the 'manifestations,' and the joining hands of all present no less essential to the safety of every one, more especially that of Messrs. Ira Davenport and Fay, which latter gentleman was this time to 'operate' instead of the 'brother.' Preliminaries being arranged, two gentlemen severally bound the young men to their chairs, hands were united, and the light extinguished, when almost instantaneously the guitar, playing very softly, was heard floating about the apartment: it occasionally descended gently on the heads or laps of the spectators, and again sailed away to a distant part of the room, playing all the time: at length it fell suddenly to the floor with a crash. The tambourine was similarly affected, and was finally deposited in the lap of a lady, and the bells were hurled from the table. And when the light was struck by Dr. Ferguson, both men were discovered as securely

bound as at first. The guitar was broken, from having fallen endwise. The feet of Messrs. Fay and Davenport were now chalked, and the experiment repeated. Both were requested to count aloud, which they did alternately, and apparently from their seats; and yet this time a watch was sensibly felt by a lady present to leave her custody, and was afterwards found deposited on the table in front of the circle. During the next dark interval Mr. Fay remarked that if any gentleman would request it, his coat would be removed from his back. Of course this was instantly done, and simultaneously a light being called for, Mr. Fay was discovered in his shirt-sleeves, his hands still securely crossed, and tied behind him: the coat was whisked to the end of the apartment. The next time Fay was mysteriously unbound, the cords being heard rapidly running through the legs and bars of the chair, and the rope as quietly placed round the neck of the gentleman who had tied him. The release of Ira Davenport was effected in the same unaccountable manner, Fay having retired to a distant corner. With this manifestation the *séance* closed amidst general applause. Of course there was a perfect Babel afterwards, all sorts of theories being propounded: some insisted that the strange phenomena we had witnessed were the result of confederacy, notwithstanding that Dr. Ferguson and his coadjutors were all firmly held, and formed part of our chain: others said it was very clever trickery; though to this hypothesis Dr. Ferguson gave the most unqualified denial: while some of the more profound, amongst whom were two or three electro-biologists, pronounced electricity as the invisible agent. Some, indeed, were so sceptical that they would believe nothing, and pronounced it humbug, nor would they listen to any explanation. To such 'Bailly' would say, 'Do not condemn because you don't understand;' and to all—for all who have yet made the attempt have signally failed to discover the secret agency by which these really mysterious results are produced, we say—'See and 'investigate.'

THE SPORTING GAZETTE (LIMITED).

LIMITED? in what? Surely not in the assurance of its Editor? That gentleman—at least if we may regard him as the head and front of the present offending—is of perfectly unlimited coolness. In papers of the most ordinary respectability, we look for that general courtesy which passes current amongst literary men, as much as in society. We expect a knowledge and a tacit acknowledgement of the rules which are supposed to guide men engaged in one pursuit and in a common cause. But when a newspaper sets out by professing more than its contemporaries; when it clothes itself in high-sounding names, and, 'professus grandia,' signally fails in its commonest duties,—then we are the more astonished, and the less disposed to overlook deficiencies. Neither is it indeed the result to which we are inclined to look, so much as to the principle upon which men conduct their affairs. The young ragamuffin who picks our pocket of a purse may have done us a serious injury; but we regard him with leniency compared to the boastful swell who steals our useful but not very valuable pocket-handkerchief. The more so, indeed, when we could have presented it to him, and required only an admission of our generosity in return.

In the 'Sporting Gazette' (limited), of November 5th, we were not surprised to see the Public School Cricket Averages; because, being of general interest, they might well deserve a place in any column devoted to the game.

But we were surprised to find that they were given as original matter, shorn of that notice which the 'Sporting Life' and other newspapers are in the habit of appending, as copied from 'Baily's Magazine.' It was an unmitigated piece of piracy, which is inexcusable in any way. It is most unusual, most unprofessional: and we do not hesitate to say that the Editor of the 'Sporting Gazette' (limited) has acted in this matter most ignorantly or most unscrupulously. We call upon the Editor of that paper, or upon the Proprietors, to deny this fact, or to inform us upon whom the responsibility should fall. Those averages are compiled by us at considerable trouble and expense; and, if they be considered of sufficient importance to occupy a whole column of the 'Sporting Gazette,' the least the managers of that paper can do is, to see that the source from which they are taken be acknowledged. We not only ask it as a matter of courtesy; we demand it as a matter of right.

We will now state in simple terms why we mix up the Proprietors and the Editor of the 'Sporting Gazette' (limited) in one category. It is for this reason: that as the Editor has been in the habit of forwarding, by himself or others, the names of noblemen and gentlemen of very high position as Proprietors of the paper, and as we are perfectly satisfied, from the list which lies before us, that those noblemen and gentlemen are incapable of doing what is unusual and wrong, it is desirable that they should know the responsibilities which they have taken upon themselves. 'Qui facit per alium, facit' per se, is excellent Latin and equally good law; and one of the first duties of a Proprietor is either to do the work himself in a satisfactory manner, or to see that his servant does not commit himself by ignorance or design. We are not about to follow the example of the Editor, and publish to the world a new edition of these names; but we must request these gentlemen to insist upon the Editor's (if the list he has published be not a simple imposition upon the credulity of the public), acknowledging the sources from which he derives his compilations, and making the only *amende* which it is now in his power to make. It must be obvious to them that, by the publication of their names, they have involved themselves in the responsibilities of an office which requires much vigilance and knowledge of business, and that they are assuming unconsciously a position the tenability of which is fraught with many disadvantages. The support of an Editor, either ignorant or unscrupulous, is never very pleasant, especially to men of the highest rank. Let the 'Sporting Gazette' stand upon its own merits, and then the Editor may feel it to be his duty to conduct it with a stricter sense of propriety, and an eye to its increased utility.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notabilities.—Jockeys and their Journeys.—Stud Shavings.—The Hampshire Hunts.—Rotten Row Reminiscences.

NOVEMBER has hardly been so exciting a month for the Sportsman as it has for the Lawyers, the Dicky Gossips, and that vast class of 'used-up' individuals, who require to be as perpetually fed with excitement, as an infant with Arabica Revalenta. In our line we have had neither a Müller, a Köhl, or a Codrington to feast upon, therefore the task imposed on us of packing up our parcels, is attended with more than ordinary difficulty. However, we hope our vehicle may be found to contain packages, adapted to the wants of Sportsmen of every race and creed. Of the Turf we are glad to say we have seen the last, for the next three months, for the season has been as long as one

at the Haymarket or the Adelphi, and the perpetual recurrence of the names of Grimshaw and Fordham became at last as tedious, as the presence of 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man' in the Olympic play-bill. To pursue a theatrical metaphor, we may remark that the Newmarket Theatre having closed at the end of last month, a joint-stock company was formed to visit the provinces. Worcester, Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Warwick were the places selected to perform at, and under [the auspices of such experienced managers as Messrs. Webb, Topham, Frail, and Merry, the tour has been a most successful one in a pecuniary point of view. 'The Faithful City'—the stock phrase of the reporters for Worcester, and which has been done to death as much as 'The Blue Riband'—is generally fatal to favourites, and therefore the Ring, forgetful of Newmarket fatigues, always fly to it, in the hope of getting back their losses. Now they were again successful, for Suburban, it was supposed, had only to stand up to win, and yet he was beaten with scarcely an effort by the Atherstone's dam colt, who had been so far behind Stockinger in the Cambridgeshire trial, that the Liverpool Cup loomed at once for him in the future. The winner, on this occasion, we believe, has not been named; but we do hope, before he runs again, somebody will become godfather to him, otherwise the ears of the ladies in the Grand Stand will be shocked as perpetually as they were wont to be with the eternal 'Elcot's dam,' which always came out at Northampton, and lasted on until the Houghton. The run to Aintree at this season of the year is anything but inviting, and when the scene of action is reached the prospect is still worse. Nevertheless, a hardy band of adventurers embarked in the enterprize, and those who joined the Tartar force returned with plenty of prizemoney. Of all handicappers who fall upon their legs when they get into difficulties, Mr. Topham is perhaps the luckiest. Admiral Rous has had many escapes, we admit, and has proved he has known more than his critics, but the Cestrian lessee almost invariably creeps out of the hole into which he is supposed to have fallen, and reappears with flying colours. This was more especially apparent with Donnybrook, to whom with one consent the Cup was voted, and respecting whom it was said, without disguise, the most liberal arrangement had been entered into between the high contracting parties. The money for which he was backed, and which was laid against The Tartar, from their having been together before, was almost fabulous, and certainly never exceeded at any Donnybrook Fair. Still what was the result?—Why, that the favourite ran just where he had always done in public, and the Tartar came in alone, as if he was bearing a letter from the Sultan to one of his Viziers. Of course after this exhibition the anti-Tophamites were dumb; and from the Donnybrook division the silence resembled more a Quakers' Meeting than an Irish Fair. Shrewsbury stands out in bold relief from any other Meeting in the Calendar, and is 'a great fact' in the institution of racing. The politics of its founder were at one time antagonistic to the Jockey Club, but now they are strictly in accordance with those of a large section of it. Almost the entire strength of the Newmarket officials is engaged; and it is something for Mr. Frail to boast of that his handicaps created none of those scandals which were so rife in the Houghton Meeting, and he never attempted by a *Coup d'état* to carry one of them home. As for the company, it was to be judged by the empty windows in St. James's Street and Pall-Mall, and that the Carlton and White's not only gave up hunting and shooting for the week, but, in addition, had large parties of friends at their houses. For the professionals, Mr. Frail was also well prepared; and such were his powers of organization, that every member of the Ring on his arrival on Sunday found his quarters allotted, and his mess prepared for him in the

same manner, as a soldier marching into a new barrack. As usual, the racing lasted from daybreak to sunset, and the sport was excellent, but deficient in exciting features. The Marquis of Hastings' Catalogue again assisted him in his investiments, and George Robins never put forth one so costly. Mr. Connolly was also in good form, and his horses under Captain Towneley's management have not only paid their training bills, but left a little bit over. Warwick was, as usual in November, a mixture of 'sunshine and tears;' and the Leamington Winterers supported it strongly, but, like most hunting men, they preferred their hacks to the Stand. *The Handicap of the Meeting* was spoiled by Doctor Syntax, whose weight had been fixed prior to Shrewsbury, and whose jockey, with an eye to future events, gammoned to win with difficulty, when it was clear he had plenty in hand. The Lammas Fields, on which the course is formed, is a species of Wormwood Scrubs for Gentlemen Riders, and on their regular field day Messrs. Edwards, H. Coventry, and Knox acquitted themselves as well as ever. We are aware of the fashion to decry Gentlemen Riders, but for what reason we are at a loss to imagine, as it is a manly, invigorating exercise, practised for years by many of the highest members of our Aristocracy, and to Officers peculiarly valuable, as, when engaged in field operations, it teaches them to get over difficulties which to their comrades are insuperable, and, moreover, gives them confidence in their own powers of acting in cases of emergency. Therefore it always gives us pleasure to record the progress of this 'Band of Brothers;' and we trust the example they have set by their straight-going conduct will be imitated by the recruits they may bring to their ranks. The season of the reporters having closed, that of 'the accountants' has set in; and 'The Turquands of the Turf' are publishing their annual accounts, and will have to submit to the annual searching criticisms on their correctness, which vie with anything known in Basinghall Street.

To show, however, that all is not gold that glitters, a clever trap was set last year for a paper, which was strongly suspected of poaching on its neighbours' domains, by ringing in a dummy jockey, with a fictitious return of his winning mounts. No trout rose at a May-fly more quickly than the reporter of the journal in question; and the following week the return, with the stranger included, appeared, headed by the stereotyped announcement, that it had been compiled exclusively for that weekly. Whether [the Editor ever heard of the innocent joke that had been played upon him, we cannot say; but he could hardly complain, as he had provoked it by claiming such extraordinary superiority for his own wares. For our own part, we candidly confess we do not keep an accountant on the premises, as Moses and Son do a poet, but we have sufficient confidence in the returns which we borrow, to deal with them as facts. Commencing with the jockeys, Jemmy Grimshaw and Fordham are clean away from the rest of their companions; the former having won no less than 164 times, being an increase of 61 races on the last year's return, and 104 on the previous one, which was the first of his wearing 'silk and scarlet.' Fordham makes a good show with 137 victories; and, taken in gross for the last three years, his return list is even greater than that of the 'great Aztec,' if we may coin such a phrase, for his total victories in 1862, '63, and '64 amount to no less than 465 winning mounts. Loates, whom the classics of the Ring will persist in pronouncing as if it was a word of three syllables, with the emphasis laid on the vowel a, and Morris, the Epsom light-weight, run a dead-heat, with 50 wins; and both give promise of attaining the highest honours in their profession. Arthur Edwards has been across 52 winners, not so many as his talents deserve, still as Fille de L'Air was among

them, he must not complain; and we are glad to think that the prejudice created against him by the mare's running in *The Two Thousand* is quite evaporated. The connexion is, however, stated to be at an end, and he returns to the blue and black band in which he has so often distinguished himself. Whatever trivial errors Edwards may in his time have committed, we are satisfied they are only to be traced to his youth; for, in his domestic relations, he bears the highest character, and is reported to be about to follow the example of Fordham, and unite himself to the daughter of a well-known Newmarket trainer. Tom French and Custance are close together, their score being 43 and 45; but the latter's mounts have been of a superior character to those of the former, and on Ely he has greatly distinguished himself, and got Mr. Cartwright next to Mr. P'Anson and Count F. Le Grange in the list of winners of the year. Challoner has suffered with Mr. Naylor, for he has only had 40 five-guinea mounts, whereas he registered no less than 61 last season, inclusive of the Derby. The falling off is easily, however, accounted for, when we know how amiss Godding's stable has been throughout the season. And, strange to say, we have witnessed for years that fortune rarely if ever sticks to one trainer more than one season; and one year of unprecedented luck is generally followed by another of similar misfortune. Henry Grimshaw has had a fair year with 40 winners; and little Carroll, through John Osborne's means, has worked gradually up the scale, until he can say he has got the Judge's good word 36 times. Built on exactly the same scale as his brother, who distinguished himself so on Little Davy, Gadabout, and numbers of other Middleham celebrities, he bids fair to be quite as useful to his veteran master. Snowdon, although so far behind Grimshaw, Fordham, Edwards, Custance, and Challoner, can yet boast of the Derby and Leger, besides 22 other winners, and has achieved as much immortality as Mr. P'Anson himself. Perry has won 29 small races, which shows his employers have not deserted him. Mr. Jackson's patronage of Doyle brought him more before the public at the end of the season than he was at the commencement, and his score of 22 winners is 14 behind that of last year. Covey finishes together with Wells; and the recommendation of Mat Dawson, as well as the lad's riding of General Peel in the Doncaster Cup, procured him a host of clients. Wells, who has been riding brilliantly all the year, 'got through' 21 times, which is seven less than last year. The number may seem small to the uninitiated; but, considering his weight, it is not a bad average for the season. Johnny Osborne is only one behind him, probably for the same reason; and if he cannot boast of a Leger, he can, at all events, console himself with being the only jockey who beat Blair Athol. The two light-weights, Whitely and Cranshaw—promising young ones—singular to say, make the same return as 'the superior officer' of the stable; and we fancy we see many a Goodwood Stakes and Cæsarwitch in them. Jem Adams has kept up his position very fairly, considering his change of stables; and Daley has ridden more winners than might have been anticipated from the slightness of his frame. Tom Ashmall, although disappointed with his horses both in the Derby and the St. Leger, has not done amiss this season; and Mr. Bowes has found in him a most useful and respectable servant. William Boyce has won in his turn for Mr. Perry and his brother's stables; but, if we mistake not, he did better when he was attached to the staff of Whitewall. Sam Adams, on whom Woodyeates will rely no more—and not without reason, for he has received what they call at the Horse Guards 'a blank discharge'—won 17 times, which, considering all things, was as much as could be expected. Aldcroft has been dead out of luck all the year; and the disputes between Lord Glas-

gow and him greatly resemble lovers' quarrels. Neither seems willing to part; and one moment the jockey is first favourite, and the next he has to give way to the enemy. Then Aldcroft goes out and weeps; and then the old Earl is stated to be similarly moved. This is all very absurd for both parties; and, without interfering in any way further than their public positions warrant, we would remark that some definite understanding should be come to between them, and an end put to the stereotyped paragraphs of Lord Glasgow and Aldcroft. It is all very well for the former at the back end of the year, when Wells and Fordham can be got without any difficulty, to throw up Aldcroft in a huff. But for a Derby, when every jockey above the grade of 'a chalk one,' is bought up at double his value, it will be quite a different thing; and his Lordship may find he had better have put up with his defeat in the match, than be without so good a jockey on such an occasion. Even now it is rumoured, on what is called the best authority, that the engagement will be renewed next season; and if so, Aldcroft should at least be guaranteed against the ear-wiggling to which he has hitherto been subjected. Sam Rogers does not cut the figure his talents entitle him to do; and his parting with the cap and jacket of Lord Uxbridge, we believe he felt very much: as although his riding of Arkansas was not to his Lordship's satisfaction, it was very much to his own; and the animal has certainly done nothing since to warrant the idea he should have won. It is rarely that both parties to a match should lose heavily by it; and yet this was the case in that between Lady Valentine and Arkansas. And how so good a 'Judge' as the owner of the former could have committed such an error is indeed a wonder. We had almost forgotten to remark that the powerful form of the Findon Stable has brought Jem Goater very high on the poll; and although he missed the Derby with Birch Broom, he has ridden some remarkably good races in the course of the season. Like schoolboys at home for the holidays, these victims to flannels and light rations are now released for the vacation to pursue their own amusements, most of which tend to the Chase. Custance, as usual, goes into Leicestershire, the other counties being too slow for him; and by all accounts no one goes or behaves better in the field than the Peterborough jockey.

Other racing news is very scant. Whitewall has received a strong addition of Lord Glasgow's yearlings, which shows that his Lordship will persevere to the last and die in harness. Mr. Padwick has imported into the South, the magnificent Wild Agnes, regardless of costs; and according to all appearances she has only to keep well, to associate their joint names with the Oaks of next year. Ever since she came out she has been the belle of the season, and as much sought after as an heiress. For a time John Osborne was as firm as the Iron Duke in his resolution not to part with her. But the diplomacy and cheque-book of 'The Financier of the West' prevailed in the end, and she was handed over to the care of John Kent, who at Drewitt's has resumed business again, with fifteen as promising young ones, of the same gentleman's, as were ever seen in one stud, being the pick of the Autumn Yearling sales. Asteroid will not run again; and if he does go to the stud, he will only have a few of his owner's mares, as Sir Joseph is determined to reserve him for the present, and not abuse him, as so many young stallions are when first they come out. The Palmerstown Association commence with Rapid Rhone, whom Lord Glasgow has kindly lent them, and with Plum Pudding whom Mr. Painter has sold to them. Owing to a misunderstanding on the part of Lord Stamford as to the number and description of mares Citadel was to have, the agreement between him and Sir John Hanmer has been dissolved by mutual consent. The station of The Islington Winner has not yet been advertised; but our advices from Newmarket all confirm our prognostications as to the

grand horse he would make up. And ere another year is over, public opinion will ratify the decision of the Judges at the last show. There has also been a hitch we understand about The Peer, the yearling by Newminster out of Fisherman's dam, which Lord Stamford purchased for a thousand of Mr. Cameron, a gentleman at present in Australia, but who left the colt at Rawcliffe. For Harleston, Lord Spencer is in want of a good horse, to replace Trumpeter, to whom Lord Portsmouth alone has taken five nominations. Musjid has arrived at Benham Park, *vice* Lord of the Isles retired. Leamington is being filled by his Catalogue; and of the Chevalier d'Industrie's young stock we hear the best tidings. Mr. Painter, however, we are told is in such a delicate state of health that he has been ordered to Jersey for the winter. To the curious in stud matters, without going into the details of each stallion's winnings, we may remark that Orlando's five winners won sixteen races, worth 7,038*l.*; Newminster's nine carried off twenty-six stakes, worth 6,731*l.*; and Stockwell's eight netted 5,093*l.* by fifteen events. Mr. Conolly's romantic voyage to the Confederate States, as one of the leading topics of the day, we cannot pass over in silence; for Joey Jones will at least like to know that his great rival, as he termed him at Newmarket, is no longer in his way. Mr. Conolly, whose ambition must have been kindled by the charming account of running the blockade, which appeared in 'The Times,' a few months back, from the pen of Mr. Frank Lawley, sailed last week from Cardiff in his screw clipper Kangaroo, for Bermuda, *en route* to the Southern States. His Captain and crew are understood to be quite of the Fenimore Cooper class, and are all to be dressed alike, and partake of the same fare. Mr. C. we are assured, will adopt the *nom de guerre* of Aaron Jones; and anything more diversified than the cargo which he has selected to trade with cannot be imagined, as it embraces the widest range of articles from blankets and portable stoves, to calomel, Irish whiskey, and hair-pins. Of the latter he has enough to stock all the hair-dresser's shops in the rebel territory. And as we learn by the transatlantic papers that not even the horrors of war which they are enduring, prevent the American ladies from indulging in their toilettes, we think it not improbable that his idea of realising most by this item of his stock will turn out correct. That he would succeed in his perilous risk was the wish of all with whom he conversed upon it at Shrewsbury, and by none will he be more welcomed back than by the Ring, with whom he is an immense favourite, from his goodnatured and plucky mode of betting. Should, however, the gods be unpropitious, and his craft fall a victim to the enemy, we would suggest, with all possible respect to the Noble Lord at the head of Foreign Affairs, to despatch Joey Jones on a special mission to procure his release. The office would be one which Joey would fulfil in an admirable manner; and his presentation to President Lincoln, would, we imagine, not a little astonish that gentleman, as well as Mr. Secretary Seward and his colleagues, especially if he wore his gold chain with his court suit. Then, hard-hearted indeed must be the potentate, who could be unmoved by his eloquence.

Our Hunting budget is but small compared with those of last season; but, in the early part of the month, Hounds were almost stopped for want of rain, and Leicester and Melton were almost deserted. Within the last week, however, things have mended, and more favourable despatches from the seats of war have been received. In Yorkshire the heavy rains have made the country very deep, and the scenting very good: the result being that with the York and Ainstey there have been several casualties, although the sport has been good. Among the sufferers may be mentioned Mr. Robinson, who goes as straight as a bird, and who had a severe fall, injuring his shoulder very badly. Captain Preston not only broke his nose, but also put his shoulder out. Mr. Robert

Bowers' shoulder was likewise dislocated, and Colonel Harman met with an injury to his hands : so the surgeons have begun well, if the same cannot be said of their patients. In Hampshire, Lord Poulett has opened well with the Hambledon, having had a wonderful run on his opening day, and followed it up with three or four other 'good things.' Their neighbours, the Vine, have lost none of their last year's luck at present ; but there is a rumour, which the H. H. men earnestly hope is incorrect, that Mr. Deacon will not go on beyond this season, from insufficient estimates. In Devonshire, Lord Portsmouth, on the 19th, had one of the finest runs he had ever seen for years, going over ten miles of open country as the crow flies, without scarcely touching a covert, and over the biggest moors in the Hunt. From find to finish the hounds were visible all the way, and were never cast ; and after one hour and forty minutes, they were rewarded with blood. And as, up to the 20th, his Lordship's return list was thirty-two brace and a half, it shows he is maintaining the prestige he acquired for his pack, when he left Hampshire for 'Westward, ho !' The celebrated Joe Maiden, so many years with the Cheshire, would have passed quietly away 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,' but for 'Bell's Life,' whose 'memoir-man's' attention was called to the paragraph in the obituary of the Stafford paper. Judging from the minute accuracy of the sketch of his career, it must have come from his own lips ; and from it we have only space to quote, that the great Huntsman had reached the allotted years of man, and that his five pupils, Ben Goddard, of the Burton ; George Boxall, of the North Warwickshire ; Tom Atkinson, of the North Staffordshire ; Bob Worrall, with Mr. Drake ; and Zac Boxall, with the Shropshire, have proved they have not forgotten, what they learnt under their articles to him. At the time of his death, he had three sons in office : so the name is not likely to become extinct in the present century, among the class in which it has gained such distinction.

For 'Æsop's' new work on 'The Sporting Reminiscences of Hampshire,' we must, however, find space for a few remarks. What 'The Druid' has done for Yorkshire and the North, Mr. Heysham—for it is no breach of confidence to divulge his name—has effected for Hampshire and the South. His volume, which is exceedingly well got up, and printed so as to require no spectacles to read—no mean advantage to the half-century men—contains a complete history of the 'Sporting Life' of that sporting county, supported by dates which testify its correctness. The style is that of an English gentleman who has received a good education, and profited by it ; for there is not the slightest affectation about it, or an attempt to imitate past or contemporary writers. The account of every Hunt in the county cannot fail to be interesting to its followers, from the number of anecdotes of 'the mighty dead' which it furnishes, and which could only be obtained by a vast amount of industry. And in dealing with the leading men of the past and present age, 'Æsop' sets the laudable example of neither vilifying those who are unable to defend themselves, or toadying others for the sake of personal aggrandizement. As might be expected, a few errors have here and there crept in, which in subsequent editions are capable of amendment ; but we feel satisfied the work will become so popular, that no Sportsman in the South will like to admit he is without a copy. Messrs. Ackermann have published a fresh set of Hunting Prints, which are neatly got up ; and although the drawing of the fox, in one of them, is slightly at fault, for the barrack-rooms of Cornets and the smoking ones of Heirs-Apparent in country houses, they will be found an agreeable change to those already in circulation.

The break-up of the large establishment of Murray, at Manchester, and the sale of the stud of hunters, created no small sensation in the neigh-

bourhood, for he was generally supposed to be well to do in the world. Originally supported by Sam Brookes, the great Banker of Manchester, unusual facilities were afforded him of filling his stalls; and he certainly did a roaring trade among the Merchant Princes of the two cities, besides a good stroke of business at York in the December week. But, unfortunately, the 'Fire-water of the Indians' aggravated a natural excitable spirit, and a refusal to take back a pair of carriage-horses which he had sold to Mr. Brookes' nephew, which that gentleman did not like, led to a stoppage of the supplies, and brought on the crisis. As the horses of 'Gentlemen deceased' and 'Bankrupts' always fetch twice as much as those of other people, every lot was well sold. Flyfisher, the pick of the Steeple-chasers, and whom Goldby had got as fit as a fiddle, was fought for like a Royal yearling at Hampton Court; and at last that good sportsman, Mr. Powell, got him to fill the place of his old Ace of Hearts, who is about to retire from the service. Of Jerusalem we never entertained so high an opinion as the public, and fancy, when Sir Humphrey de Trafford gave 200 guineas for him, it was quite as much as he was worth. The Freshman went for 50 guineas more; and, doubtless Goldby will get that back ere long, as no man knows better where to place a Steeple-chaser.

From Literature we turn for a moment to Fine Arts—merely to say that posterity is not likely to become unacquainted with the Sporting and Fashionable world of the present age, if we are to judge by the successful endeavours of Artists of eminence to represent it. Mr. Joy, as we have said before, has taken the Racing and Hunting Set under his protection; while Mr. Barraud has selected 'Rotten Row,' in the height of the season, for his subject. A more happy one could scarcely have been entertained; and yet the grouping of the various frequenters, rendered the task of executing it more difficult than could be imagined. The scene is such as no other capital could produce; and the artist has shown himself worthy of the occasion. His characters, which include the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duke of Cambridge, as well as half 'Burke' and 'Debrett,' are admirably posed, their attitudes being strikingly natural, and the likenesses so faithful that they require no key. In short whether the sitters are lounging against the rails, or cantering on their hacks, it is impossible not to tell their stamp of high-bred Englishmen, and to see at once they are taken in their own native manner, without being stuck up and dressed out as a parcel of dolls. The picture, we are informed, will be exhibited next season, and cannot fail to be popular as well as remunerative to Mr. Barraud, both in fame and money.

As our theatrical critic is *en congé*, we have at the last moment been requested to supply his place. Beseeching, therefore, the kind indulgence of our friends for 'a first appearance after many years,' we may remark that 'The Menken,' at Astley's, has been commanded by the Lord Chamberlain to put on what John Scott would call another light cloth and quarter-piece, greatly to the annoyance of those who regard beauty unadorned as adorned the most. At the Olympic, the sensation situations in the 'Hidden Hand' keep away those ladies who are likewise in an interesting situation. At the Lyceum, 'The King's Butterfly' is not worth the search after it; and at the Haymarket, Mdlle. Beatrice, in 'The Stranger,' has proved herself the best friend the West-End laundresses have had for a long time. At the St. James's Hall, the Christy Minstrels transplant us to the plantations of New Orleans and the Negro festivals, rendering the plaintive and comic ballads of that simple race with a degree of ability, humour, and refinement, that will well account for the crowded houses they have drawn.



J. Foulke

George Brown

John Foulke

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR JOHN TROLLOPE, BART.

A COUNTRY like the Cottesmore, which during upwards of a century has had but half a dozen Masters, is surely one deserving of illustration, both as regards its present and antecedent position.

The Right Honourable Sir John Trollope, Bart., who is now at the head of affairs, was born on the 5th of May, 1800, and is the eldest son of the sixth Baronet, by Annie, daughter of Henry Thorold, Esq., of Cuxwold. Sir John was educated at Eton, and on leaving it, being destined for the Army, completed his studies under a private tutor. He then joined the 10th Hussars, in which regiment he remained some six or seven years, when the death of his father caused him to retire, and take upon himself the management of his estates, on which he has ever since resided. Sir John commenced his public life as Representative for one of the divisions of the county of Lincoln, and for twenty-four years his possession of that seat has been undisturbed, through all the varying political changes which have occurred during that period. Sir John Trollope's tenure of office as M.F.H. commenced in July, 1855, when he succeeded Mr. Borrowes, who had the Cottesmore for three seasons after the retirement of Mr. Henley Greaves. This latter gentleman, it must be remembered, was the substitute for five seasons of Sir Richard Sutton, when he exchanged the Cottesmore for the Quorn. Sir Richard's term of administration was exactly of the same duration as that of Mr. Greaves, and commenced when the Earl of Lonsdale, after a lengthened Mastership of fifty years, with a very short interval, succeeded to his vast estates in the North of England, during which time the reins of office were held by the late Sir Gilbert Heathcote. Having thus, as it were, proved the opening portion of our statement relative to the popularity of the Cottesmore country, we will proceed to narrate the circumstances under which the subject of our Memoir assumed that position in which we now find him.

The injury done to any country from being vacant even for a few months can only be estimated by those who live in the district, and are conscious of how the pecuniary interests, as well as the amusements, of numbers are dependent upon its being properly hunted.

Matters were in this state in 1855 with the Cottesmore, when Sir John Trollope consented to come to the rescue, and accept the Mastership. His first step was to purchase Mr. Drake's pack of hounds, and engage Ben Goddard. He then bought horses all over the country, and took the house, stables, and kennels at Cottesmore, where he lived for two seasons, and hunted the country with great success, showing excellent sport, and giving general satisfaction from the appliances at his disposal. In 1857, however, being involved in an Election contest for the County, which he had represented for so many years, and feeling unwilling to leave his own home, with the many ties and engagements attached to it, he resigned office, and re-sold the hounds to Mr. Drake. The horses were sent up to the Corner, where they realized 2,500*l.*, being somewhat more than they cost two years before; and, to all appearances, Sir John's career as a Master, which had been as brilliant as it had been brief, was at an end. One favourite hunter, Loadstone, by Magnet, dam by Captain Candid, was preserved, as he was bred by Sir John, and carried him no less than eighteen seasons without giving him a fall, as will be recollected by the Cottesmore men. Magnet was one of the finest hunters for a welter weight ever seen in Lincolnshire, which may be called a nursery for hunters, as he could carry sixteen stone with the speed of a race-horse; and he was shot only two months back from motives of humanity. At the end of several months, no gentleman coming forward to undertake the country, Sir John resolved it should not lie fallow any longer, and again came forward with his usual public spirit, and entered into a fresh engagement, which was to hunt all that district which he could reach from his own residence. To define this territory, if we may so employ the phrase, a line was drawn from Melton by Oakham to Uppingham, as his western boundary, Mr. Tailby being glad to undertake all beyond that road on the Leicestershire side. By this arrangement two-thirds of the old Cottesmore country are now hunted by Sir John Trollope, and the remainder by Mr. Tailby, whose country is constructed out of portions of that and the Quorn district, as anciently constituted. This arrangement took place in September, 1857, when Sir John was without either horses or hounds. Friends, however, will always help a good Master to the latter, and with a balance at Coutts's or Drummond's the former can without difficulty be got together; but a pack of fox-hounds, with any pretensions to the Cottesmore country, cannot be improvised on the moment, or be obtained, like a theatrical company, by a single advertisement in 'The Era.' Sir John had, therefore, to look about him; and by a gift of some hounds from Lord Henry Bentinck, a draft from Lord Fitzhardinge, caused by his reducing his days of going out, and by sundry couples from other friends, Sir John made a successful fresh start. Subsequently, by getting the best blood of Brocklesby, Belvoir, and Grove, and breeding a large number of young hounds every year, which Sir John is enabled to do from the excellent walks he has for his puppies with the sporting

farmers of his district, great improvement is visible in the Cottage-mote, which may be designated as clever, level, and handsome a pack as a Sportsman would like to see on the flags, or at the covert-side. Sir John Trollope is now in the tenth year of office, and, although somewhat beyond a Sexagenarian, time can neither rob him of his passion for the sport, or of his powers of endurance for enjoying it, as he can still ride fifty or sixty miles a day, and is always the last man in the field.

It is only right to add, however, that Sir John's devotion to Fox-hunting has not prevented him from exercising his duties either as a Representative of his County, or in the discharge of his functions as a Magistrate. The character he had acquired in these capacities, added to the knowledge of parochial business he was known to possess, induced Lord Derby to press upon his acceptance the office of President of the Poor-Law Board on his first Administration in 1852, in virtue of which he was made a Privy Councillor. How ably Sir John Trollope acquitted himself in this post, and how well he vindicated the selection of the then Premier, was not only acknowledged by the Opposition, but proved by Lord Derby, on his second accession to power in 1859, again seeking his co-operation in the same department. Complimentary as was the invitation, Sir John Trollope was proof against it, finding the not less anxious and responsible position of Master of Fox-hounds more congenial to his taste.

Sir John Trollope, who in his private character will bear the same test of comparison as in his public life, was married, on the 26th of October, 1847, to Julia Maria, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, by whom he has several children.

OVER A COUNTRY.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

SINCE the publication of the Market Harborough Rules we have let steeple-chasing alone. Either other subjects have presented themselves to us, or we have found no opportunity for turning up any new ground on a well-worked soil. Still by slow degrees we have seen the interest in this sport gradually increase, until it has taken a place at least equal in importance to that of what is commonly known as the national pastime. We repudiate the name of pastime altogether, at least in its ordinary sense of recreation. Racing is no recreation; but a very enduring and fatiguing business, to which sweeping a popular crossing or driving a Hansom bears no sort of comparison. Out in all weathers, hail-fellow, well-met with all company, conversant with the driest details of a difficult science, making money which may be doubtful whether you will get, and losing money which, before all other debts, it becomes you to pay, the racing man deals about as little with sport as any of our acquaintance. If the

mere connection with horseflesh is to entitle an occupation to that distinction, then Barclay and Perkins or the Purveyors of Cavalry to the British Army, the needy costermonger or the dog's 'meat man, may put in a claim. But if a love of the horse and his performances, his beauties, his disposition, and the uses to which he may be put, with the hope of advantage which is raised by the opportunity of improving his powers, has to do with it—if the risks and dangers which men themselves run in company with him, or the enjoyments in which the two participate as part and parcel of each other—if companionship with the more intelligent of the brute creation, especially the horse and the dog, for purposes of amusement or of utility constitute sport—if such a combination of things as this serves for a somewhat lengthy definition of the term, then the race-course, as it now exists, has little or nothing to do with pastime, but rather respects a good wholesome trade, or commercial enterprise in cups, vases, stakes, loose cash, and horseflesh.

But as the summer passes by, and autumn closes with its Salopian carnival, we have a real amusement, which goes hand in hand with our national sport of fox-hunting, and which at least appears to fulfil some of the conditions above mentioned. Racing on the flat is deficient in certain points, which are well supplied by the steeple-chase. In the former by reason of fashion, or weight, our personal interest in our horses, so far as the pleasure of riding them is concerned, is transferred to a servant, a stable-boy, or a jockey. Ours are not the hands that steer them to victory; and, if there be any credit to be given to the rider, it falls to a Fordham, a Grimshaw, a Challoner, or an Edwards, instead of to the owner, a nobleman or gentleman, who might thus enjoy something less of the earth earthy, than the mere acquisition of the stakes. It was the driver and not the horses in the Olympic games who towered conspicuously above his fellows, and who was thought worthy of a place in Pindaric song. In the steeple-chase we approach that state of beatitude—whether it be accompanied by a collar-bone or any other abnormal displacement makes but small difference to the brave man. It is but one of the requirements of sport that it should be accompanied by some risk, some personal danger. This possibility of mischance animates all our occupations and enhances all our enjoyments: and if the enormous increase of steeple-chasing, and the personal interest and participation in it be regarded as any proof of popularity, we may almost predicate for it at no distant time an equality with its elder brother.

If it were possible to contemplate the return of sporting men to a more healthy tone of mind, in which *the improvement of the breed of good horses for general purposes* was always kept predominately in sight, we should have more men racing over a country than on the flat: but as the good sense of some, and the good feeling of others, has at length prevailed in getting rid of those abominably useless chases, called light-weight chases, and in which the weights did not exceed those of an ordinary pony during the Christmas holidays, it must of necessity keep out a considerable number who dealt in worn

out platers and speedy cover-hacks. We can forgive these persons, who stand aloof, and yet congratulate ourselves on a move or two in the steeple-chase world, which is likely to be of great general advantage.

It must not be forgotten, in our admiration of this sport, that its very popularity adds to the temptation to do wrong. The deliberate 'roping' of a horse on the flat, especially within sight of the Stewards, or others capable of judging, is a dangerous proceeding, and not resorted to excepting under circumstances of a very exceptional kind. But in a crowd of horses the means of chicanery of one sort or another, be it by unfair riding against opponents, or by tampering with one's own chance of winning, is much easier, where obstacles of a formidable nature abound; and where advantage may be taken of many accidental positions to put a horse and his backers into the hole. In a word, if cheating be practicable on the flat, it is reduced almost to a certainty over a country: and it therefore behoves stewards, riders, clerks of the course, and all persons concerned in having an honest run for their money, to make the prevention of corrupt practices as stringent as possible at steeple-chase meetings. Prevention is better than cure. But the cleverest physicians cannot foresee the advent of all diseases; therefore he provides a remedy in the event of their attack. We advise, upon this principle, that the punishment shall be severe, and that an escape from it shall be as difficult as may be. Let there be no ticket-of-leave men among our steeple-chase jockeys: let them be above suspicion. We have had a bad case or two, to which we may allude presently; but the revisers of the old code (and we believe Mr. Craven had a great deal to do with it) have done their utmost to deter deliberate offenders by a promise of 'suspension from riding for life.' Unfortunately, past experience does not go far in recommending that justice shall be tempered with mercy, but rather with increased severity; and leniency to an offender is very frequently a hard measure of injustice committed against the public. The press has here a very simple duty to perform; and it matters not whether it come from the high-class paper or the low-class paper, from 'Bell's Life,' or 'The Sporting Life' (and we hear that the latter is endeavouring to do good service amongst its readers), or any other 'Life;' it ought to give every publicity to dishonesty without respect of persons, and to hold out the certainty of punishment to the convicted offender. There can be but one opinion about the value of the steeple-chase, as we have many times said, as a mode of training not only for our horses, but our men. It will encourage the breed of hunters and the proper education of the riders. No man knows this better than the Emperor of the French; no country knows this better than Austria and Prussia. We are as much behind them in means of encouragement, as we are before them in natural talent and raw material. When France and Germany resemble England; when every hundred acres is divided into half a dozen fields by the obstacles of Northamptonshire,

or Essex; when every province has its four packs of hounds, and every gentleman landowner and tenant farmer will 'assist' at the sport, then in some generations there will be a hope of a nation of horsemen. They have none of these aids to sport; but their devotion to it, and encouragement of it, as far as their light guides them, their struggles and anxieties to look like British sportsmen, to dress like English jockeys, and to ride like English gentlemen, deserves more assistance from nature.

It should be understood by the patrons of steeple-chasing that whatever the discipline of the sport it must be enforced. Weak laws well put in force are better than more stringent ones which may be evaded. We do not know who is to have the authority, or by what machinery it can be worked; but there should be sufficient moral power in the steeple-chasing community to see that their interests are not trodden under foot by the ill-disposed; and if a good court of appeal could be constituted, consisting of a few of the most influential among the gentlemen engaged in the sport, we think there could be no difficulty in having their decisions obeyed. Every dispute should be referred to them, or those whom they might appoint as nominees, in case of absence or illness. On these persons should devolve the power of altering, or revising, and of enforcing the grand national steeple-chase rules; and of punishing delinquents in the same manner as the Jockey Club can punish the riders who offend against the Newmarket Rules.

Or should there, on the other hand, be established a Hunt Club, of which there has been some mention, and of which a very popular and influential member of the aristocracy was spoken of as President, why should not the appeal on 'cross country disputes' be made to it? Surely no better purpose could be answered by such a club, beyond its first original intention, than that of putting on a clear indisputable basis the principles of steeple-chasing. We are the more inclined to take this view of it, because the sport is most peculiarly valuable to hunting men, who have more to gain by the encouragement of that particular class of horse which is employed in crossing a country than of that which seems to serve the very doubtful purpose of a light-weight handicap.

As we are on the subject of the revision of laws and their enforcement, it will be no bad opportunity for referring to a very flagrant case, which occupied the pages of the sporting newspapers a month or two past. Without treating our readers to a thrice-told tale, we may go through the heads of the business in hand. At the Upton-on-Severn meeting, Chamade and Globule both came into the hands of George Holman, jun. His antecedents had been more than suspicious; but it was hoped that he might have learned wisdom by previous warnings. On the contrary, according to the evidence there can be no doubt that he stopped Chamade from winning, and but little that Globule shared a similar fate. The Stewards, Lord Coventry and Lord Andover, found this charge so far proved as to publish a notice, suggesting that George Holman should not be

allowed to ride at future steeple-chases. The owner and trainer of these horses could not be inculpated. The jockey took all the blame upon his own shoulders, and the only punishment which the Stewards were able to inflict, was '*a suggestion.*' Lord Coventry and Lord Andover deserve great credit for doing their best to bring the culprit to justice, and for awarding all the punishment in their power: we shall see how remarkably well it answered. All we can say is that, notwithstanding their inability to punish the offender as he deserved, the notice issued by Lord Coventry has had the effect of turning attention to this impunity; and if the suspension now threatened be kept steadily before their eyes, there will be fewer offenders for the future.

Within a month of this glaring and successful attempt at robbery the Croydon Meeting took place. It was remarkable for the admirable conduct of the whole affair, and for the evidence which it gave of administrative talent on the part of its patrons and officials. It also proved beyond all question the admiration of the citizens of London for this truly national amusement: from all parts of the county of Surrey flocked sporting men of every degree. It was, however, from the metropolis that the greatest crowds came together: and with such remarkable elements, and a combination of such various talents, it says much for the goodness of the Meeting that with one exception, not a fault has been found. That exception belongs to the subject which we are treating. It so happened that, only one Steward, Mr. Heathcote, was able to be present; Lord Coventry, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Angell (or the gentleman who was to have acted for him) being unavoidably absent: as it happened, most unfortunately so. It will be borne in mind that Lord Coventry had himself posted the notice on the subject of George Holman's riding and suspension at Upton. Yet so little effect had this upon the remaining Steward, Mr. Heathcote, so utterly inefficient was this bill of penalties of just one month's committal, that we find Mr. George Holman, with a modesty which does him almost as much credit as his previous honesty, riding, by Mr. Heathcote's permission, in the great race of the Meeting. Surely Mr. Heathcote, a Steward of a steeple-chase Meeting such as Croydon, and well acquainted, as we suppose, with such a well-disseminated case as that of George Holman, might have been more considerate of Lord Coventry's decision, if he had no respect for the integrity of the sport itself, than to have reversed it at this early opportunity. We adduce this very patent abuse of mercy to show the absolute necessity of some rule, by which the reversal of a decision shall rest with those Stewards who made it, and shall not be at the caprice or inclination of an indifferent person, who through ignorance or design annuls an act of the clearest and soundest justice. We are not disposed to think that Mr. Heathcote could have had any object in this remission of Holman's well-merited condemnation; but the world is full of ill-natured persons; and it is better that no suspicion should ever attach to gentlemen in or out of office. The most innocent man

alive may be the most ignorant; and we have no desire to see the dictates of prudence, and justice, reversed by those of good-natured simplicity. We are happy to say that the case has been met by the following revision of an old rule. 'Any jockey, found guilty of foul riding, and sentenced to either fine or suspension from riding, will not be allowed to ride at any Meeting, until the Stewards who have passed the sentence shall give him a certificate, either to say that the fine is paid or that they consider the suspension of sufficient duration.' Had such a rule as this been in existence at the time of the occurrence in question, there could have been no application to Mr. Heathcote, with any chance of a successful issue; as we think neither Lord Coventry nor Lord Andover would have granted a freedom from suspension under several years of probation. So delicate is the ground on which we tread as regards steeple-chasing,—so numerous have been the *faux pas* by which society has suffered instead of the offender—that we think the rider in question ought never to be allowed to ride again. He has had two chances: he is a re-convicted ticket-of-leave man, once more loose upon society; and however severe the sentence may appear, we are not honest in our protection of the public, unless we urge attention to Lord Coventry's notice at Upton-on-Severn. We do not regard the offence as condoned by Mr. Heathcote's ill-advised permission, or reversal, whichever it may be considered: and we tremble for the success of the best of our national sports, so long as Mr. George Holman is to have a finger in it. It is no more cruelty to prevent him from risking the reputation of his employers, or of the horses he rides, and from putting his hand into the pockets of the public, than it would be to confine a dangerous lunatic, or to send a protective in charge of property to which a shoplifting monomaniac had access. Holman's mania is for pulling horses; and as the inconvenience is not, like the loss of a pocket-handkerchief, a particular one, but of the greatest public interest, the restriction upon that indulgence must be effective. Stolen property can be restored; but a pulled horse can never be righted, nor the property restored to the rightful owners by a consequent decision. Prevention, in this case, is the only cure. Unfortunately, the rule above quoted cannot be made retrospective; so that nothing but severe attention to Lord Coventry's notice can meet the present case.

One other reflection strikes us in connection with this argument. It is the duty of Stewards to stretch a point to be present at such Meetings as they profess to protect. Upon the guarantee of such names as Coventry and Craven many horses are entered and much business transacted which would otherwise have been omitted. A small Meeting becomes a large and influential one most frequently according to the reputation which the Stewards give it. If you wish to try the truth of this, put up the names of half a dozen nobodies, or worse than nobodies, friends of the proprietor of the ground, sporting publicans, and travelling captains, in lieu of noblemen and gentlemen of high position, well-known sportsmen, Masters of

Hounds, or officers of known character in their profession, and you will see to what a miserable and beggarly account you will reduce the sport, which has begun to thrive under wholesome auspices only in the last two or three years. But it behoves these gentlemen to be in earnest, and not to let the business drop out of their hands into that of the Clerks of Courses, however honestly disposed, *who will not have the confidence of the British public*. Honourable men who wish to run good horses, with the expectation of square dealing, will not trust themselves, their stakes, and their horses, to inferior officials; and it is better that Stewards should decline an empty honour, but a great responsibility, unless there be *a reasonable prospect* of personal superintendence. No man, however independent, should be required to go beyond that: but it is not desirable that three Stewards out of four should absent themselves from any Meeting, leaving the work to be done by the Clerk of the Course: for that appears to be the real state of the case. We wish to exonerate ourselves from making these remarks, as personally reflecting upon the gentlemen connected with the Croydon Meeting. So far from it, it happens that steeple-chasing is indebted for all its goodness to Lord Coventry, Mr. Craven, Mr. Angell, and some half-dozen others. It is an accident for which we are not responsible that they should appear to be censured. We are not afraid of seeming to them to be personal in our remarks: for they know that the motive with which we speak can only be an honest one, and that, in passing over so obvious a point, we should have laid ourselves open to charges of favouritism or dereliction of duty from those who, like the chimney-sweep or the miller, go through life as if every one was about the same colour as themselves.

We have before remarked upon the debt which the steeple-chasers of England owe to the Market Harborough Rules. Like everything else they require revision occasionally; and cases occur suggestive of new legislation. Hence the alterations and additions of which we so much approve. One, which takes into consideration the postponement of a Meeting in consequence of frost, very properly places the business in the hands of the Stewards, and makes all nominations and bets good for the postponed time. The other, with which we have been dealing throughout the greater part of this article, is of the greatest importance; and we may as well close this peculiar feature of the case by quoting the words of the new rule. 'The Stewards shall have power to disqualify any horse from being declared the winner of a steeple-chase, although he should come in first, if it can be clearly proved to their satisfaction that the jockey, by any deliberate foul riding, intended to knock down any horse, or in any way jeopardized his chance of success in the race.' We have already given the passage by which the convicting Steward is allowed to hold in abeyance the excess of punishment or duration of suspension; and the whole terminates with this very significant caution: 'In no case shall the fine exceed the sum of 25 sovs.; and *suspension from riding for life* shall

“ALWAYS” be the punishment for preventing a horse from winning.’ We beg to offer this Christmas *bombon* to the young gentlemen who have a taste for ‘roping,’ and recommend them especially to have it weighed in with their saddles whenever their principles are likely to be shorter of strength than their arms.

It should be a great point with us to keep steeple-chasing free from chicanery and practical dishonesty, because it is desirable for gentlemen to take an active part in it. It is the only kind of racing that the general sportsman can look to for the improvement of his class of horse, whatever opinion may have been expressed in a contemporary to the contrary; and as riding on the flat is impracticable, or nearly so, excepting for a particular species of the *genus homo*, for whose especial benefit light-weight handicaps and two-year old races have been invented, we also look to it for that hardy race of first-class horsemen whom we desire to see amongst our aristocracy and the members of the profession of arms. The profession of legs we can dispense with: but the soldier’s friend is the steeple-chase in all its glory, and, we must add, its integrity. We have no desire to make even a cavalry man at the expense of his reputation for honesty, and it is difficult to keep clean among the chummies. The old German proverb says, ‘When a man is with the wolves he must howl with them:’ he very probably will; and as bad manners are more easily caught than good, we should like to make steeple-chasing a true English gentleman’s recreation by a general purification.

An opportunity offers in the Alexandra Park Company, who seem to have signally failed in the fulfilment of their proposals for flat racing, to open a steeple-chase course. This company might, with propriety, have charged for admission to such an exhibition almost anything in reason, and would by this means have been enabled to add 400*l.* or 500*l.* to a good stake for ‘cross country racing. We see nothing to have interfered with such an application of their funds; and, as we hear, the ground is in a ring-fence, and peculiarly adapted for the sport. Surely this might have been done, with the certainty of bringing together some excellent horses, and a very strong numerical division from the metropolis. The People’s Park seems to us appropriate for a great national race, which might be made a fixture—the more so, since the Market Harborough Meeting is to be moveable. Whether such a proposal has ever been laid before the Directors or not we are in no position to say; but it need not be too late now to hold such a Meeting in the spring of the year, particularly as it seems that they have abandoned the proposed flat racing, and as it is very doubtful whether a race-course could now be completed at all. We throw this out as a suggestion worth consideration; and should the attempt be made, we can only urge the necessity of making the stake sufficiently valuable, and of putting the details into the hands of gentlemen who, knowing what to do, shall have full authority and means to do it.

Harborough, not to make a bull, goes this year to Yorkshire.

The Great National Hunt Steeple-chase is to be held at Wetherby. There are good reasons for this selection of *locale*. First, the course will be one which will hold out a fair inducement for good hunters to take their chance. There will be plenty of jumping, not of a very stiff kind, but sufficiently so to test the merits of the class of horse which it is desirable to encourage. The enclosures are small; and the contrast with that and the Market Harborough country will be marked. Those who consider their chance out by the large pastures and the ridge-and-furrow will be able to compete on a different course. Secondly, the liberality displayed by the Yorkshire gentlemen on a former occasion entitles them to the first consideration. Their subscription was most liberal. If the Masters of Hounds will now exert themselves, and if one sovereign, or even half or a quarter that money, be forthcoming from the hundreds who profess an admiration for the sport, and an interest in the good, fast, weight-carrying hunter, a very handsome addition may be made to the stakes, and England may hope to rival even Punchestown. Why, indeed, should it not? What reason is there that with the wealth which we command in Leeds, in York, in Harrogate, and in the great manufacturing districts, filled with hunting men, all emulous of possessing sound and brilliant studs, we should be behind our Sister Island in a liberal support of so gallant a sport? Wetherby itself, we believe, adds 100*l.* towards the Meeting; and we should think the honour and the profit to any town, from such an influx of company as is likely to take place, would be very cheap at the money. It is too late to pooh-pooh the sport, for we have shown ourselves thoroughly alive to its merits; and if we want an example of its efficacy in improving both horses and men, we need go no further than the Continent to look for it. A great deal has been said about the abuse of Newmarket, as if that place was worse, or suffered more by comparison with continental racing, than any other. To our knowledge there has been no attempt to censure that place or its respectable inhabitants: but it is impossible not to see the abuses of a system which have been pointed out, not by one, but by hundreds of writers; a system which has made horses, for general purposes, as dear and as bad as they well can be: which encourages the evils of two-year old racing, handicaps, light weights, and short courses, that ring men may live upon gentlemen. There has been no improper comparison of Newmarket with Baden, which some designing men affect to believe, and some ignorant men possibly do believe. The writer in question, who has been maliciously assailed by those whom he would expose generally, as a class, has nothing to say against honest men, whether in Newmarket or elsewhere; and without replying to the bad grammar and coarse invective of wounded prejudice, answers all insinuations and misstatements by a very trite and apposite proverb, 'Let him, whom the cap fits, wear it.'

We see by the French papers that there has lately been established in France a breeding establishment for half-bred horses. Under certain conditions the plan ought to answer the purpose for which it has been mooted. It is for the improvement of riding and driving

horses throughout the country. Something of the sort, with proper supervision, might be done here : but the thorough-bred stallion ought to be a *sine quâ non* ; and until thorough-bred stallions are known to be *sound*, and *enduring*, and *good-actioned*, which is at present the exception, and not the rule, it would be difficult to know how to set about it. Good horses are spoilt by the present system of early racing; and when sent to the stud are too frequently only half as good as Nature intended them to be. The encouragement of steeple-chasing would, to a great extent, remedy this defect—the more so if no allowance were ever made for anything under four years old; and though it could not be done all at once, a few years would show a material difference in the return of a class of horse which is gradually becoming extinct. It is no argument to point to a nobleman of fashion, or a millionaire aristocrat, and ask you to look at his hack or his carriage-horses as a proof that the breed is not deteriorating. Even they are looking all over the country for horses, and, when found, have to pay for them as if there was not another pair in the world; and one of the best sportsmen and most liberal buyers of our acquaintance is obliged to send commissions into Ireland yearly, with a very great doubt of finding what he wants under three or four hundred apiece.

If these are facts, and if these facts have anything to do with the present state of things, it becomes us to support steeple-chasing and to urge attention to its details. One only material defect in the whole system strikes us forcibly: it is this. Who is to hold authority for a general reformation, and whence are his (or are their) powers to be derived for enforcing decision? It is on this that the whole question hinges. We believe that most people see the necessity for these regulations, and are led necessarily by the arguments to the same result as ourselves. We have this revision of Steeple-chase Rules; who is to enforce them? *Moral* force is all very well, but, unfortunately, delinquents of all sorts are the very last persons to be affected by it. One policeman is, in their case, worth a dozen such restraints. Now it might be possible, even probable, that the clerks of steeple-chase courses, the lessees, the general managers, and the patrons or owners of horses, would be glad to have a court of appeal not unlike the Stewards of the Jockey Club (with a good, well-established Hunt Club it might be easy), to whom all disputed questions might be referred, and in whom all authority might be vested for the enforcement of discipline. In this case would it not be possible to hold a meeting, and formally select from the most influential patrons of the sport three noblemen or gentlemen, who might perform the office assigned to them? Upheld as they would be by all sportsmen, and by a very strong majority of those who take any part in steeple-chasing, they would find but little difficulty in dealing with any case, or in enforcing the discipline necessary for the promotion of the sport. There has been nothing so formidable of late years as the revision of the Rules; and it only remains to make those Rules practicable and efficient, and to give them the utmost publicity.

HIGH STEPPERS AND LIGHT STEPPERS.

GRAND action—splendid action ! are such highly laudatory terms in the mouths of London horse-dealers, that one would suppose them sufficient recommendation to enhance the value of the animal so gifted a hundred per cent., without regard to other more sterling qualifications. But, although not prepared to sacrifice everything else to appearances, it must be admitted that a harness horse does exhibit himself to greater advantage in the parks and streets of London, by lifting his legs considerably higher from the ground than we should care about seeing in the country. To a cockney, high action is of paramount importance : to a foxhunter, one of no importance whatever ; light action with us superseding high action. The horse which moves easily to himself will always move easily to his rider ; and deliver me from riding especially—or even driving, a high stepper, which seems to have the stringhalt in both forelegs. We know that all horses go, accordingly with their natural formation—some lift their legs very high ; others moderately so : and the third class are those generally called *daisy-cutters*. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, with the light easy stepper, avoiding the extremes ; although the latter animal, with his freaks and peccadilloes, will be going with clean limbs and sound feet, long after the first has been drafted into the market-gardener's or cabman's hands.

The price said to have been readily obtained for a pair of high-stepping, handsome, well-matched ponies, during the last London season, is somewhat of the marvellous—thréé hundred guineas ! And yet, when told for whom such precious animals were purchased, our wonder is considerably diminished. It was the fashion for ladies of distinction to be seen holding with their own delicate hands the soft white reins of these pony carriages ; and we were informed that a club of Lady Whips was established, resembling that of the Four-in-hand Club, who were wont to be fanned by their gentle zephyrs down to the Star and Garter, for the purpose of discussing the merits of 'Maids of Honour.' Well, we see no just cause or impediment why the fair sex should not handle the whip as well as the pen—and authoresses in the present generation are decidedly in the ascendant, almost outnumbering and excelling their male competitors for literary fame. There are certain subjects which women can treat of with more effect and accuracy than men—*arcana* belonging to women, and known to women only. The lords of creation profess to fathom and unravel the secret working and feeling of woman's heart ; and yet the motives by which they are actuated upon certain occasions are often the reverse of those imagined by writers of fiction, professing to portray female character. The oracle may be consulted ; but there is generally some leaf of the Sibyline verses wanting, to mystify the understanding of the inquirer. There have been bitter things written by women—bitter against their own sex—from envy or jealousy of their fair sisters' more brilliant endowments,

or higher position in the social scale of society; but such instances are rare, and, although we are compelled to admit with the poet—

‘Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold,
Careless with what or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion—all for state.’

yet

‘Tis an important point to know
There’s no perfection here below.’

We read of awful crimes sometimes committed by women, when labouring under frenzy or distracted by cruel sufferings and wrongs, who claim our clemency rather than our condemnation; from the *mens sana in corpore sano* being absent. The nerves in the female sex being of more delicate texture are susceptible of greater excitement, and, consequently, derangement; and the loss of honour—dread of exposure to shame—frequently produce that state of mind called temporary insanity. As the twig is bent, so it will grow; and we must make every allowance for girls educated, as is too commonly the case, for the almost sole purpose of improving their position by marriage. We have higher than human authority for believing ‘the imaginations of men’s hearts to be evil continually;’ and the same testimony to the enduring love and devotion of women.

We crave indulgence from the readers of ‘Baily’ for this little digression in favour of those whom we believe every true man delights to honour, and contribute, as far as he possibly can, to their happiness and gratification. We prefer seeing a pretty face of graceful form, in riding or driving costume, to the ball or evening dress, with its extensive surroundings; and as their lords have their clubs, the ladies may also be indulged in a similar manner, without risk of their propagating more scandal than that discussed in the former. Besides, a drive down to Richmond, or elsewhere into the country, holding the reins of their pet ponies, is a far more pleasurable and bloom-restoring occupation than lounging in a carriage at a foot-pace round the Park, or dashing through the dusty streets of the metropolis. It is, however, no new sight to witness ladies driving their own pony-carriages—which has been the fashion for many years in the provinces. Some we could mention who did take their four ponies in hand, and drive them with artistic skill. We also heard, some years ago, of a Beefsteak Club having been established by some elderly ladies of ton, in a fashionable watering-place, which possessed only an ephemeral or one year’s existence—the pace taken by these high-steppers being denounced as too fast. Women of a certain age are privileged to do almost anything which suits their taste: but just fancy a beautiful girl, or young married woman, devouring with gusto raw beefsteaks and oyster-sauce! No, no; we could not quite relish this idea. Champagne-luncheons, with ‘maids of honour,’ if they please—a *bas* beefsteak! And after this slight refecton, how bewitchingly blended do the tints of the lily

and the rose appear on the complexions of our fair Phaëtonæ, as they trot back to their homes, their pennons betiding to the breeze, when whisked along by their high-stepping ponies! We question if our fair friends ever experienced more pleasurable sensations, even at their first ball, than in such little exciting trips as these.

When very green—long, long before our enlistment under the green flag of ‘Baily’s’ protectorate—we conceived the experiment of putting together as a team four Jerusalem ponies—so called in fashionable parlance—but not of Asiatic or Syrian lineage; in short, four veritable English donkeys—albeit with the mark of Balaam’s stick across the shoulder, as distinctive of their true genealogical descent. Well, as our experiment proved eminently successful, some green readers of ‘Baily’ may possibly be curious to know how we managed this weighty matter, and the cost as to £. s. d. consequent thereon; also the recital of our adventures with these sons of Beor may be both instructive and amusing to other young donkeys like myself, at that very interesting period of life when we are inclined to believe, as told us, that the moon is made of green cheese. The prime cost of our first pair of really handsome, although not very high-stepping Jerusalem ponies, amounted to three—not three hundred—guineas, which were purchased of farmers at three years old, before they had been knocked about. These were our wheelers, matching well as to height and shape; and a more light and spicy pair we picked up for leaders, at a guinea each—so that our team came to hand at the moderate figure of five guineas—harness for each averging, as nearly as my recollection serves, three pounds sterling or thereabouts; and a little carriage to hold four, about twelve pounds: the equipage altogether being brought out under thirty guineas. Our first business was to clip and singe them close to their skin, cut tails, hog manes, well corn and currycomb them, to put them on their mettle, and then, with a friend in front to help us in case of need, and a groom behind, we put them together for the venture into harness, and let them go. Sure enough, they *did* go, and no mistake. The scene of our first essay was an open space between two double avenues of trees, on turf, up which they sped at Derby pace, far too fast to allow of kicking; the bearing reins being rather tight, and the wheels striking fire from the rapidity of their flight; my companion, Ned Fowler, and self striving with might and main to hold them together in the middle of the avenue, which extended about a mile in length. On nearing the lodge, Ned exclaimed—

‘I can’t hold these brutes any longer; let us jump out, or our brains will be dashed out against the gates.’ And in a second Ned’s seat in the carriage was exchanged for another on the greenward, after being rolled over like a rabbit in a net. Little time remained for our own deliberation how to act; so, pulling the right-hand reins with all our strength, the heads of the leaders were brought into contact round a tree, and down they came on their beam-ends, stunned by the concussion; your humble servant escaping

with a couple of summersaults, as in the case of Ned Fowler. Jack, the groom, had followed Ned's example by levanting, and now running up to render assistance, we soon got our team all right again—which, after this little *émeute*, seemed disposed to take things more quietly—and we kept them at work till they began to understand their business. With a few days' training in a large grass field, by driving them between stakes fixed in the ground at certain distances and angles, to teach them to turn quickly, we then took our Jerusalem ponies to the turnpike road, and trotted them into the neighbouring city, where, drawing up in front of the Grand Hotel, our novel turnout excited the greatest sensation, the like having never been seen before.

'Why, Bill!' cried the ostler to his sub, 'here's a go!—bedad if 'these bain't your four brothers just drove up.' And we could not forbear laughing ourselves at the merriment caused by our team amongst waiters, ostlers, and porters, all rushing to lend their too willing assistance. But that was not all—every man, woman, and child passing along the street stopped to gaze at the novel sight; and, fearing we might be blocked up entirely, after hastily swallowing a glass of sherry, we turned their heads and drove off homewards, amidst the cheers of a large concourse of spectators. From that time our drag was frequently on the road; and we often gave the 'go by' to the day-coaches, passing them at full gallop, greatly to the astonishment of coachman and passengers.

'And how many whips did you break in a month over the thick 'hides of these arrant brutes?' will be asked by a cynical sceptic. Not one. We did not follow the advice suggested by those doggel lines—

'If I had a donkey, what wouldn't go,
'Wouldn't I wallop him—oh, no, no!'

Our Jerusalem ponies did not require walloping at all. They were accustomed to go or stop by voice only; and the great secret of our steering them so easily, and their answering so quickly to our call, was this—we never allowed them to feel they were either blown or beaten, by pulling them up on the first appearance of sluggishness or distress. At the words 'go along!' with a cheer and shake of the reins, they immediately set off at full speed, for a mile or two if required, and then settled down, when pulled in, to a steady trot. The result of our experiment through several years proved, as above stated, eminently successful. We could do as much with our Jerusalem ponies, well cared for and well treated, as if we had invested the sum of three hundred guineas in the purchase of high-stepping genuine ponies. Everybody acquainted with the value of horseflesh knows, of course, that such a price is perfectly absurd; but when the order is given by a doating elderly husband or fond father, that a pair of perfect beauties is required for wife or daughter, the horse-dealer is not slow to take advantage of such an inviting opportunity, to stick them into the soft old gentleman at a very stiff figure. Fashion is the great arbitress of the world—'Great is Diana of the

'Ephesians.' The grey ponies in the royal stud having perhaps inaugurated the pony mania; and there can be little question as to the utility of pony carriages, in which ladies can hold the ribbons without the assistance of James Jehu on the box-seat. In fact, were I a woman—which, thank goodness, I am not!—independence, as far as possible, would be my plan; and I should prefer a cozy drive with a female friend or two, to the exclusion of servants—save perhaps a tiger or groom on another pony, some distance behind, to render assistance if required. I say friends of their own sex; because women, although generally appreciating the attentions of men, don't like them always tied to their apron—no, aprons are out of date,—crinoline-strings; because they have little topics to discuss peculiarly their own, with which the stranger man must not intermeddle. My fair friends will, I know, acquit me of the slightest reflection upon themselves in the remark above made. They have their hours of triumph and almost sovereign sway, when 'Princes, governors, captains, judges, counsellors, &c,' fall down and worship them, as in the case of the golden image set up by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura; but to these brief hours of flattery and idolatry, days, months, and years of neglect and unhappiness too often succeed in the general course of life; and the innocent, though apt prattle of a little girl of six years old, when seeing her mother in tears, from the unkindness of her own father, has often occurred to me:—'Oh, mamma! there must be a better world for women and donkeys!' Alas for human nature! How soon do the associations of men's earlier and happier days fade from their memories—or, at least, hold a frail and flickering place there! How soon is the image of that young, fond, lovely girl, for whom he once experienced the deepest devotion and idolatry; whom he once regarded as a being of superhuman excellence; of whom perhaps once, in his despair of winning so precious a prize, he might have apostrophised in the sentiments if not the words of the old song—

'A place in thy memory, dearest, is all that I claim;'

When the bloom fades; the roseate hue of youth disappears; when wrinkles usurp the place of dimples,—where is man's devotion then?—where the vow he so eagerly made at the altar to love, honour, and cherish 'till death us do part?' Alas! that it should be so—that such a change should come o'er the spirit of that dream. One antidote, if others fail, yet remains to reanimate man's waning love—the image of that charming bride, portrayed in all her loveliness, kept nearest our heart. Is beauty, then—natural charms of person—the only bonds by which we are linked to woman? Are there not those higher, more exalted charms of mind, which never fade or fail, the same in age as in youth, unblanched, unaffected by the hand of time? Yes; it is the spiritual essence, that spark of the Divine engrafted on the human nature, which still sheds its cheering rays around us.

We are diverging from our theme, as usual, The readers of

'Baily' perhaps don't like moralizing: by way of variety, our wise saws may be instructive, if not amusing. It is seldom we read a homily in these pages. All ought to be bright and entertaining. Six days a week hunting—every day in the week—every hour in the day, devoted to this all-engrossing diversion! Have we, ever since our penmanship has been known to the Sporting World, advocated, or even tolerated, such a course for any reasonable man to pursue? On the contrary, some twelve years ago, when our first book, 'On the Management of Hounds and Horses,' appeared, we distinctly stated our own impression that 'there was no necessity for any man hunting six days a week, but there was a *necessity* he *should not* do 'so.' Well, were I even Jonah, the Ninevites of this generation would not listen to me: they will sow to the wind, and reap the whirlwind. They are given to idols. Let them alone. We cannot tell what becomes of donkeys—no one ever could. But, thank God! there is a better world for women. Is it improbable, however, that there is not a better world for animals—the much-abused, faithful animals of this lower sphere? The dog, the friend and companion of man—the horse, his honest and most useful servant. We believe in a plurality of worlds. Some astronomers tell us that many planets are inhabited by animals only, not by the human race. May not, then, the Indian's theory more nearly approximate to the truth than we in our wisdom are inclined to believe—

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

Was there a prevalent belief in the future existence of these animals they would experience kinder treatment at our hands.

High-stepping ponies, and quiet, sedate cobs, will always be in fashion, and command high prices, so long as there are young ladies ambitious of exhibiting their skill in driving the former, and elderly gentlemen too timid to mount the high horse; but the outside value of these animals is 50*l.* as a fancy price. We have purchased as handsome ponies as can be seen, nearly fourteen hands high, from 20*l.* to 25*l.* each, that being the average cost in the country. The bending the knee sufficiently high to clear stones and molehills is always desirable in a horse's action, which should be free and graceful like a young lady's step; but we have a decided objection to extra lifting of legs, from a little incident which occurred to us during our first term at Alma Mater. Wanting something to ride during the long summer evenings, we were over-persuaded by a dealer in horseflesh to purchase what he pronounced to be the grandest stepper in all Oxford. Well, being a young and green freshman, possibly inspired by the ambition of outstepping my fellow-collegians, the bargain was struck, and I became the owner of this high-actioned animal, measuring somewhere over sixteen hands—just the reverse of what any one would have selected to ride about roads and green lanes, or, perchance, a canter through Bagley

Wood. But then we thought of the winter months, when we might do a bit of hunting. For the first few days we jogged on tolerably well together, although the jolting he gave me proved more than sufficient to digest the Latin and Greek with which I was daily crammed; but one fine evening, on the road to Bagley, wishing to exhibit his grand paces before other equestrians, I put him out a little faster than usual, when, his foot happening to light upon a sharp flint, which cut into his frog, down came the high-stepper at once, without hint or trip, sending your humble servant, like a trapped frog, into the next parish—the severest fall he ever got out of the pigskin. In short, so cut and disfigured was our frontispiece, that we sported oak for a week, *i. e.* (not at home), became æger, on the sick list, with the usual college allowance of mutton-broth on such occasions, to avoid unpleasant interrogations from dons and tutors, as well as the jibes of our companions in *book larning*, as old Dan Sellers the coachman used to call the study of the classics. With a fearful pair of broken knees, we were glad to obtain a ten-pound note for this grand-actioned animal, and from that day to this have ever entertained a wholesome dread of a high-stepping horse.

Exmoor ponies have been attracting public attention for some few years past, and are now quite the fashion; not without good cause, however, since they are not only better bred than the generality of these animals, but hardy, handsome, rather remarkable for safe stepping than high stepping, and peculiarly adapted to the hilly country and rough Devonshire lanes, where high-steppers quickly come down on their noses; in fact, ‘The Devonshire coat-of-arms’ has become a proverb, applicable to all horses showing a scratch on the knee. This breed of Exmoor ponies was greatly improved by the late Mr. Knight, of Simonsbath, crossing them with Arab blood, thereby imparting to them finer form and figure, as also neater heads and cleaner limbs, than the original race. Some few years since, when paying a visit to Mr. Smith, of Emmett’s Grange, the talented and enterprising agent of this property, I rode one of these ponies over the rugged moor, and every variety of ground, up and down precipitous hills and lanes with loose rolling stones, which made an elderly gentleman of fourteen stone, rather inclined to *embonpoint*, exceedingly nervous, perched upon the back of this little animal, not exceeding in height thirteen hands. There was not far to fall, yet the idea of being rolled over and over down the hill, as we ever and anon observed a stone kicked out of its place by the pony’s feet, being not suggestive of very pleasant reflections, we proposed to walk and lead, in preference to riding down such a declivity.

‘Never fear her,’ was Mr. Smith’s reply. ‘Let the rein loose.’ (I was holding her rather tight in hand.) ‘If she trips or stumbles I will make you a present of her.’

Well, feeling confidence in her mode of proceeding with such careful, light steps, we resumed our seat, albeit fully expecting that the pony must become our property before reaching the bottom.

No such good luck happened; and having ridden these ponies at other times, we have reason to speak most highly of them, as safe and quick, though not generally high-steppers. None but the hardiest of the equine race could withstand the climate of Exmoor Forest through the autumn and winter months, with barely a shed to take shelter in. During the spring and summer nothing can be more delightful than the bracing and exhilarating breezes in these high latitudes. Even on the hottest day the want of shade is not felt, so elastic and refreshing is the air; but when the westerly gales begin to sweep over them,

‘We must quickly bid adieu
To these fairy scenes and you,
Bonnie lasses, oh!’

nymphs of the mountains and streams.

From the highest point on Exmoor a beautiful panorama is presented to the eye on almost every side, in one direction bounded by the grey hills of Dartmoor, whose rugged Tors may be easily distinguished through a telescope when the atmosphere is clear. But the home views about the forest are singularly beautiful; and the narrow winding road leading from the moor down to the villages of Lymouth and Linton struck me as exhibiting the most romantic and picturesque scenery I had ever passed through.

Having reached the end of our tether, we must reserve for a future occasion our account of the ‘Sports of the Far West,’ ‘Stag-hunting,’ ‘Fox-hunting,’ &c., with some memoranda of our sojourn on Exmoor and Dartmoor, hitherto unnoticed by tourists in those regions.

ON HOUNDS AND HUNTING IN 1864.

In the state progressive, in which the world at large rejoices, it is not to be expected that our sylvan pleasures should remain where they were, or that the horse and hound, the sportsman and his gun, should escape the onward march of what is called improvement. The time has passed when the patient peer or squire picked up his bird and stopped to load his gun; and the dawn of day now never sees the huntsman, nor hears the horn and hound dragging up to a fox or trailing to a hare, save when servants are sent forth to hunt the cub or to exercise their master’s pack of harriers. ‘Loaders’ wait to load where our muzzle-loaders yet exist, or cartridge-carriers tend the breech-loader in breathless haste to cram the nether end, lest game should rise unstricken, in the lapse of half a second. All is haste and hurry—no time to load, nor look for a wounded bird, and tramping legs are made to do the work of the gracefully ranging setter.

My task at present takes not to the gun, it is to hunting, and to the breeding and rearing of the mysteriously-gifted hound, to which it clings with a tenacity of purpose that has lasted a somewhat

lengthened life, and been handed down to me by generations. With a buoyant hope that even yet Othello's occupation is not gone, but that I shall still live to cheer the rattling pack upon a sinking fox for ever and for ever, I give to the public the lesson learned by careful tact and study.

A silent, but I hope a shrewd, spectator all my life, I have watched the action going on in the great fox-hound kennels, and the lift that progressive brains have endeavoured to 'give to the science of breeding hounds. When I say 'the lift,' I allude particularly to the dog-shows which, in my opinion, have done more harm to the progress or maintenance of real perfection than any other scheme that has been wildly devised for the furtherance of human ambition.

To gain a *locus standi* for this assertion as against these shows, in as few words as possible, I maintain that shape and colour have been the object, and not the special and more useful gifts of sagacity, docility, endurance, nose, and industry.

I had a keeper once, who knew my famous old setter Chance. The same man, after he left my service, tended on the setters of another gentleman who at the dog-shows took every prize. My quondam servant said to me, 'It's all *look*, sir, at these exhibitions. 'Old Chance would find more game to the gun in an hour than 'these prize-taking setters would gain in a week; but it would not 'do to find them side by side in cages for the opinion of a judge, 'because the judge would look to shape, and not to nose and sagacity, of which he could know nothing. And there it is, sir, 'though with the best dog, where you'd be certain to be done.'

It is precisely the same with the fox-hound, when the master leaves to the man the sole management of the breeding kennel. Shape and make, legs and feet, are the huntsman's sole aim, with a view to obtaining a superficial prize in a den of dogs, where all is for the eye: nose and steadiness, truth and honesty, are lost sight of, and dog and bitch are put together not to perpetuate that mysterious gift of Nature the nose, without which all the legs in the world *ought not* to go, but to establish loins, briskets, shoulders, legs, feet, and neck, all of which really ought to be secondary considerations to those two houndly gifts, the keen, discriminating sense of smell, and ready, truthful tongue.

A huntsman and servant of considerable note once said to a friend of mine, who had suggested to him that he thought the fashion of breeding in the present day neglected the nose too much, 'Oh, 'sir! every hound must have a nose, because it is his nature; legs 'and feet and speed are the things to get to carry their nose along.'

Now nothing could be more erroneous than this modern model huntsman's idea, for he set the cart before the horse. It is the nose that ought to carry the legs along, for if the legs go without the nose there must be a wild amount of overrunning, and very few foxes with a pack so bred behind them would come to hand.

The late Lord Fitzhardinge, who was as good a judge of a hound and of the line of a fox as any man in England, in the later years

of his life said to Harry Ayris, who is still huntsman at Berkeley Castle, when that long-trying and excellent servant was persuading him to send out to sires at other kennels than his own, as follows:—‘Humph! Well, what have you got by sending out wide of the old Berkeley blood?—just this. I remember when my hounds could walk a fox to death when there was but little scent to serve them, and riddle him up, too, on a good scenting day. Now, forsooth, it’s all legs and no noses. If there’s a scent that a sheep-dog could run, away they go for a race as mute and as fast as a flock of pigeons. If a difficulty occurs, or the scent dies away, then Heads up’s! the word. Perseverance be d——d! and go look for another fox.’

We will, in passing, suppose two packs of hounds to be placed side by side, the one bred for the eye—for nothing but shape and make—and the other for nose, truthfulness, and sagacity.

On very many days, when the former would and could only flash out of cover to a view, throw up their heads, and stare in their huntsman’s face, the others would turn an indifferent scent into a good one, and by work and nose so persevere on the line of their fox as to vex him into weariness till he dropped back to such close quarters as made them masters of the game, and triumph over every difficulty. These were the sort of hounds that enabled Tom Oldacre, my father’s celebrated huntsman, to do as he said he could do with them, ‘guess a fox to death,’ by touching on his line here and there at the hedges.

There are in every pack, or there ought to be, four sorts of noses—the first-rate, the good, the indifferent, and the bad; but the sooner the latter are drafted the better. All these noses, in some states of scent, aid in the general good; many of these noses in other days are alone available, and some have peculiar gifts well comprehended by the huntsman and by the other hounds, but for which there is no human possibility of accounting.

Thus there will very often be hounds that on all occasions do not seem to have finer noses than their fellows, yet on a road or path-way, when no other hound can touch the scent, and the whole pack have passed over it, true as the clock to the hour they will fling a proclamation of the line that puts life into the despairing pack, and brings from the lips of man so trusting and so hearty a cheer that every tired steed who hears it freshens up again.

What can be more curiously beautiful than to see, as I have often seen, my Harrogate and my bloodhound Druid do? The hound, a strict line hunter on a cold scent, is carried by the eager pack beyond the point where he himself was perfectly certain; becoming aware of this, he returns to where he knew that he was right, to work it out again according to his innate knowledge of the truth. Once, on a very bad scenting day, I saw Hostage, Harrogate’s brother, feather on a line in Castleashby Park wide of the pack, and just as I had called the hounds around me for a gentle lift. A brainless whipper-in, hearing my call, rated and rode at Hostage to send

him into me. Hostage, the steadiest and meekest hound that ever ran, heeded him not, and when he rode at him laid down on the ground and licked the horse's foot, rather than be driven from what he knew to be his duty.

I saw it all, rated, in his turn, the man, and gently cheered the hound. Thus backed and encouraged, he spoke; we held our line by the nose and perseverance of Hostage, through the foil of deer, and when out of the park, and into the chase again, we rattled on, and in the end the fox came to my hand. Legs, loins, feet, and a small head could not have done this without a nose, and therefore the nose should be the chief object in breeding hounds. Loins, to the nose, are a secondary consideration.

There is also another terrible mistake made by the votaries of this new kennel fashion, and that is, the neglect of 'cry.' Hounds now-a-days—at least, some of them—are nearly mute, and that is one of the worst faults a fox-hound can have. Muteness arises from jealousy, and jealousy begets skirting, and, persisted in, renders a hound as worthless as any cur. Nature and the wisdom of creation, that tends from insect unto man, gives to the gregarious hunting hound a voice through which to call his fellows up to aid him in the chase. His tongue, though ever free, should never tell a lie, for if caught out in falseness by his fellows, as men do by a liar, they will very soon pay him no attention. I had a very strong instance of this while hunting Bedfordshire. From Petworth—from Colonel Wyndham—I had an old grey pied hound called Voucher, who had evidently been drafted because he would not draw for a fox. Voucher took up his position at the heels of my horse the first year of cub-hunting, and only made into those very severe woods when he was certain that a fox was on foot. In that first season I had an immense over cry of young hounds, some of them ready to speak to any riot that might get on foot, so that I was occasionally at a loss whether to cheer the cry I heard, or gently to chide the revels that were going on—this only when I could not distinguish an assuredly truthful tongue. Old Voucher, however, made himself master of the propensities of all his kennel companions much sooner than I did; and when a clamorous cry arose in the tangled blackthorns on a summer's morn, he used to wait behind my horse, listening, with his head reclined from side to side. If, after a pause, he came to my horse's leg with a very definite action of contempt, it was safe for me to crack my whip and chide; but if he left me with a rush into cover, it was just as safe to cheer them, 'Hark, and all together, ' and at him, there, my boys!'

For silence I would draft a hound as readily as I would for skirting, or for babbling, or telling lies. In cover, a silent hound, if he crosses the line, may slip away on it, without his huntsman or the pack being a bit the wiser, and thus get between the pack and the fox, deadening the scent and spoiling the entire day's sport, for the pack can never chase freely if any pursuant intervenes between them and the fox. Thus a fox chased by a greyhound or shepherd's

dog is nearly certain to be lost, and the same if got away with by a single hound. Even when but a thick, high hedge intervenes, a silent hound may cross the line and slip away, spoiling the sport through jealousy of his companions; so that on all accounts I would draft for silence as much as for any other fault.

To be perfect, every hound should speak the moment he feels the scent, and find a pleasure in calling his companions on; and every other hound, relying on that truthful, ready voice, should clamour to the cry, and on sight and ear back the leader for the time as if they had made the hit. It is the unerring, generous tongue that gets the cry together; it is that volumed melody that tunes upon the huntsman's ear in heavy woodlands, and tells him how to turn; it is, in short, the music of the chase, the poetry of sylvan hours; and the man or huntsman who neglects to cherish and retain that splendid attribute to pleasurable success with hounds, had better hang up his horn and seek some other employment.

And now as to the theory that nose and heavy tongue are apt to go together. I do not think that of necessity they are, and I think that I have perceived the foundation on which this opinion has gained a footing. When the scent serves well, hounds have no time to prolong the voice, but when it does not serve, and the line can only be picked out by the finest-nosed hounds, then the hound will dwell with his tongue, as he is obliged to do with his legs; and as he puzzles on, or slowly canters, he makes himself more heard. Thus observers often fancy that the finest-nosed hounds have the heaviest tongues because they hear them alone or see them under peculiar circumstances. Of all hounds, in my opinion, the English bloodhound has the finest nose, and he has, by nature and by make, the heaviest and most prolonged tongue of all; yet, for all this, among fox-hounds I have seen the contrary; and my Syren, whose nose was equal to any emergency, would speak to the line with a terrier's squeak on a dry fallow or a dusty road when not another hound could mark the fox or tell me whither he had gone.

AS TO THE BREEDING OF HOUNDS.

There is a vast deal of difference between being unwisely set against any infusion of fresh blood and being sensibly attached to a strain that, under judicious management, has been found to be faultless. Of this I am perfectly certain, that for an owner of hounds to breed scientifically, and in the likeliest way to induce perfection, every phase of nose, industry, stoutness, and inclination of sire and dam should have been long observed by the breeder.

We hear of the Beaufort this, the Quorn that, the Pytchley something else, or the Vine the other thing; but as blatant rumour, which so often assigns a false character, cannot always be relied on, I never would send to a fashionable dog that I had never seen behind every sort of scent, and for two reasons. In the first, most probably a character, to some extent undeserved, had been fixed upon him

by the tongues of superficial observers; and in the second, if the dog was in great request, his services, when sent to, might not be to be had, when, to secure the fee, the bitch might be put to some other hound.

Breeding hounds and breeding sheep and cows are two different things: in the first you have to consider the more refined qualities of nose, sagacity, industry, and truth; in the latter, the mere formation of joints, probability of obesity, or the interests of the pail; the mind, so dominant in the one animal, and so deficient or inert in the other, fixing them wide as the poles asunder. A frequent infusion of fresh blood in sheep and cattle no doubt may be beneficial, but if hounds are carefully presided over and judiciously crossed at home it may be years before a change of blood is required.

When short of brood bitches, and from their not 'coming on' in time, I have occasionally been forced to breed from animals whose performances in the field I did not quite approve; and when thus put to it, from my thorough knowledge of the inclinations of every hound I had, I have endeavoured to modify extremes by bringing two extremes together, and occasionally, but very rarely, I have met with success. Thus to a bitch, a thorough line hunter almost to a fault, I have put a dog inclined to think more of his legs than his nose, and the same with animals too free with or chary of their tongues. I have put the extremes of these together, and sometimes with success, but had I my choice I would always breed from faultless animals.

While I hunted Bedfordshire I had been out with Osbaldeston, and did not like his system in the field. It was all flash—all for a view—too much noise—a great deal too much horn—and no perseverance; and the worst man with hounds, regarding him as a huntsman, I ever saw, was Jack Stephens.

Osbaldeston had, however, in his kennel the famous old Munson blood, and when I was out with him, to look at, as fine-shaped hounds as I ever saw, but I did not altogether like their action in the field. The knowledge, however, that a hound always takes his character from that of his huntsman inclined me to attribute what I saw and what I disapproved of to the man; so having a good many bitches coming on I resolved to send one to 'the Squire's' kennel. The order of the day in his country being heads up on the first difficulty, and go draw for another fox, I sent a bitch called Hannah to his favourite dog (at this moment I forget the dog's name, but I think it was Furrier) whose fault was never lifting her head at all. The offspring of this cross, in shape and make fit to be put forward, were three bitches. One, Cowslip, who was of a yellow pie, something like her mother, was capital; the jealous, flashing nature of the sire, mixed with hers of extreme caution, hit the nail of perfection in the right place; but the two sisters, who were black pied, and took after the sire, used to think of little else than their over-fast legs, forgetful of any accompaniment of the tongue; and, running clean away from their noses, all they seemed to wish to do

was to course the fox, and leave all their companions behind. I made a cross of this sort once in my own kennel, putting a hard-working, industrious, but jealous, flashy at skirting, cleverly-shaped dog from Colonel Windham's kennel, called Blazer, to a steady, line-hunting, slow bitch from Sir John Cope's kennel, called Hectress. Hectress had the largest litter I ever knew: she had eighteen healthy puppies, and by wet-nursing I reared them all; but when they came in from walk there was not one of shape sufficient to be put forward. When examined as a witness for Mr. Horlock in a trial at Gloucester, where he sued a man for killing one of his puppies out at walk and burying her in a dunghill, her identity proved by a whipper-in having exhumed her, and sworn to her litter mark on the ear, I estimated Mr. Horlock's loss on the value of a very promising puppy fit to be put forward, as this bitch was, thus:—By the number of puppies it was necessary to breed, and the expense gone to in sending to other kennels, not one, perhaps, in ten clever enough to be put forward; so that a Master of Hounds would have to put out from seventy to a hundred couple or more of whelps to be sure of getting twenty couple for his own use. Accidents, failure in shape and make, and, that curse of all kennels, the distemper, putting *hors de combat* all the rest. I valued this bitch so destroyed at 30*l*. The late Judge Talfourd, who was the opposing counsel, in cross-examination asked me to explain this 'astonishing value of an unentered young hound;' and I did so, I suppose, to his satisfaction, for, on my explanation, he resumed his seat without another word.

Hounds vary in their inclinations and in their accomplishments, and in the phases of their natures quite as much as men; and if a man desires to have a perfect pack, and to maintain that pack to perfection, he ought to make himself acquainted with the mind of every individual composing it, and be very careful, if he desires an infusion of fresh blood, to whose kennel he sends to get it.

There is not one huntsman or Master of Hounds in twenty who really comprehend the term 'babbler.' Men very often suppose that if a hound flings his tongue when he is *not* hunting that it is babbling. The tongue of a hound is given him to speak with, to utter joyful words, or cries of distress, or to tell the truth to his companions when he feels a scent. He may thus use his tongue without blame on many occasions; the only time when he can babble is in hunting; then, if he pretends to feel the scent when he has not got it, and tells a lie, he babbles, but at no other time.

When I had run a fox to ground, and was standing near the earth or drain, while a servant was despatched for implements with which to dig, my hounds used thoroughly to understand what it was for which they waited. Thus, when at a long distance they beheld men coming with spade and pickaxe, off they raced to meet them, capering around the astonished rustics, and terrifying them by jumping up and kissing the handles of the implements which they knew were to give them their fox, and all the time flinging to the

air such a clamour of joyful notes as made every tired horse freshen at the cry. This gratulation over, they would then race back to me, and in the same uproarious manner tell me that the aid *we* needed was at hand. Had a whipper-in ventured to have chided a hound in this innocent and sensible display, or dared to think it babbling riot, I should very soon have taken him to task.

I must recount another scene which took place in my hearing between the late Lord Fitzhardinge and our huntsman, Harry Arys. He came for orders in those days of good management, to ask what sires and dams should be put together in his list of the bitches that had come on; he read the name of a favourite of the best old Berkeley blood, and though in this distance of time I am not sure of her name, we will call her Constance.

‘Constance,’ said his Lordship; ‘put her to Conqueror.’

‘I beg pardon, my Lord,’ replied Harry, ‘but it’s no use; she’s an eight-season hunter, and the old dog won’t look at anything above three years old; he’ll notice none but a young ’un.’

‘By G—— he’s right!’ replied his Lordship. ‘A devilish sensible old hound!’

Of this I am convinced, that it is the finest-nosed hound that in later years the most often becomes a babbler. From very close observation I am much inclined to think that this arises from the extreme sensibility of the olfactory nerve in the hound’s best day, in being able to detect the most faint trace of a fox, when not another hound in the pack, though of the most excellent nose, could feel it. A trace so faint and dwindled almost to nothing breaks the ice to an imaginary detection of a fox’s line that is not there; and this illusion, coupled with a long-established pride of doing more than any other hound could do, tainted, too, with the growing garrulity of long-advancing age, draws an honest and well-meaning mind into a fault which has no remedy save in banishment or death.

There are many more things on which I could converse having strict reference to the interests of the chase; but with an exhortation to every sportsman, whether he be a master of hounds, of beagles, greyhounds, pointers, setters, or spaniels, I must conclude this paper.

Let every owner of hound or dog *vaccinate the puppies the moment they are of an age to leave their mothers*. I have for many years publicly stated that the original letter from Dr. Jenner to his brother physician, the late Sir Matthew Tierney, announcing the power of the vaccine matter over the distemper in dogs, the same as in regard to the small-pox in man, was in my hands. I have also as publicly stated that by constant practice I have found Dr. Jenner’s opinion to be perfectly correct; and *I have never lost a puppy by distemper since I have adopted that remedy*. For all this, I cannot induce Masters of Hounds to insist on the operation, nor prevent them from listening to their huntsman’s assertion that ‘he has tried it, but without effect.’

He has tried it! How? By an incision dug in with a blunt lancet in some place that the patient could either lick or scratch, or

where the flow of blood would overpower the inoculated matter; and the blundering operation thus performed, he has not taken the trouble to ascertain whether a pustule appeared, or, in short, whether the deed was really done or not. To inoculate a puppy with the vaccine matter, and to induce it to take, is a much more delicate and difficult operation than to inoculate a child: if the pustule does not rise the object is not effected: when the puppy, thus left a prey to the distemper, dies, then of course the huntsman or kennel-man declares that vaccination does not save the dog, and it is not the remedy proclaimed.

Fresh matter from the cow is very difficult to get: I prefer it infinitely to any from the human subject, which is second-hand, and may be considered to be weakened in its value; but, when obtained, let some able veterinary surgeon perform the operation and watch the successful result. Let the puppy be operated on *under the shoulder*, that is, between the elbow and the point of the shoulder at the chest. If the spot is well selected the puppy cannot lick it, nor can he exactly reach the place with the hind toe-nail.

Let, then, my brother sportsmen take this advice from one who has lived a life in sylvan scenes, and made the interests of the chase his study.

Breed hounds for nose and ample and truthful tongue. Let the legs and feet follow the nose as they ever ought to do; they cannot go far beyond it. Crooked legs, with a good nose, on a cold scenting day will go faster and with a better result than straight ones with a bad nose; and hounds such as the late Lord Fitzhardinge boasted of, that 'can walk a fox to death,' will show more spoils on the kennel-door at the end of the season than a pack of hounds that can do little else than run. Get, if you can, the best of legs and feet and shape and make beneath the nose, and the proclaiming and the guiding tongue; but let the latter be paramount over all.

GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN it suited his humour, few men could be more agreeable than Temple; and, seeing it was expedient, for the further prosecution of his designs, to propitiate Galofaro, he managed in a short time to gain a kind of probationary footing in the smuggler's estimation: but his confidence?—no, not that just yet. Galofaro kept his eye on him as a croupier watches the moves of a suspected gambler, whom, if detected in foul play, punishment follows with no limping foot. A fight for life and a blow beneath the belt would have been the instant result of a false move on Temple's part; but, although he seemed to be well aware of his position, he comported himself with the nonchalance of a man utterly heedless of danger.

Sometimes, it is true, when the demon of suspicion and jealousy,

roused from his temporary lullment, sat, toad-like, on Galofaro's shoulder, and darted his venom into the smuggler's ear, Temple would look up suddenly, and catch an expression in his wild, restless eye that made him feel anything but comfortable: but Agnese was at hand, and a word or a glance from her instantly dispelled the vapour, and brought the sun out in full vigour on his soul again.

The writhings of Galofaro's spirit might be compared to the contortions of the vast python, when Waterton took him by the throat in his hollow-tree den. If the great naturalist had thrown away the glimmer of a chance he would have been instantly crushed into the compass of a mummy; and such Temple knew would be his fate if he exhibited the slightest symptom of vacillation or dishonesty of purpose in Galofaro's presence. So, looking to the caps of his revolver, he carried a bold front, and acted with the wariness and caution of a man who has to do with a deadly enemy.

Nominally, Temple lived at Ajaccio; but, virtually, his whole time was passed in a state of oscillation between that city and the Vall-dell-Orco. He went and he came at all hours; and if the Grotta had been the Union Club at Oxford he could not have entered it with more freedom or less ceremony.

While he was thus daily basking in the beams of Agnese's love the thought at length occurred to him that he would write to Pendril, and inquire when and how he meant to return to England, in order that his own course might be shaped accordingly. His letter ran thus:—

‘DEAR PENDRIL,

‘You will not, I hope, be vexed to hear that the honour and glory of killing a mouflon is no longer the chief object of *my* ambition; nor that I have made up my mind, under present circumstances, to decline the further pursuit of that animal. I should be glad, however, to know that you are enjoying a double share of sport—your own and mine as well; but, if Diana do not smile on you, her chief craftsman—you, who have outdone Demetrius in the fervour of your devotion—I recommend you to give her up and take to other shrines.

‘I am now up to my hocks in clover; and were it not that the old fellow, who is now at home, looks as if he might be dangerous, the run would be perfect. He is, however, civil, and has not, as yet, asked any pointed questions on the subject of my future plans. Do you remember what old Sam Weller, the livery-stable keeper at Oxford, said to Courtenay, when he came poking his nose too frequently into Sam's stables—not to look at his clever hunters, but after his charming daughter?—“I'll tell you what, Mr. Courtenay: “there is but one road to my daughter's affections, sir, and “that's by the halter!”—a bit of information that Courtenay did not seem to value, for he instantly told him to go and be hanged with his halter. Well, the old fellow has not come to that point yet; but he looks as if he might do so at a moment's notice.

'If you do not intend to hybernize with the mouflon, let me know the day on which you return to England, as at Oxford I must be by the 20th of October.

'My degree looms drearily ahead, and gives me the nightmare in my dreams. I begin to think that Robinson, the Christ Church Gentleman Commoner, was right when he said, "If the Latin and "Greek languages are dead languages, why the devil don't they "bury them?"

'My father vows he'll cut me off with a shilling (not that he has many to give to any one), and my uncle, Sir Frederick, that he'll sell the next presentation to Lydcot if I get shaved again: so at Michaelmas it will be either a coronet or Westminster Abbey; B.A. or the backwoods of America.

'I have nothing more to add, except that I hope you will not kill Tennyson with hard work, nor get killed yourself by the brigands, which I see, by the "Ajaccio Journal," are in strong force in the gorge of the Restonica at the present time.

'Yours, ever,

'GODFREY TEMPLE.'

'A cool fish, I must confess!' said Pendril, aghast at the utter absence of right feeling and good fellowship indicated by the letter. 'If he does not soon come to grief it will not be his fault: that's evident.'

'He certainly seems to be on the high road to ruin,' replied Tennyson, without mincing the matter. 'I like to see a young man as full of spirit as a sparrowhawk; but, if underneath he is not supported by a good principle, he lacks that which can alone keep him straight in life.'

'Godfrey Temple,' said Pendril, 'has been brought up at the very feet of Gamaliel: no pains have been spared in his education, at home or at school, that could contribute to form the character of a high class Christian gentleman. And if, after such a training, he goes wrong, a sceptic would maintain that the rules of even an inspired writer were liable to their exceptions; and that the sapling, be it planted in ever so straight and upright a direction, would yet become a crooked and ungainly tree.'

If the quality of a man's heart is discernible in his letters, as that of a language is by its lyrics, Pendril would have been more than mortal if he had not felt and expressed intense disgust at the selfish, flippant, and sneering style of that epistle. But his feelings were scarcely less shocked by the off-hand and unprincipled recklessness with which Temple alluded to his present questionable position than they were by the disregard he showed for his father's wishes in the important matter of his academical obligations.

'A more upright, single-hearted, good man than the rector of Goodwell does not breathe,' said Pendril; 'and if Godfrey, who is his only son, fails to obtain his degree, I verily believe it will bring down his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

‘Are there any daughters?’ inquired Tennyson, wishing to hear something more of a family in whom Pendril seemed to take so great an interest.

‘No less than four—“polished corners of the Temple,” as Harry Biggs very appropriately called them at the last Hunt Ball. It was an unfortunate turn of the wheel for those girls when Godfrey came into the world; and if at the time they did not think so, they have certainly ample cause for knowing it now. Cakes and ill-conceived indulgences are the first stepping-stones to ruin; and these have been so lavished on Godfrey’s childhood by all but his sensible old father, that, if the usual effect does not follow, it will be strange indeed. Then, the sacrifice of many home comforts for Godfrey’s sake, that he might enjoy all the advantages of a gentleman’s education, and succeed to the family living, have been submitted to with a cheerfulness worthy of all praise. For instance,’ said Pendril, warming on the subject, ‘the family carriage has been suppressed for a one-horse chaise: Jones, the butler, born on the Temple estate, has gone to live with Brown the soap-boiler, and a creaking parlour-maid now fills his place: invitations from the neighbourhood are regularly declined; and, worse than all, that hearty and joyous welcome with which the venerable rector was wont to greet his frequent guests is no longer heard on his lips. I own, when I see those self-denying retrenchments, and observe the spirit in which they are estimated by Godfrey Temple, I tremble at the return he is about to make for such a sacrifice, and at the effect it will probably produce on those good, kind folk at the rectory.’

‘Education at Oxford, then, must be very expensive, I apprehend?’ said Tennyson.

‘No,’ replied Pendril, ‘not at all: the course of reading provided by the University in private and public lectures is not only not expensive, but is liberal and comprehensive enough to satisfy even a Gladstone. The accessories make the difference; and these, unfortunately, are under the control of the young men themselves. It matters not a button that the handsome allowance of three hundred pounds a year—wrung often from a slender exchequer—is made to the pupil, and that he is expected and bound by common honesty not to exceed that sum. In one puff the family compact is blown to the winds by the silver tongues of those who offer the tyro unlimited credit. The mode of catching the freshman, in my day, was simple enough:—After a scurry to Woodstock and Blenheim on an eight-shilling hack, which, as soon as his legs are warm, he rides over every fence between Somers Town and Blaydon Gate, he buys a pair of buckskin gloves at Miss Green’s, returns to his stables, and at once tenders a sovereign in payment for the said ride. But “the master is not in his office,” or “the master has “no change;” and he is politely told not to trouble himself on that score, for that his name and college are quite sufficient: those guarantees are then given; and from that day forth the young

'bird's claws, having touched the lime-twigs, are more or less hampered for life. Oh! I could tell such tales of sorrow, connected with debt at Oxford, as would make the angels weep for pity! I have known men, highly bred, delicately nurtured, driven to a madhouse, and die there in a state of drivelling idiocy: others forced into exile and association with convicts who would have murdered them, had they known it, for being less base than themselves: and others who have yet managed to maintain their position in society, but have gone down to the grave prematurely, with a millstone of debt chained to their necks. I am told, however, that the passage through the Oxford Straits into the wide, wide sea beyond is no longer so dangerous as it was when Wellington was consul; that the rocks and shoals are buoyed and lighted; and that a better look out is now kept by the men at the helm. Thank God! if it be so: every English gentleman will hail the improvement with unqualified gratitude. But, to return to the Temples. Godfrey, I know, is no judge of pace, and has been going so fast of late that a break-down is more than probable; and if so, as he says, the backwoods may literally be his refuge.'

'This letter of his, at all events, releases us from further detention on his account,' said Tennyson, who was anxious to change their hunting-ground, and to divert Pendril from the gloomy train of thought into which he had lately wandered.

'Of course it does; and we cannot do better than take Brando's advice, and encamp for a few days on the Grosso: he, at least, will never rest till Wildfire has been fairly slipped at the great mouflon.'

Before, however, they could strike their tents, it was absolutely necessary that Madame Fioré should be consulted, lest the conveyance of provisions to the southern slopes of le Niolo should be deemed impracticable by that lady. So, when Pendril strolled over to the goatherd's to inquire for a messenger, he was not a little amused to hear every man, woman, and child amongst them volunteer at once for the post. Pendril, however, soon made his selection, and pitched upon the patriarch of the family, a man sixty years of age, but strong, active, and well acquainted with the route, to convey his note to Corte. Accordingly, an hour before daylight on the following morning, and before the herds had gone to their pasture, the mountaineer was ready; a sup of goat's milk and a lump of hard chestnut-bread had satisfied his simple wants, and on this food he went on his way rejoicing. And again, long before the sun had disappeared behind the dark woods of the Tavignano, the messenger had returned, bringing Pendril word from Madame Fioré that, go where he would, she would take care food should follow him, on alternate days, to any given spot in the mountains of Corsica.

'A thorough trump, that woman!' said Pendril, unmistakeably pleased with her readiness to meet his demand: 'we can't be far wrong in the hands of such a commissary.'

Hitherto the weather had been clear and glorious, but the fine, refreshing breeze that blew so steadily from the north, and cooled down the still powerful rays of the sun, had for the last few days been gradually dying away; then followed for some hours a still, sickly sultriness that, even in that high region, the hunters found most oppressive: the landscape around seemed to quiver under its influence.

‘Exactly the kind of weather that precedes a tornado in the East,’ said Tennyson, around whose head a thin wreath of blue tobacco-smoke from his pipe was curling and lingering, as if the air had no power to disperse it.

‘Ay! and we shall have it soon,’ replied Pendril, observing a mass of black cloud rolling up from the southward.

The goatherds had seen the sign, and had returned to the *bergeria*, as their cluster of cabins was called, an hour before their accustomed time.

‘Look to the tent-pegs, Piero, before that storm reaches us; for if it finds a weak point, we shall be uprooted to a certainty.’

‘All are as secure as we can make them,’ replied the piqueur; ‘but the soil is loose, and the tents are not pitched on vantage-ground, so they will be exposed to the full brunt of the storm; and a storm in these hills is no joke, I’ll assure you.’

A few large drops, the precursors of the coming deluge, fell heavily on the tent; then a gust of wind whirled by, as if it had just escaped from the caverns of *Æolus*. Will and Piero had only time to support the pegs on the windward side of Pendril’s tent with two massive blocks of granite, when night descended upon them like a shroud, sudden and dark as *Erebus*; and this was instantly followed by a fierce shower of hailstones, big as bullets, which drove the two men before it like chaff before the wind.

‘What can we do with the Corporal?’ said Will, as he entered the tent for shelter. ‘There lies the poor little fellow on the sward below, tethered in the very teeth of the tempest: if he was made of marble he’d suffer in such a night as this.’

‘Take him up, Will, and tether him to leeward of this tent: there, at least, he will not be so exposed.’

Will, though he hastened at once to fulfil the order, was not, however, altogether satisfied with it. He believed not only that the shelter would be insufficient, but that the rattling of the ropes and canvas in the pony’s face would drive him wild with fear; so, instead of fixing him on the outside, he lashed him to the pole inside his own tent.

Already the small space, intended originally for one person, was so well occupied by Will, Piero, and the four dogs, two of them standing above twenty-six inches high at the shoulder, that bare room could be found for the additional inmate. ‘It’s a tight fit, your honour,’ said Will, as he reported the arrangement to his master; ‘but, after all, it’s a small family party compared with what we’ve

‘seen in a Brittany peasant’s cabin, in which a long-legged, roach-backed pig is generally the master of the house.’

‘True, Will; if the peasant did not secure his cow, horse, sheep, and pig in the same cabin with himself the wolves would get at them on the first night of snow; and even then, as you know, a blazing fire is often necessary to secure them from forcing an entrance.’

At that moment a terrible flash of lightning and a clap of thunder burst over their heads, almost simultaneously. Will staggered back as if he had been hit, and groped about for some seconds before his powers of vision again returned. The shock, however, was a slight one, and soon passed off; but Pendril, deeming it advisable to accompany the henchman to his tent, although it was scarcely twenty yards apart from his own, pretended to be curious to see how so large a party could be stowed away in so small a compass.

A few hasty strides brought them to the spot; but, before they could enter, cries of alarm from Piero, as if in mortal struggle, rose above the storm. ‘Help!—help!’ he shouted wildly, as in vain he strove to pacify the Corporal, and prevent his dragging the pole, tent, and all, down upon his head.

There stood the pony, utterly terrified by the vivid flash and peal of thunder, trembling like an aspen-leaf, and dragging at the halter till he was all but strangled; while Piero was clutching at the pole with the desperation of a man who is clinging to his last plank.

In an instant Will severed the rope with his knife, close to the pole, by which Piero and the pony were at once relieved: but the ears of the latter lying flat backwards, and his tail tucked tightly between his legs, clearly indicated more mischief.

‘Take up his near fore-leg, Will,’ said Pendril, ‘while I talk to him: the human voice has often more power over a beast than mere brute force.’

But fear, once excited in a horse, is not so easily allayed. Pendril stroked his nose, hand-rubbed his ears, and breathed into his nostrils, after the fashion of the Irish Whisperer; and he talked to him with that kind of gentle, assuasive tone that a woman uses in soothing a child to rest.

But all in vain; again the electric flash glared in the tent, and the thunder burst at the same time with such terrific violence overhead that the Corporal at once became ungovernable. Twice he reared straight on end, and, as Piero made a grab at the halter, the pony fell back heavily on Pendril, and rolled completely over him. Then, in attempting to recover himself, he managed so to kick his hind legs under the canvas, that to rise, without doing serious injury to the tent, was impossible.

The great Duke of Wellington, who had seen every kind of row from an extempore street-mill to a general action, jokingly expressed a desire to see a fight in a crowded omnibus; ‘For,’ said he, ‘with the glass up it would be the climax of confusion.’

The interior of that tent was certainly no model of peace and order: for, during the struggle, the swing-lamp and all the small stock of crockery had been shattered to pieces; the dogs had been kicked and trampled upon, and were crouching together on Will's pallet, lifting up a loud and dissonant protest against the dangerous row. Charon alone pricked up his ears, and, had it not been for Will's coercion, would have certainly done battle in his master's behalf when he saw him thus hurled to the ground.

'Throw yourself across the pony's head, Piero,' said Pendril, picking himself up as he best could. The ancient piqueur, however, preferring the storm on the outside to that within, had rushed off, as he afterwards explained, to obtain a light from the adjoining tent: but he certainly took a long time to get one, and did not again appear at the front till the fray was at an end.

Pendril, unaided, and in the dark, was now no match for the Corporal; for, before he could catch him by the head, the terrified brute, having gained his legs, made a desperate plunge forwards, and brought down the frail structure, pole and all, to the ground. He then dashed forth into the storm, uttering a piercing scream, such as is only heard from a horse in his agony.

In one instant the hurricane seized upon the tent, and, turning it inside out, like an inverted umbrella, released Pendril and his companions from the ruins under which they lay; and in a minute more the tent would have followed the pony, or been torn to shreds, if the four strong men had not fastened upon it simultaneously, and, with great exertion, pinned it to the earth.

A more ghastly night to be abroad in could scarcely be conceived: the rain, mingled with hail, absolutely hissed with fury, and in a few minutes drove the hunters and dogs, half-stifed and thoroughly drenched, to the welcome refuge of the neighbouring tent. Dry clothing, however, a few good cigars, and a liberal supply of brandy and water, soon did their work of restoration; the dogs, coiled together in one heap, were again whimpering in their dreams; and although Will and Piero were stretched on the bare floor, one laying his head on the saddle and the other on the saddle-bags, they speedily announced, by unmistakable sounds, that they, too, had entered * the double gates of sleep and oblivion.

'We shall never see the Corporal again,' said Tennyson; 'if he holds on at the pace he started he must inevitably come to grief soon.'

'I have no fears on that score,' said Pendril; 'he is mountain-bred, and as safe as a cat upon his legs; and, if I am not much mistaken, by daylight he will be back again at Ajaccio. I can well remember how poor John Dare lost his horse after a run on the Western moors with the Palmerston hounds.'

'The day had been a stormy one, and John, having acted in the double capacity of huntsman and whip, was returning to his distant kennels, somewhat beaten and dispirited by a long and a bad day's

* 'Sunt geminæ somni portæ.'

‘sport. Unfortunately for him, he was tempted by an enemy to halt on the road and imbibe sundry *petits verres* of liquid fire, by way of comforting his depressed soul. Alas! the draught administered to Crassus was scarcely less fatal in its effects: his horse and hounds at the gate were in a short time as utterly forgotten as if John had wetted his clay with Lethean drinks instead of the waters of life. After a short stupor, however, as the sun succeeds to night, John rose again, jolly and jovial as a Satyr, and, reeling forth, was not a little staggered to find horse and hounds gone. But whither gone?—that was the question which no one could answer. So this high priest of Diana’s, in full canonicals, had to trudge toe and heel disconsolately homewards. He reached the kennels one hour after midnight, and found the hounds fed and asleep on their benches, and the stable-man in a transport of rage at being kept six hours waiting in vain for Bellerophon’s return. I believe a whole week elapsed before the steed was recovered, and then he was traced to the Moor Farm, thirty miles off, on which, twelve years before, he had been foaled and bred. He was found, without saddle or bridle, rejoicing in his liberty among a herd of ponies, wild as the winds of their native moors; and it took a whole week to catch him.’

‘Then, in that case,’ said Tennyson, ‘if the vultures don’t find him with his neck broken, we may possibly hear of the Corporal again.’

For seven days and nights the alternations of rain, hail, and mighty rushing winds never ceased for an instant; nevertheless, the General’s tent stood its ground bravely; and, although neither sun nor stars made their appearance during the whole of that period, the basket of provisions from Corte never failed to do so on each successive morn. To follow the chase was an impossibility; and, as there was no game to be obtained without doing so, Madame Fioré’s punctuality enabled the hunters to feel that so long as there was corn in Egypt they were sure of their supply. So they rode out the storm, well found, if not in comfort, to its very last puff.

When the rage and violence of the elements had been fairly expended, the weather again became gloriously fine, yet far fresher and colder than it had been before the storm. The autumnal air, at the considerable elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and in the immediate region of perpetual snow, brought at break of day frost on its wings, while, an hour or two afterwards, the sun played forth on the hills apparently in full and undiminished vigour. The rarefaction of the air, too, was such that, if the hunters’ constitutions had not been of the robust order, their lungs must have suffered from its influence, especially as their pores were so frequently opened by hard exercise, and they took little or no pains to protect themselves against the searching, icy breeze, to which they were so constantly exposed.

The goatherds were in despair at the prospect of losing neighbours from whom they had received so many tokens of good feeling and substantial kindness: and it was quite touching to observe the

regret manifested on all sides by these simple people when the day of the hunters' departure at length arrived. Never did labourers, by nature so lethargic and inert, exert themselves more readily, or do better service, as porters, than the goatherds and their wives on this occasion; and, had the quantity of luggage been four times as great and cumbrous as it was, no horse nor mule would have been required to transport it to the most distant part of that mountain region.

With the exception of two women, one of whom waited to guide Madame Fioré's men forward, and the other to attend the flocks, the whole population of the bergeria turned out *en masse* to accompany the hunters as far as the Grosso river; and nothing Pendril could say to induce even the children to remain behind was of the slightest avail. The little party of travellers, laden as they were with poles, portmanteaus, and the paraphernalia of the tents, jogged along over the rugged and trackless heights at a marvellous pace; and, although camels and asses were wanting to complete the patriarchal scene, they looked for all the world like a tribe of nomads seeking a change of home.

'WHICH IS THE WINNER?'

BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL.'

'Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the gentle bee?'

says Shelley, in his lines to a critic; and, in good sooth, the trade of those asps of literature, the staff matadores of criticism, who receive a work of excellence from the Jupiter Tonans, and a slip of paper within the fly-leaf, on which is written 'D—— it!' or a tome of learned impiety, with the words 'All right!' is a sorry one indeed. Even the oracular Canon of Church of Englandism, with his rare scintillations of genius and large impulses, felt his greatest satisfaction when barbing a philippic, or in blasting a social injustice which had stirred his prepotent irony. A B without and a B within will outlive the Edinburgh article of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;' and 'Fœnum habet in cornu' around the interlaced initials is ever a badge of an unenviable notoriety. Our present task—self-imposed—is far different, is one of an agreeable nature; and if, in the following remarks, candour may compel a word of trifling correction, it will be only to point out an error of omission, and not that of commission, and to show that what is good might have been made still better.

'Which is the Winner?' purports to be a sporting novel, nor does it forfeit a claim to the title;—but that essential feature is so gracefully interwoven with the meshes of the tale that it is made merely an accessory or aid in carrying out the leading incidents. The story is racily told: a happy elasticity permeates throughout, yet there is scarcely a topic in the social statistics of the day that is not touched upon and cleverly illustrated. It is seldom that a work of fiction, in a sporting sense, leaves any memory of it beyond that of a passing gratification, which is fully contented when the climax is arrived at, and all goes merry with the marriage bell that is made to drown the lugubrious death-toll of some vagabond whom, for the sake

of propriety and the epopea, it is necessary to dispose of by means something short of legerdemain and the Brothers Davenport. This tale, however, is calculated to leave its traces in the mind beyond the moment—a rare attribute in a sporting novel. It makes one pause and think, and is written by one who has paused and who has thought. The ultra-Radical and master manufacturer, sprung from the lowest grade in the social order, whose very soul has been bartered for lucre, is word-painted to the life; and the malicious envy that becomes the pivot upon which all his actions, public and private, turn, is dexterously exemplified in the character of Abel Bradfield. The hereditary spendthrift of high lineage, with increasing pride and decreasing acreage, lofty and unbending in his prejudices, and holding the integrity of worldly honour between man and man to suffice for the great aim and end of religion, finds a fitting representative in Sir Michael Carrington. Then the beneficial results of academical education, that renders the son of the malignant manufacturer a man of worth and reputation, honoured and esteemed by all, are given with a truth that would satisfy Lord Stanley himself upon the topic of which he is the champion. If Lawrence Bradfield, the first gentleman of his family, and the son of a successful man of the people, had been crammed by private tuition, and surrounded by the creatures of commercial wealth, with Cocker on one side and the ledger on the other, he would have been nothing more than the old shopkeeper who went before him. In the early society, however, of those of more elevated station and ideas, he becomes their equal in accomplishment; and if an innate sense of social inferiority makes him suspicious, at first, in his dealings with them, he learns and is convinced that virtue and ability, properly directed, are ever sure, in the long run, to be accepted at their true value, and that their possessor may take up his position with the best of the land. Eton and Christchurch have something more than a nominal virtue. The contrast of his character with that of his thoroughbred rival, Stafford Carrington, brings out the salient points in each. The want of birth spurs the first onward in his career by exciting him with an honest ambition for a remedy, and the inheritance of ancestry by the other makes him indolent in a dreamy satisfaction, until, roused by circumstance—and a woman is at the bottom of it; and when is she not?—he puts forth the dormant energies of his nature, and in the battle of life goes in to win. Then comes the question for the judge—‘Which is the winner?’ We give it as ‘A dead heat between the ‘two, and the rest nowhere.’

In the necessarily brief space allotted to a review in these pages it would be impossible to sketch out the story at any length. Suffice it that there are two fathers, two sons, and two daughters; the maternals, for once, go for little, but there is an Aunt Philly—a conception, that starts out in the intense reality of existence. We all know her, and—unlike the fate of old maids in general—we all love her. *Rara avis*—but we will not carry out the schoolboy line farther. Then come the deadly feuds betwixt patrician blood and plebeian wealth—folly on one side, improbity on the other; and the amalgam of the two opposites, purified, in a succeeding generation, by generous temper and classic education, after neutralizing the errors of class, leaves, in each case, a residuum of the right and noble in nature.

Of course we have the run of the season, otherwise the story would be wanting in its special qualification, or, in sporting terms, be ‘short of weight;’ and right well it is given. Experience alone could have furnished the scene at the brook, in which case we trust that our author was the one who made

such good use of his stirrup-leathers to help his friend in that hour of need. We would observe that a tired horse, heavy in hand, jumping short and dropping his hind legs into the brook, must inevitably have broken his back. Alas! that we also should speak from experience. We cannot resist giving the 'podge' at the gate in the park wall: it is too graphic to omit, and will be familiar to most hunting men.

'Now, Will,' said the master, 'who does this place belong to?'

'Darned if I know—some mad doctor, I s'pose,' replied Will, a little out of temper. 'Here, let's come;' and, jumping off his tired horse, he proceeded to break the lock of a door in the wall with his hunting-whip, when a rather authoritative voice wanted to know what he was about.

'About breaking the door down, d—— your eyes!' and that moment, the door opening, Mr. Staples marched in, leading his horse, as if the property were his own.

'Do you know who I am, sir?' said Abel Bradfield, crimson with rage.

'Yes, I do; I s'pose you're the blackguard as traps our foxes as is bred 'in these covers, for we never find any here.'

'I'm Mr. Bradfield, you scoundrel, and——'

'Are you? Well, I'd rather be a maggot in a nut than such an ill-conditioned old beggar.'

Certain passages are weakened by the rapidity of action. It is the pace that kills; this axiom of sporting life, however, should be avoided in a work of fiction; and in this case the interest is occasionally damaged by a pressure of incident too abrupt to admit of that uncertainty which is so necessary to excite and sustain a proper amount of illusion. The scenes are well worked up, yet opportunities have been passed by where the play of fancy might have had full scope to indulge in its power and to have vivified a scene of deep and absorbing sensation. And our author possesses that power. One who can write the chapter in the third volume—'A little Society, A 1,' is capable of sketching out a word-picture to command any amount of attention. This happens to be one of exquisite irony, and displays that full mastery of the springs of fashionable intercourse with a delicate tact which can only result from a participation, and not a hearsay evidence of the events of well-bred society.

But these volumes have an attraction that will carry them safely over the breakers of criticism, and enlist sympathy from a quarter that will make success certain. At last we have got rid of the *demi-monde*, and have a book concerning hounds and horses, men and women, that can be placed upon the table of a drawing-room without an apology for its appearance, or a blush for its contents. Our author is well up, and goes for all the honours in 'Callæsthetics.' Let us state, for the uninitiated, that Professor Whewell, in his 'Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences,' uses the word to interpret 'the science of the perception of beauty;' and in this particular branch of science, in itself supremely inductive, Professor Clarke lectures admirably. The light-weight philosopher beats the heavy one over the flat by lengths—in point of fact no handicap could bring them together. Taking for his text the words of the poet—

'Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle:—
Then why not I with thine?'

he shapes his subject with an attractive silveriness that must insure the

closest attention of those fair beings who read to learn how they may best wield the powers of their despotic fascination. There are two heroines equally charming, but which is the pet of the professor there cannot be a doubt. The description of Ellen Bradfield (vol. ii., pp. 67 and 68) will settle that point at once, and make the daughters of the Northern traders proud in the consciousness of their Saxon beauty, full and flowing, and of their triumph, in the sense, at least, over their Norman and patrician rivals. There is a passage in 'Coningsby' that has been the forerunner of this well-developed idea. Neither is the delicate appreciation of the most soft and tender sentiment wanting; for instance:—'A girl's first dream of love is the 'most beautiful thing in the whole world. A man has no experience of the 'feeling, and few men the slightest conception of it. Its first avowal is not 'pleasant, though taken with an anodyne which lulls. Its innocence, its 'simplicity, its truthfulness, its refinement, the mysterious chasms of an 'unknown future, its risks, the venture of all the heart's merchandize in one 'barque—restraints all and each of them; and yet are they the ministers of a 'sentiment the most absorbing, a passion the most overwhelming—a gentle 'stream, but welling into a mighty torrent of eternal happiness or eternal 'woe.'—Vol. i., p. 229.

We trust these trite observations, which from their brevity must fall short of giving a succinct view of this sterling novel, may suffice to excite a curiosity which will not be satisfied except by a perusal; and we venture to predict disappointment to be impossible. Moreover, it is a manly production, and written with a breadth of treatment that puts into the shade the maudlin sentimentalities and monstrous insanities that are published, of late years, as tales of fashionable life. Nothing in this story is improbable; the whole flows naturally and agreeably; and we close the book with the assurance that, good as it may be, it is written by one who has the power of writing better still.

A DARTMOOR FOX.*

AIR—'Wait for the Waggon.'

Come, jump into your saddles, boys, and never doubt the morn;
The hounds are off to Skerraton, and Crocker winds his horn;
No cover under heaven's arch a better fox can show;
So forward to the forest, boys, together let us go.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest;
Together let us go.

Now, cease your idle gossip, pray, for yonder lies the brake;
And if the fox is kennelled there, I'll warrant he's awake:
A moment,—and the spiny gorse is waving to and fro,
A whimper, and a crash are heard; and then, a Tally-ho!
Haste to the forest, &c.

* Found and killed on Tuesday the 22nd November, 1864.

Away he goes, a gallant fox, his distant point to gain ;
Nor wilder is the wind that sweeps across the moorland plain :
Oh ! listen to the frantic cheer that marks his wingéd flight,
While echoes in the vale below are bursting with delight.

Haste to the forest, &c.

To Holne's broad heath he whirls along, before the din of war,
Nor tarries till he stands upon the rugged Banshie Tor ;
Far in the rear the bristling pack is dashing on amain,
And horsemen too, like autumn leaves, are scattered o'er the plain.

Haste to the forest, &c.

But see ! the dark and stormy skies a perfect deluge pour,
And every hound has dropped his nose upon the cold grey moor :
' Now pick along,' Trelawny said, but said it with a sigh ;
As if he wished his hounds had wings, and longed to see them fly.

Haste to the forest, &c.

But, as a spider to his line, the patient huntsman clings,
Till suddenly, at Banshie Tor, again the welkin rings ;
No refuge now in Whitewood rocks ; the pack is dashing on ;
For, madly to the banks of Dart the flying fox is gone.

Haste to the forest, &c.

And, on to catch the burning scent, as every foxhound flings,
The Squire now begins to think the pack has found its wings ;
As plovers o'er the moorlands speed, or wild-fowl o'er the sea ;
The steed that stays along with them a right good steed must be.

Haste to the forest, &c.

Alas ! of all that gallant field, full sixty men or more,
Seven alone are seen alive upon the Dart's rough shore :
With one accord the seven plunge up to the saddle bow ;
The angry flood may cool their blood, but cannot stop them now.

Haste to the forest, &c.

Then upwards to the heights of Yar the deadly struggle turns,
And every hound that heads the pack immortal glory earns ;
The horses sob—the hounds are mute,—and men are heard to cry—
' Oh, for a steed, of Coxwell's breed, to view them as they fly !'

Haste to the forest, &c.

Again for Dart he bends his course ; again he seeks the flood ;
And fiercely on his track the hounds are running hard for blood ;
He rolls along, and gallops high, and dodges in the rocks ;
But all his wiles are vain to save this famous Dartmoor fox.

Haste to the forest, &c.

Who-hoop ! who-hoop ! the huntsman shouts ; and seven men are near,
To view the hound that bowled him o'er, the gallant ' Windermere ;'
And when Trelawny rides to moor, over his wild countrie,
Oh ! may he never fail to find as good a fox as he.

Haste to the forest, &c.

RING OUZEL.

P

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Data.—Tattersall's and Thomas.—Racing Returns.—Chronicles and Casualties of the Chase.—Augur and the Arts.

DECEMBER, to those who have neither horses to hunt, or coverts to shoot, is almost always a dreary month; for it is dull work poring over statistics of races won, and comparing them with those in one's own betting-book. Neither is it pleasant for the owners of unlucky stallions to read the success of other sires brought prominently under notice, and renewed patronage sought for them, at the expense of their own animals. Neither do the receipt of racing bills and jockeys' demands tend to sweeten the temper of the racing man who has been done out of good stakes by 'the shortest of heads,' or 'a stumble a few strides from home.' The betting man also feels the influence of the month, when he calculates the amount of what he will be compelled to winter upon, and mentally consigns his debtors to that region, the pavement of which has been said, but not on good authority, to be composed of good intentions. And yet, when we consider the shortness of odds that the Gentlemen obtain now-a-days from the Ring, it would really seem as if they were calculated upon a Private Insurance Company of their own, to protect themselves against bad debts; therefore there is hardly that necessity for wholesale agitation, which some parties have commenced on the subject. Still we believe it to be a fact that money never was before so tight in the market; but if people will try and get rich in one year instead of in a series, they must take the consequences of running off the line, and being shunted back to their first starting-point. And when even a member of the Jockey Club, and one who has adopted such exalted views of that body, does not mind seeing his name figure in the Forfeit List, it must be admitted the contagion has spread very far. The veteran Thomas, indeed, who has been looking all the month for honest men, like Diogenes, although without a lantern, complains bitterly of the unsuccessful issue of his errand, and has been left to study, almost by himself, the proposed Reform Bill of Mr. Bond. To those who are acquainted with Thomas it is needless to describe his politics; but 'young men from the 'country' may like to know that he is a Tory of the good old Eldon school, and opposed to every species of reform at the Corner, which he hopes to leave as he found it. It will not therefore surprise our readers to find that he can see no merit in Mr. Bond's bill, and would oppose even its being read a first time in committee. In that measure, as advertised in the 'Times,' there are some points which are doubtless well deserving of serious consideration; but at the same time we imagine we are not going too far in saying there is as great reluctance on the part of the Committee to dictate to Messrs. Tattersall how they should conduct their subscription-room, as there would be on their side to yield up their rights and privileges as owners, which would be the case, if some of Mr. Bond's propositions were adopted. Not that Messrs. Tattersall are for a moment opposed to the introduction of such new regulations as are called forth by the spirit of the age in which we live, and by the removal of their establishment to Knightsbridge. With this view, they have extended the Committee, on which the Duke of Beaufort has consented to act; and it is also intended to associate with that body a few practical men of business, such as have filled the office of stewards of the room at Newmarket, so that a Court of Turf Pie Poudre may be always formed, and a dispute as to a bet be determined, to continue our metaphor, before the dust can be shaken off one's feet. To the present Committee no objection can possibly be taken

either on the grounds of honour, ability, or experience ; but at the same time the difficulty of getting them together is very great, and cases have to stand over a long time for decision, from the want of a court of judicature to try them. But when this fusion is formed no such objection is likely to prevail, and speedy justice will be done to all parties seeking it. The rule for admission of new members will also be rendered far more stringent than heretofore, as a candidate will have to be proposed, and seconded, and balloted for by the Committee, and one black ball in five will exclude. By this course, the mere fact of a man betting largely will not entitle him, as almost heretofore has been the case, to admission, but manner and conduct will be regarded ; and we have as strong a guarantee as could be obtained for the propriety of the new members. In the new rooms we were glad to see that ample provision had been made for the Committee to try cases, and a room also allotted for the accommodation of witnesses ; so that we may fairly presume the trials 'under the greenwood tree,' where so many important cases have been decided, are terminated for ever. The centre of the yard, we are glad to learn, will be graced with the old Fountain, as well as the Fox, and bust of the Prince Regent, so that we shall not feel quite so strange at first as we might otherwise have done. Some curiosity having been excited as to the reason of the bust of the Prince being so placed, we applied to Mr. Tattersall on the subject ; but all we could learn from him was, that he had been told as a child that it had been put up there from the Prince's great friendship for Mr. Fox. This is an amusing reason, we must admit, and certainly better than none at all. Some months back we gave a description of the new Tattersall's, the first which ever appeared in print, and we can add now that the decorations are almost complete ; and it will be one of the most elegant establishments not only in London but in the country, and will last to the end of all time. The emigration from the Corner will take place the week before Easter, and the scene of Thomas and his clerk taking leave of their ark will be a sight worthy of being illustrated by a Joy or a Barraud.

In our last summary we ran through the performances of the cracks of the day, and we now turn to their owners, and compare their profit and loss for the last three years, by which the fickleness of Dame Fortune will at once be made apparent. Mr. P'Anson stands at the top of the tree, as might be expected, from being the enviable winner of both Derby and Oaks ; and Blair Athol and Caller Ou, by their gallops during the season, have brought him in the tidy little sum of 15,686*l.*, being over eleven thousand in excess of his winnings last year, and fifteen thousand more than those in 1862, when he was only credited with 475*l.* This return with so few animals as Mr. P'Anson trains is, we should imagine, almost without a precedent on the Turf ; and judgment must have quite as much to do with the result as good fortune. Baron Rothschild stands second in the return list ; but he had a very hard fight for it, Count La Grange and Mr. Merry being close up at his quarters, the former being within a tanner of him, and the latter of forty sovereigns. The Baron's 'tottle,' as the late Mr. Hume would have described it, is 11,320*l.*, which was made up entirely by King Tom, which well justifies his being raised to seventy-five guineas, and limited to fifteen public mares. The return of Count La Grange is the best he has ever yet exhibited, for it amounts to 11,110*l.*, a sum which must have left him a considerable balance in hand, and is of sufficient magnitude to tempt other members of the French Jockey Club to come among us. And we are glad to find by this the prejudice which was induced against the Count and his stable, by the contrast of Fille de l'Air's

running at Newmarket and Epsom, has been done away with, and the Count and his trainer may be said to be acclimatized among us. Mat Dawson would never rest satisfied until he had got Mr. Merry at least 'placed;' and here he is again with him, and 11,271*l.* to his credit, which is a trifle more than the return last year, which came to 10,610*l.*; and as to the first named of these two sums Liddington contributed no less than 4,725*l.*, it shows that Mat Dawson and Mr. Merry are, comparatively speaking, almost on a par with their countryman at Spring Cottage. We now fall in with Lord Glasgow, whose Two Thousand, 'commanded' by General Peel, placed him far above his usual average, and, with 11,165*l.* to his credit in Burlington Street, the adjective 'unlucky,' which was constantly applied to him by Turf writers, is no longer applicable. The Marquis of Hastings has taken a very high position for a young man, as last year he won scarcely a thousand, and now the value of his stakes exceeds ten thousand. Mr. Bowes, although dreadfully disappointed with Baragah both for the Derby and the Leger, has had the best year he has known for a long time, for the balance in his favour is more than 6,000*l.*; and he finishes just in advance of Mr. Cartwright, for whom Tom Oliver, Custance, and Ely have earned 6,066*l.* And as horse-trainer and jockey are so associated together, we feel it would be unfair to separate them. Lord Westmorland is in this division also, which is wonderfully in advance of his last year's form; and although Birch Broom failed to sweep away the Derby, the Goaters proved most useful servants to him, with Merry Hart, Aurelian, Marigold, and Co. Lord Coventry is another of fortune's favourites, and 6,000*l.* is a fair season's earnings with a small stud; and it is not going too far to say, we have seen no animals better prepared than those of the Lord of Croome, as the reporters will persist in terming the ex-Steward of the Jockey Club. The Duke of Beaufort has never yet been able to look at such an account as Mr. Weatherby has sent him in, for it is over 5,000*l.* to the good; and but for 'the head' of Kœnig, which was so many times where it ought not to be, the Duke's would have been considerably larger. Lord Uxbridge, since he exchanged into Saunders's stable, has just doubled his returns, which in 1863 were just above two-and-twenty hundreds, and now they reach 4,433*l.* Mr. R. Ten Broeck is in a similar reverse position. But the most striking contrasts are with regard to Lord Stamford and Mr. Naylor, who last year ran first and second in the return list, the former being credited with 20,819*l.*, and the latter with 18,185*l.*; and now the Peer's account of winnings is only 4,148*l.*, and that of the commoner 3,718*l.*, the latter sum being mainly made up by Chattanooga. Sir Joseph Hawley's return is the worst that has been published for the last three years; and had not Bedminster popped his head in first for The Prendergast, the Baronet would have cut a very sorry figure. The other chief winners have been Captain Gray, who indulges in the luxury of three trainers, Mr. G. Payne, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hodgman.

For hunting the month has been peculiarly favourable, and good runs have been rather the rule than the exception, as was the case in November. The scent, however, has been rather below the average throughout the generality of counties. In Leicestershire, Mr. Tailby has had exceeding good sport, as the following despatches will show:—

On Dec. 1st, we met at Keythorpe Hall, and found a good fox at Vowe's Gorse, which went away at the bottom of the covert pointing for Horninghold. He then bore to the right for Hallaton, over the brook, leaving Hallaton village on the right, pointing for Blaston over the very strongest part of Leicestershire. Leaving Blaston village on the left, he crossed the Red-

bourne road, then over the large grass grounds between there and Stanston, up to Stanston Gorse, where he got to ground after a very good and very fast 20 mins.

After finding another fox at Fallow Closes which went to ground at Hal-laton, they went on to Noreley, where they found a fox, and after running him through the plantations killed him; whilst the hounds were eating him, another fox was viewed away on the Gredby side of the brook. They got on to his line and ran over Rolleston, pointing for Keythorpe, when he bore to the left over Skeffington parish, crossed the turnpike road near Skeffington village, ran by Skeffington Wood, leaving it just on the right up to Halstead—pace tremendous; after a little delay at the village they ran him down to John o' Gaunt, through it, and on to the Newton Hills, where he got to ground—time up to John o' Gaunt 32 mins., over a very fine line and very fast.

Dec. 3rd.—Mr. Tailby met at Holt: found a good woodland fox at Merivale Hole; and after running him almost to Lyddington Neck, through Merivale Hole to Stoke End, they ran into him after a good hunting run.

A second fox from Stoke End ran by Uppingham to Wadley Wood, and then to Stockerston, where the hounds were stopped.

Dec. 6th.—They found a good fox this evening at Launde Big Wood, ran up to Ouston Wood, through the little wood, by Ledy Wood, through Orton Park Wood, by Braunston, by Prior's Coppice up to Launde Park Wood; where they charged on to a fresh fox and stopped the hounds—very hard day.

Dec. 13th.—The fixture was Knowington: found a good fox at Ranksborough Gorse; went away over the Oakham Road, about two miles towards Whissendine, running very hard; left Whissendine on the right; bore to the left across the Oakham Road again, by Leesthorpe, through the Great Dalby plantations, over Barrow Hill, along the Barrow Vale, over the Twyford Road, almost down to the Twyford brook, where the fox was seen just before the hounds to go into a drain close to Newbold: fox dead beat; bolted him out of the drain, and ran into him after the best 1 h. 10 min. we have had this season.

Dec. 15th.—Met at Norton-by-Galby: found a fox in Illston Spinney; ran like lightning by Rolleston up to Noseley, where he got to ground after a very fast 10 mins. Found again at Shangton Holt; ran across the Carlton Road, by Illston Lodge; by Carlton Hall, leaving it on the right, across the Kibworth Road down to the Burton brook, over it, up almost to Burton village; bore to the left for Glenn, across the Harboro' turnpike, almost to Wistow, where he bore to the left, and recrossed the turnpike near Kibworth on the right, by Kibworth Hall plantations, up to Carlton again; and bearing to the left over the Carlton and Kibworth Road, he got to ground within a field of Carlton Clump, after a very good run of 1 h. 14 min.

With the Cottesmore, the cub-hunting was singularly unfavourable from the dry state of the ground; and these hounds, in common with neighbouring packs, were stopped altogether for three weeks in October, when most work should have been done with the young hounds, owing to so many being lamed; and the grass-land was still hard until the snow-storm on the 17th Dec. On Nov. 21st—found in Colsterworth reed bed, ran very hard to Stoke Park, where the Duke of Rutland's hounds were running; so the hounds were stopped before they joined, and taken back to Gunby Warren, whence a fox went away instantly, and was run to a drain near the North Road in 15 min. as hard as they could go: a dog bolted a brace, the hounds settled to the

fresh fox and ran him 22 min. a racing pace, and killed at Colsterworth town end.

Dec. 1st.—Found in Woodwell Head, and ran up to the valley to Barrow and on to Exton Park, 45 min.: changed foxes there, and ran to Pickworth and lost.

Dec. 5th.—Clipsham: found a fox in a stubble field; ran very hard 20 min. to the kennels at Bytham; was headed there, turned to Holywell, through Pickworth Wood, without stopping, away towards Greetham; turned by Stretton; through Moskery Wood, on to Witham Wood; through the top end, and to ground in a quarry at Colsterworth, 2 h. 10 min., over 16 miles of country.

Dec. 14th.—Crown Point: found in Gunby Gorse, went away at first towards Sewstern as if he was going into the Belvoir country; turned to the right by Gunby village, then over Witham Field, by Thistleton to Moskery Wood, straight through it to a drain in a grass field near Lobthorpe; bolted and killed, 37 min. without a check.

In Hampshire where more hounds are kept than in almost any county in England, the same want of scent has generally prevailed that has been felt in the Shires, as well as in the North of England. The H. H. have been the principal sufferers on this score, having had but one good run lately from Rockley. And we regret to hear that Mr. Deacon's retirement at the end of the season, which we had hoped was a 'shave,' is in reality *un fait accompli*. But when the miserable pittance doled out to hunt four days a week is considered, the only wonder in our own minds is that it did not occur earlier. Any country in want of a Master would do well to tender for him, for there is not often such a man in the market; being a good huntsman, a fine horseman, and a thorough gentleman in the field—which are requisites not often met with in the same individual.

The Hambledon, under Lord Poulett, have had a wonderful good December; their best things being from Bishop's Waltham on the 10th, when they found a fine old fox in Grasstead, which took them over six-and-twenty miles of country in three hours and fifty minutes; when unfortunately, on the point of handling him, a fresh fox sprung up, and saved the beaten one, the hounds being unable to be stopped until they reached the Four Lanes of Beauworth. On the 14th they had a clipping burst of 35 minutes, from Southwick Park, over the stiffly-fenced country of Hickey, pulling down their fox in gallant style on the edge of Goathouse Wood. As it never rains but it pours, on the following day they had a tremendous run from Brickkiln Copse, in the Petersfield Vale, which gave them a journey of 23 miles in 2 h. and 20 min., when darkness compelled the noble Master to whip off. But these little affairs were all skim milk compared to the doings on the 21st, which were, as the Master of the H. H. observed, the cream of the season. Swanmore was the fixture, and hounds were no sooner in cover than they were away; and in fifteen minutes they turned up their fox. Trotting away to May Hill, while the day was early, they unkenelled a veteran, who running to Hollywell, turned to the left across the water meadows, and made for Broadhalfpenny Hut, where unfortunately a sheep dog crossed him, which caused an entire failure of scent, and they were reluctantly compelled to give him up. The distance traversed was over 12 miles, and as it was done in 63 min., the goodness of the pace may be imagined. The Craven is again vacant, or rather will be so at the end of the season; and really of late years it seems to have had as many managers as the St. James's

Theatre. Overtures have been made, we understand, to Mr. Whieldon, to leave the Vine, and take the Craven in hand; but from what we can gather the subscribers to the former will not hear of the change.

The Hurley and New Forest men write us word that the sport they have recently had is of a far better description than usual, and that they consider themselves very fortunate with their respective masters. In Sussex Lord Leconfield's hounds are running up to their old form, and foxes are as plentiful as pheasants. Brighton was wont once to be very partial to South Downs, but a short time back there was quite a change in the weather; and some of the owners of farms in the neighbourhood warned the Manager and Committee off their lands. The differences, however, we are glad to say, are made up; for if no hunting could be had at London-super-Mare the Steyne and King's Road would wear a very different aspect to what it does at present. With 'the Queen's' there have been some good things; and a rather animated correspondence has appeared in 'Bell's Life' relative to the servants' horses, 'Young Towler' complaining they are not fit for a Hansom, while the gentleman retained to conduct the case for the Crown maintains the whips were never so well mounted before. *In medio tutissimus ibis* we imagine will be the safest summing-up of the question, as far as we are immediately concerned. The Duke of Grafton has had some fine sport; and his memorable run of the 15th December has been married to immortal verse in the 'Field' by one whose style we have a strong idea we can trace in one or two pleasant papers which have appeared in 'Baily.' In the North, or, rather, on the Borders, Lord Wemyss has had three or four wonderful runs, which a clever pen has preserved in the columns of 'Bell.' In Yorkshire, Sir Charles Slingsby has been as busy as ever among his foxes; and the sport he has shown the subscribers is as good as they have had during the last three years, and better could not be desired. The Badsworth also have had nothing to complain of.

The Bramham Moor, in the early part of the season had such a wretched scent as a rule, and (though generally well off for foxes) such short-running, ringing brutes, that they were not worth talking about. However, on Wednesday the 21st things looked up, for they had a good gallop from Hook Moor, and killed. On Friday the 23rd they had a very good hunting run from Hall Park Springs of two hours and fifteen minutes, and killed (thanks to Treadwell's wonderful perseverance) at Ingmanthorpe Willows. The last six miles were straight. On Saturday the 24th they had a very fair day, having found at Stockeld in the afternoon, and ran quite straight from there to Cowthorpe in thirty-five minutes—nearly five miles straight. Unfortunately they got on a fresh fox and lost. Notwithstanding bad foxes and bad scents, however, they had killed, up to Christmas Day, seventy-three foxes, and run to ground a good number. Accidents have been, unfortunately, plentiful. On the 9th December, Capt. Lane Fox got a severe fall over a gate, the horse crushing his chest severely; and, on the 23rd, Mr. Robinson, who had just recovered from a recent fall, was turned over by a stiff grower, and received a fracture of the leg and, it is feared, ribs also—a most unlucky mishap, happening as it did at a small fence to a very fine rider on his best jumper, thereby proving the truth of the old adage, 'Accidents will happen,' &c., &c. Both Mr. Robinson's and Captain Fox's falls were extraordinarily bad; the worst looking of the two being that of the Captain, who, comparatively speaking, got off cheap. But the funeral processions of men on gates, that have been almost daily to be met with, have been very trying to the nerves, both of the old and the young Bramham Moors.

Mr. James Hall's sale, from the character of the animals of which it was composed, induced many an M. F. H. to give up a day's hunting to attend it. Their condition was wonderful; and the biddings were short, sharp, and decisive. Lord Middleton and Mr. Jackson had the finish to themselves, for Tippler, and in the end Blair Athol won cleverly, but not easily, his last nod being for 410 guineas. Mr. Jackson also gave 250 guineas for Highwayman. Of the half-dozen that were sold, Mr. Chaplin of Lincoln fitted himself with three, and Mr. Collins took the 'remainder man.' The whole return was very good, and Mr. Hall cannot but be satisfied with it. In Gloucestershire that worthy sportsman, Lord Fitzhardinge, has been so annoyed and interfered with by the unchristian conduct of the Rev. Sir Edmund Colt, that he has called a meeting of his friends, to consult what is to be done under the circumstances of the case; for he will have to give up hunting the country unless this 'colt' be broken in and taught to go quietly. This would be a dreadful blow for 'the Queen of Watering-places;' and we trust Lord Fitzhardinge's 'epistle' will not have been preached in vain. In Shropshire, Sir Watkin has had some good old-fashioned runs of two or three hours with a kill at the end. Walker, who had been laid up at the commencement of the month with gout in the stomach, is, we are glad to hear, out again, as cheery as ever, and riding like a boy; for, having been a temperate man all his life, illness never affects his nerve. The Cheshire had some sport in the early part of the month, but have not done much lately. The Shropshire, Mr. Morris says, are likely to be given-up at the end of the season, unless better estimates are voted. This is a great change from olden times, and in Sir Bellingham Graham's *régime*, when Shropshire could find the means for no less than four packs. The cause of this retrograde movement we cannot account for; but 'the good men and 'true' who are still to be found within its limits take the decadence very much to heart. In Norfolk, the Prince of Wales, who has taken to hunting very kindly, has been much put out by no foxes being found at Sandringham; but, from the manner in which he has expressed himself, those who are in the wrong are not likely to remain undiscovered.

Otter-hunting has been started at Winchester under the auspices of Mr. Dear and Capt. Wickham. Several have been found near Stoneham, and others heard of at Stockbridge. Fond as we are of hunting, we admit to being fonder still of salmon and cucumber; and, as Messrs. Fleming, Chamberlayne, and Sir Henry Keppel have succeeded in introducing that fish into the Itchen, we trust that the new sport is simply for the destruction of those enemies of trout and salmon.

We must now leave the Hunting Stables for the Stallion Boxes, which at this season of the year are of more than usual interest. Stockwell, Newminster, King Tom, and Young Melbourne, save us from further dwelling upon. Their claims upon breeders we have constantly urged, and they have acknowledged them by their subscriptions. The Rawcliffe Company have made a judicious purchase in Claret—one of the most promising sires of the day. Those who may not recollect him when in training may like to know he is a great, good-looking horse, and gets his stock big; and that they can run is proved by Blarney, Bacchus, Leoville, and Claret Cup. With these pretensions he has wisely been put at fifteen guineas; and we are greatly mistaken if Yorkshire men do not prove they are fond of Claret in more senses than one. The evacuation by Blair Athol of Malton created as great a sensation as that of Naples by the Bourbon monarch. Never was a negotiation conducted with such difficulty, for the Austrians, through their Minister Plenipotentiary,

Mons. Cavaliero, had the refusal of him ; but the electric wires of the advisers of the Emperor Francis Joseph conveyed the message that they dared not venture on the ultimatum of Mr. P'Anson ; and so the Fairfield monarch, who never had had the chance of contending before with any of the members of the House of Hapsburg, closed at once with the tenant of Spring Cottage, although his shilling point was desperately contested. Blair was received at the York Station by Mr. Oates with all the honours due to a Derby and Leger winner ; and at Fairfield the road was lined with spectators to receive him. His reception was that which might have been expected ; and Mr. Jackson was quite right to let him retire with his blushing honours thick upon him. Already his subscription is fast filling ; and if Stockwell can draw at a hundred, Blair's performances as a younger son quite entitle him to be put at half-price. To Leamington subscriptions are being booked every day ; and such a cross with stout mares is rarely to be met with. Trumpeter has migrated from Harleston to Danebury with increased pay ; and under the patronage of Lord Portsmouth, 'the Duke,' and 'the Marquis,' he ought soon to be 'a close borough.' Canary makes his first appearance in the same line ; and, although only a handicap horse, for getting hunters, at least, he will be found a very useful animal to breeders. The Gemma di Vergys, according to the report of the Special Commissioner of the 'Sporting Life,' who, John Osborne maintains, 'puts down a horse like wax-work,' are a very superior lot, worthy of their new arena at Knightsbridge, for we have reason to believe that the venue of sale has been changed for next year from Stockwell to Tattersall's. Of Crater the highest expectations are also entertained by some of the best judges in the West of England.

Mr. Cookson is so satisfied with Buccaneer, that he is going to put all his mares to him, with perhaps the exception of Miss Julia, whom he has some idea of sending to Newminster. And we are told there is a rare filly by him out of Surge by Storm, which Mr. Cookson purchased directly he saw her, as she did such a credit to her sire. Lord Spencer has long been on the lookout for a horse to replace Trumpeter ; but we much fear that neither Caterer or Coast Guard, who have just joined head-quarters, will answer his Lordship's expectations. Of the pair, however, we should certainly give the preference to the former, who is not only a good-looking, but a good-bred horse also ; and had not the ground been so hard for the fortnight before the Derby, he would have been certain there or thereabouts for that race. Among the Stud Farms that are not so well known as they deserve to be, is that of Swallcliffe, where Neville, Big Ben, Grimston, and Blondin stand. The first named, although he has had an enlargement under the jaw, and at the side of the neck, which gives his head at first sight a coarsish appearance, is in reality a very true-made horse, being long and low, with big girth, and quality ; and as at Worcester he won the prize upon the principle that action carries weight, his style of moving may be at once arrived at. Big Ben advertised himself by the yearling filly out of Ada, which Mr. Morris purchased last year. The fickleness in the public mind relative to stallions is almost the same as regards artists, and rarely if ever has it been so exemplified as with regard to Citadel, whose gaining the Hundred Pound Plate at Islington created such an eruption of hostile criticism. Alone we stood up for him, and we have now the satisfaction of knowing that Newmarket is in love with him, and he is certain to be patronised ; for he has been wisely put at a price which will make him almost command mares.

There was an effort made to get Lord of the Isles for the Palmerstown Association, to stand by the side of Rapid Rhone, whom Lord Glasgow has

kindly lent to the Company, from the value he entertains of its utility in a national point of view; but Mr. Merry's terms were beyond the means of the Directors to accept. Adventurer comes out this season at Sheffield Lane, and will in all probability become a popular horse, as when he was in training he was always a pet of the Yorkshiremen. Mons. Cavaliero has lately despatched his annual draft of blood stock to Austria; and recent inspection of them enables us to say that they had been collected with great care, and for the object he had in view, a more judicious selection could not have been made; for Mons. Cavaliero may be said to trade under 'The Limited Liability Act' for his Government. The lot included Zetland, the Schoolmaster of Lord Clifden, and the biggest Voltigeur ever seen, so that for Austrian weeds he will be the right horse in the right place. Oswinus, a Cotherstone, out of a Bay Middleton mare, was very handsome; and from the manner he picked his feet up when led out for our inspection, it was palpable he was just the animal needed to improve the action of the Vienna phaeton horses. Lord Chesterfield himself, we all know, has had the best carriage-horses in the world; and his namesake, the Voltigeur horse, out of Typee, but rather more like the latter than his sire, bids fair to transmit his Lordship's reputation in this respect throughout Austria and Transylvania, as he has all the substance and quality about him for that purpose. Sir Watkin and Honest John were both useful animals, and, before entering on their stud duties, were to try their luck in the Gentlemen Rider Races and Cups of next year. Among the brood mares in the market at the present time most deserving of attention are Maggie Lauder, by Turnus out of Dalkeith's dam, in foal to Trumpeter; and a level, clever-shaped mare, Carlotta, by Orlando out of Cytheria, the dam of Nutbush, and in foal to Wild Dayrell, should not be overlooked, not only from her blood, but from the foal out of her by Rataplan being such a beauty.

Mr. Francis Francis has commenced a raid against battues in 'The Field.' But we fear his constituency is more accustomed to the fishes of the sea than the birds of the air, and that neither Lords Derby, Coventry, Stamford, or Hastings are likely to become converts to his views, judging from the spirit with which they have entered into the sport, and the rivalry that exists between them. We wish we had room for the return lists, for we would give them; but now we can only remark that Lord Stamford has outstrode all his contemporaries by killing two thousand pheasants in one day, which has been the object of his ambition, and still, we are assured, there is plenty left to go on with. Mr. Gerard Sturt's recent speech at an Agricultural Show in Dorsetshire, on proposing the health of the Sporting Press, has rather alarmed some of his colleagues in the Jockey Club, from the liberality of its ideas; but when he is backed up by The Premier a fortnight afterwards, it is likely to have some influence on that exclusive body. And, without mixing ourselves up in any way with the quarrel between the Press and the Jockey Club, we cannot but agree with 'The Globe' that the reticence of the former, when such tempting subjects present themselves for exposure, ought to be considered more than a chance expression in a heated argument. Mr. Sturt's candid admission as to his gift of 'intuitiveness,' with which he had been specially blessed by Providence, is understood to be fully endorsed by his colleagues at Woodyeates, as they have experienced indications of it before.

Mr. Joy's picture of the Master of Hounds and *Habitué* of the Yard at Tattersall's has been stopped a short time in its progress, by the illness of that gentleman, whom we hope to find soon at his easel again, with one of the good old stamp of sportsmen for a subject. 'Augur' has all but completed his gallery of 'Halls' for his Croydon Tusculum; and it is refreshing in these days

to find the journalist seeking relief from the distractions of his calling in the culture of the Fine Arts, rather than to the other sources which too many of our brethren have recourse. Of new Sporting Books, none have appeared since 'Æsop's Reminiscences of Hanta,' which is going so well that the reminiscences of the publishers must be as agreeable as those of the author. Judex's 'Analysis of the Derby, Oaks, and Two Thousand,' came out at the appointed time, and from the extent of its information, the soundness of its reasoning, and the lucidity of its arrangements, it is honestly worth the trifle asked for it. It would be unfair to reproduce the writer's views on the two great events at the May Meeting, but thus far we may go, that if he could insure those millionaires, Messrs. Naylor and Padwick, the realization of his views, the Ring would be at once defunct, and the Subscription Room available for Methodist cushion thumpers. Any tidings of improvement in sporting gear we imagine are welcome to our readers, and we are therefore bound to say a word for the Mocassin of Mr. Fagg, of Pantom Street. As the name would imply, it is a shooting boot, and its recommendation that, instead of taking as long to lace as a lady's stays, it can be put on and off as a slipper. Made without laceholes, no water can penetrate it, and a man may really 'fag' in Mocassins the first day as on the last, and we never shot more comfortably in our life than we have done lately in them.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

DEAR BAILY,

'It was all very well to dissemble your love; but why did you kick me 'down stairs?' It is, however, well that you have relented. I hope that turkey served as a peace-offering, and am glad it was not given in vain. You ask me to just furnish an account of the pantomimes, 'light and amusing.' It is all very well to talk thus; and perhaps I should do so—that is, talk, not write, if I were a great publisher in Cornhill. But theatrical criticism is not steeple-chase riding, and one cannot take theatres as you would fences. But as you have asked me, I cannot refuse.

Well, as you say, 'the drama is in a bad state.' But who cares about the drama at Christmas? the pantomime is the thing. The drama just now is of as little moment with the public as with managers all the rest of the year. But you are right, pantomime is the only theatrical entertainment wherein 'you get value for your money,'—a thought which would not strike a man, perhaps, west of Temple Bar, but true, nevertheless. An actor who has had, say, six equestrian exercises, is rather dear as a spectacle, at six shillings a head, although you throw in a circus horse called Minerva, several ballet girls, and a real wooden staircase that people can go up and down on. And a fire-engine, a potato-can, some toy omnibuses, newspaper-boys, and shoe-blacks, may be seen for less than five shillings out of a theatre, even with real fire-buckets, and though the snow is of the best white paper. But to the pantomimes.

Well, the pantomimes this year are better than usual. The demand has quickened supply. The pantomime very often pays the rent. Managers therefore do well to cultivate it. There has been a rivalry at the friendly game of 'Beggars my neighbour.' I don't intend to say just at present which is the best pantomime of all. I keep that information, like a novel-writer's secret, for the end: but there are many excellent ones. Drury Lane is good as usual, not as good as in E. T. Smith's day, but still good—as Beverley, and Blanchard, and Dykwynekyn can make it. Her Majesty's is, it must be confessed, rather a failure. Covent Garden is produced as carefully as an opera in the season, and with not less expense. The management has calculated John Bull's calibre, and knows he would pay more for the mischief of Clown and Pantaloon than the music of Meyerbeer or Verdi. But this is forestalling.

I am not going to moralize about pantomimes; but pantomimes are the only legitimate performances now on the stage. They are even better than they profess to be. Managers produce plays professedly for men, but only fit for children. But pantomimes, avowedly for boys and girls, are suited better for the infants of larger growth. The Clown is what he assumes to be. He does not play the graceful *Iachimo*, or the youthful *Hal*, or the fiery, untamed steed of the Ukraine; and when at his worst he is still less doleful than a certain eminent tragedian in *Falstaff*. The pantomimes do really amuse children. They beget the noblest kind of music ever heard in Covent Garden—those delightful little shrieks, and those melodious ripples of merriment that proceed from the children under ten,

‘Who turn to mirth
Such things of earth,
As only childhood can——’

to slightly alter and injure the poet for once; and who, perhaps—bless them!—enjoy more happiness within the four walls of a theatre, more pure, unmixed delight, than at any future or other period of their lives. Does anybody ever fall in love as a child does with the fairies in a pantomime? Does the wickedest old sensualist, who, like a Silenus, gloats on the muslin-clad *coryphées* from the second row of the stalls, know one tithe the pleasure of the sweet-faced little cherub who believes all the *corps de ballet* real fairies as truly as he knows that the world of light and beauty struck out of chaos for his delight at Christmas is not the common work-a-day world of nursery and school?

Bailly, you have condemned me to appear, like Clown at Christmas, and therefore I must do a little tumbling; but I am getting on. You must recollect a pantomime is a sort of Eden of fancy, in which all is bright, as it was in the infancy of the world—that it is a common playground whereon men and women, as well as boys and girls, may go out to play; but this is not beginning. To try, then, Drury Lane first, where that wonderful manikin Master Percy Roselle plays as *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*. But perhaps it would be preferable to take Covent Garden, by right of its enterprise and its position, first.

The pantomime at Covent Garden is a surprise. It is more. Apart from the harlequinade, it is a perfect pantomime—that is, as perfect as I ever expect to see one. It is produced with as much care and finish and attention to detail as if it were Meyerbeer's ‘*L'Africaine*.’ It will be well indeed if this last entertainment gets as much justice done it. It is as much silvered and gilt as the *maison dorée* of a Parisian monarch of the Bourse, or a Manchester mill-owner's drawing-room. The management has followed Pitt's war doctrine in peace, ‘If ten men are wanted, twenty are furnished.’ Pantomime has clearly got into the heads of the directors. They know they won't get much for their money out of opera, so they have determined to have enjoyment for their children at Christmas. They are clearly fathers of families. Perhaps they have a feeling akin to Sheridan's, when he sat at the coffee-house window, and saw his property in Old Drury burning, with the remark, ‘May not a man enjoy in quiet his own fireside?’ and think it hard if British capitalists may not have as much gold and silver foil as they can pay for. They cannot die, like swans, to music, but they can in the radiance of their own gold and silver paper. They may be buried, like Mrs. Jane Clarke, in point-lace.

There is not much use in describing the plot. The story is ‘*Cinderella*, and the children know it better than the books; but *Cinderella* is pretty and clever, and speaks up like a good princess; and she is married to a *Prince Ugolino*, who, if he is not handsome, is clever, and knows his business as a stage prince, and that is better. But the story, if not enshrined in brilliant verse, is as prettily put together as a child's puzzle, as cleverly composed and constructed as a drama, and neat as the posy of a ring. The scenery throughout has never been equalled for care and excellence in pantomime;

and the dresses, accessories, furniture, and devices are all to match. The transformation scene is a miracle of taste and splendour. Exquisitely fanciful, original, and brilliant alike in conception and colour, arrangement and design. Throughout, the dresses harmonize with singular care with the scenery and backgrounds, and the ballet is wellnigh as good as that of the grand opera. The drawbacks are, that there is a little too much of Mr. Payne in the opening, as he, clever as he is, is rather obtrusive; and that the Harlequinade, partly injured, no doubt, by contrast with the prologue, is the dulllest conceivable. Donato appears in it to relieve it, in a scene on Wimbledon Common; but, heretical as the notion may seem, I don't think him clever. If having two legs, he could do as much with one, there would be merit in his performance; but I think it extremely likely that any opera dancer with a season's practice could do as much, if one of his legs were amputated for the experiment. Will any one be a sufficient martyr to the taste for sensation to try? Clearly the wonder is that he has one leg, not that he dances so well. Dancing is ordinarily supposed to require two legs. This is all a mistake. It might be as rationally assumed that a preacher should have a good voice, or a dentist good teeth. Make it a fashion for clergymen to have a good delivery, and dancers but one leg, and the wonder would at once cease. We think nothing now of a preacher who can't preach, or a leading tenor who can't sing, because one who could would be a Donato in his way, but this is all.

The Drury Lane pantomime is, if not quite as artistically, certainly quite as poetically arranged. Without being as expensively or as carefully, it is also in part quite as magnificently, illustrated. 'The Valley of Mosses and Lichens by Daybreak' is one of Beverley's masterpieces, and 'the ascent of the Rays of Golden Light with the fairy notes that people the sunbeams,' is barely second to the transformation scene of Covent Garden, though it certainly is inferior. The story represented, and so splendidly adorned, is biographical of a certain illustrious and most marvellous personage, by name *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*. As the cynosure of pantomime, need it be said that *Hop-o'-my-Thumb* is a hero—not exactly a hero on the muscular Christian ideal, a man who knows his Church Catechism, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, nor a lady's, straight in the back, and a yard across the shoulders—but still a hero. A young gentleman, who has as much wit as the 'two clever ones' in Little Dorrit, who can bamboozle an ogre, and, if need be, outrun him, and who can generally prove himself more than a match for the giant;—a young gentleman, moreover, who is the most attractive, gaily-bound, gilt-lettered, useful, instructive, and informing Compendium of humanity ever seen. This young gentleman, by name Master Percy Roselle, theatrically *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*, is in his way a marvel, a paragon of an infant phenomenon, and performs the most astonishing feats. As usual with all Mr. Blanchard's stories, the pantomime is admirably adapted for children, is tastefully mounted, and enshrines some very poetic conceits and odd and fantastic notions.

At the Haymarket the fare tendered is again Mr. Sothern. He is the Merlin and prime magician of this house, and is considered sufficient attraction without the addition of any very weighty Christmas novelty. The management consequently serve their cake without ornament or device,—that is, without any to speak of, unless the fairy wafer or sponge-cake of 'Princess Springtime,' tendered by Mr. Byron, can be so considered. Mr. Sothern appears in 'David Garrick,' and 'Dundreary Married and Done For.' In the former piece, now tolerably well known to the public, he played with his usual skill. In the latter, his appearance in his old character, his dress and look, at once put the audience in good temper, and redeemed one of the most uninteresting and meagre farces on the stage. The burlesque, a fairy extravaganza, is slight and fanciful, but is chiefly noticeable from the admirable acting of Miss Nelly Moore, as the *Princess Springtime*; and a very tasteful and elegant ballet, one of the best, if not the best, on its scale, of the season, arranged by that old chereographic chef, Mr. Oscar Byrne. Mr. Compton, as the cruel *King Kokolorum*, father of the *Princess Springtime*, played with his usual quaint and crackling humour, and did his best to prove that, if mothers-

in-law are the terrors of daughters' husbands, cruel fathers are the evils of star unmarried daughters, and are quite as inevitable.

Passing over the way to 'Her Majesty's,' which, by-the-by, is a feat no one who is wise will attempt while pantomime reigns there, we find 'The Royal Arms, or the Legend of the Lion and the Unicorn,' the subject of burlesque. Mr. Byron is the author of this piece; and it is only necessary to remark, as so exceptional an instance of failure on the part of so versatile and brilliant a playwright, that he seems unfortunately to have come 'generally to grief' this Christmas. Neither of his burlesques can be said to be successful. Perhaps he has written too much, or has been tasking his resources in other walks of literature; but certain it is, none of his efforts are up to the usual standard. The present pantomime is dull in the extreme,—a tolerable ballet scene, an adaptation of Mr. Pepper's Ghost, the invention of Mr. Maurice, called 'Eidos Aeides,' and the transformation scene, being the only exceptions.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Fechter assumes to shine the bright particular star, and, as at the Haymarket and the Olympic, the burlesque is provided as a mere *hors d'œuvre* to the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. This last is at present 'Ruy Blas,' in which Mr. Fechter reappears to manifest all his histrionic resources, grace, and elegance, prior to the production, says Rumour, of the 'Lady of Lyons,' in which he will appear as *Claude Melnotte*, and Middle. Beatrice, late of the Haymarket Theatre, will play *Pauline*, a performance which is very likely to draw the town. The present burlesque, or farcical Oriental extravaganza, as it is called, bears the title of 'Bear-faced Impostors,' and it is the same piece which was played at the old Coburg Theatre, under the title of 'Bears not Beasts.' It turns on the ingeniously-devised, whimsical, and highly farcical adventures of two Englishmen, by name *Bill Stumps* and *Jack Hocus*, as performing bears, before a pasha of three tails in the gardens of his seraglio. The story is too slight to need comment; but it is quite sufficient to say that it is ludicrous enough to excite considerable mirth, and thus answer all the purposes for which it was intended.

The rest of the theatres call for no elaborate or extended notice; it will suffice to record that at the Princess's the drama of 'The Streets of London' still occupies the post of honour on the bill, and that the pantomime, though not of a very brilliant character as to authorship, is admirably mounted and placed on the stage. At the Olympic, Mr. Burnand contributes an extravaganza to lighten the dreary and sombre solemnity of the 'Hidden Hand,' and offers rather more charming actresses, with rather less costume, than any other theatre of the day. The story is 'Cupid and Psyche,' doubtless with a view to the feminine attractions of slender waists and ankles, and glowing busts, which go to establish the success of a burlesque love story on the stage. Miss G. Melvin is the *Venus*; and certainly it would have been hard to find a lady more happily endowed by nature or less marred by art, in the matter of costume, for the personation of the divinity of Love. Her appearance certainly expressed the union of the soul and spirit of love; for accepting a figure as its material essence, her attire indicated soul and spirit, and was properly invisible. The St. James's extravaganza is the story of 'Hercules and Omphale,' by Mr. Brough, and may be considered a modified success.

And so, dear Baily, I have run rather hurriedly through the pantomimes; and if you insist on knowing the best, I suggest Covent Garden. It is the most neatly arrayed story. Like all the same author's pantomimes, it enshrines a vast amount of erudite and mystic knowledge derived from all kinds of occult sources; it is charmingly constructed, a very marvel of arrangement, and is more gorgeously illustrated, probably, than any pantomime ever placed on the stage. Cinderella's coach, as an instance of the perfection of the details, was built by a fashionable coach-builder in Long Acre, and would be fit for a real Princess to drive in state in Rotten Row. Drury Lane is likewise excellent. And so with a farewell bow, and the compliments of the season

I remain, yours, &c.

THE ACE OF SPADES.





Portrait of

James Watt

James Watt

James Watt, 1736-1819

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD HAWKE.

FACING this page will be found the Portrait of probably the oldest Master of Hounds in England, and certainly one of her keenest sportsmen. Mr. Stephen Pearce, it is true, has perpetuated his features on canvas, but it remains for us to illustrate them on steel, and place on record the services he has rendered to fox-hunting in Yorkshire.

Edward Harvey, fourth Lord Hawke, was born in 1799, and is descended from the celebrated Admiral Hawke, whose victory over the French fleet at Quiberon Bay, in 1747, obtained for him a considerable share of naval renown, as well as a pension of two thousand per annum. And after having served the offices of Vice-Admiral of the Fleet, and First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1776 he was elevated to the Peerage. The subject of this memoir is also nephew of the celebrated Martin Hawke, whose exploits in the hunting world in Yorkshire and on the Continent are still 'household words' among old sportsmen, both at home and abroad. Lord Hawke was born in 1799, and was educated at Eton, and afterwards spent a short time on the Continent, there being no vacancy at the time at Christchurch, which he wished to enter. A Hawke naturally implies sport, and so we may say of the subject of our memoir, who was entered as a boy to hounds, and on his return from France assumed the Mastership of the Badsworth in 1825, on the retirement of Mr. Petre. This office he did not seek of himself, for he felt he had not acquired the requisite experience for it. But as there was no one in the district of an adequate position to succeed to the country, Lord Hawke yielded to the wishes of his friends, and on the 14th September, 1826, he commenced his career as a M. F. H., and killed his first fox on that day. At his onset he was much assisted by having for his huntsman the celebrated Jack Richards, who came to Mr. Petre from Sir Bellingham Graham, and who remained with the Badsworth for four or five years, when he parted with them, and died in the neighbourhood. His successor was Mr. Foster, previously with Lord Fitzhardinge, and who, in his turn, was followed by W. Butler, from Mr. Foljambe, and who,

barring his language in the field, was a useful servant. Lord Hawke's present huntsman is Edward Owen, who was formerly whipper-in to Sir Massey Stanley, and who gives general satisfaction to the subscribers to the Hunt. Lord Hawke commenced early as a breeder of hounds, and used chiefly the blood of the late Duke of Rutland, Lord Yarborough, and Sir Richard Sutton, and the present Mr. Foljambe, and Mr. Lane Fox; and by his judicious crossing, the character of his hounds has been much improved, especially as regards necks and shoulders. But this advantage has not been gained at the expense of bone, for which his Lordship is a great advocate. Having thus treated of the Master, the Huntsman, and the Hounds, the Badsworth country itself requires some mention at our hands, although we can hardly hope to improve on the excellent account of 'Cecil' in the columns of 'Bell's Life.'

The Badsworth country, although it may not lay claim to the fashion or quality of 'the Shires,' can boast of being almost the oldest defined hunt in England, inasmuch as a song is still preserved of a famous run in 1730, when Mr. Bright, the original founder of the pack, was the Master. They met, on that occasion, at Barnsdale Great Whin, at five o'clock in the morning, and ran to Edlington Wood, in Mr. Foljambe's country. In 1805, Mr. Martin Hawke wrote his celebrated song, 'The Badsworth Hunt,' in which all the characters of the day are vividly depicted; and as a hunting ballad it has scarcely ever been equalled. Like Charles Mathews, in his new rendering of Puff, in 'The Critic,' Mr. Hawke was not afraid to introduce himself, which he has done so cheerily that we reproduce the stanza, so as to give our readers a very fair idea of the extraordinary sportsman:—

'And next him, on Morgan, all rattle and talk,
Cramming over the fences, comes wild Martin Hawke,
But his neck he must break, either sooner or late,
As he'd rather ride over than open a gate.'

In this respect, however, he was not a successful prophet, as he died in 1839, in his sixty-second year: and at Tours, where he resided some time, and kept a pack of boar-hounds, he is still spoken of by the followers of *la Chasse* with respect and admiration, for to them he was a combined species of 'Guy Livingston' and 'Nimrod.' Considering the previous Masters of the Badsworth, which include such names as the Earl of Darlington, who brought the Old Raby with him, Mr. Chaworth, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir W. Gerard, Mr. Tom Hodgson, and the Hon. Edward Petre, it required some consideration on the part of a young sportsman to follow in their steps. But the confidence of Lord Hawke in his own resources was not misplaced, for every season ripened his experience, and strengthened the cordial relations between himself and his subscribers. At length, as the historian would say, in the thirty-first year of his reign, the regard of the farmers for their landlord and master developed itself in a more substantial and lasting shape, as they resolved to present him with his Portrait. The movement once projected soon spread itself;

the subscribers to the Hunt followed suit, and his contemporary Masters and personal friends desired to be let in. The end of these proceedings was, that a very handsome sum of money was subscribed, and Mr. Stephen Pearce, who had just at that time come into considerable repute as an artist, from his equestrian picture of the late Duke of Bedford, received the commission to paint the Master of the Badsworth. To no abler hands could the task have been confided; and at the presentation of it to Lord Hawke, at a grand dinner at Pontefract, on the 9th of April, 1858, and at which Col. Smythe, M.P., presided, the fidelity of the likenesses of his lordship, his hunters, and his hounds, as well as the natural tone of the grouping, was instantly recognized and appreciated. Lord Hawke is taken on his favourite hunter, Tipton Slasher, whom he had ridden for sixteen years, with only one fall, and is represented returning the greetings of his friends. Beside him are five of his favourite hounds, viz., Dowager, Dairymaid, Randle, Freeman, and Social, all of which were as good as they looked, although they were not the most patient sitters in the world, and would have worn out the temper of Job as a photographer. In experience in the field probably Lord Hawke is unequalled, as the present is his thirty-eighth uninterrupted season. During the whole of this period, he scarcely missed a day, except about six years back, when, from a fall, he broke his collar bone. Even then he was fortunate, as during the time he was laid up the frost was so severe that the hounds were kept in their kennel. The only objection to the Badsworth country is the smallness of the inclosures; and so many of the fields being under plough, and the new-fashioned system of scuffling the land being so much in vogue, prevents the scent being as good as in other countries. The best scenting portion is that between Pontefract and Wakefield, and the best preserved part is Womersley and Stapleton, where foxes may be found almost in coveys. On the stoutness of the Badsworth foxes we are fortunately not called on to dilate, as they have made themselves famous in story. Barring the last year's entry, which, owing to the distemper in the kennel, was not as good as usual, the Badsworth Hounds are quite up to their old standard; and that their blood has been appreciated, may be instanced by Mr. Henley Greaves giving 500 guineas for ten couples when he took the Old Berkshire. In point of subscriptions, Lord Hawke has fortunately no cause for complaint; but the liberality of his neighbours is perhaps as much due to his own personal popularity as to their love for the sport, which seems to be handed down from generation to generation. As a horseman, Lord Hawke has maintained the family name; and in point of endurance in the saddle, in his zenith, few could surpass him. And the same may be said of his brother, the Hon. Stanhope Hawke, well known on the Turf as having won the Oaks with The Marchioness, and the Two Thousand and St. Leger with The Marquis, who was second to Caractacus for the Derby in the same year. In bringing this necessary brief epitome of Lord Hawke's

career as a Master of Hounds to a close, we may remark that his Lordship is one whose retiring habits, simple tastes, and refined pursuits elevate him above that class of Master whose thoughts lie in no other direction than the kennel, and whose literary pursuits are confined to the study of their hound-book and hunting appointments. Age has neither soured his temper, or deprived him of those social powers of conversation for which he has been so long remarkable, and he is as keen as ever in the appreciation of a story or a joke. For every farmer in the country who hunts with him, Lord Hawke has always a kind word of recognition, which goes far to allay any little feeling of irritability in the minds of that body as to damage. For thirty-eight seasons, as we have remarked before, he has presided over the Badsworth country, showing the subscribers how to kill their foxes as a sportsman should do, and preserving in its entirety the *entente cordiale* so necessary to the prosperity of the Hunt. And we are not going too far in our anticipations when we predict, at the termination of his career in the field, Lord Hawke will be found to have engrafted himself on the hearts and memories of the Yorkshiremen of the West Riding, as the late Sir Tatton Sykes had done in the East Riding of the same county.

Lord Hawke, we should add, was married, in 1821, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Sir John Ramsden, who died in 1824. In 1848 he was united to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, of Chester-le-Street, and by whom he has one daughter.

THE BATTUE.

BY, 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

To believe some writers, a battue is the very antipodes of sport. It is as far removed from the wholesome recreations of an English gentleman as if it had been bred in France in the beginning of the present century. It has nothing to recommend it but its barbarity and bloodthirstiness. It is senseless and cruel. It has epithets enough heaped upon it to satisfy the most exacting search for the deficiencies of an hexameter or pentameter. They are of all lengths and of all quantities.

The bold assertion of these characteristics seems to endow the writers themselves with the opposite virtues. They assume to be the exponents of true sport by the denunciations they fulminate against its shadow. They will admit no sort of participation in the glories of sportsmanship to those who differ from them. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus.' You are not to be caught in a warm corner with a loader or two, and a score or two of pheasants at your feet, unless you are willing to forego all claim to the title of a fair and honourable sportsman. Then all we can say is, let the readers of 'Baily' lament, let them lift up their voices in expostulation or deprecation, for assuredly the Prince of Wales, and about two-thirds of the Court by which he is

surrounded, are in this category. We are taught that all virtue consists in turnip-tops and a brace of pointers : in good strong exercise through the stubbles or over the moors ; and it is hinted that even then the bag should be limited to make it truly orthodox.

There was a time, of course, when these theories were facts ; at the present time we think that a happy medium would hit the right nail on the head. The advocates for the hard work must use less hard language, and consider that there are exceptional cases enough to annihilate a rule ; and the advocates of the battue should be merciful as they are strong. We say 'strong' advisedly, for there is a great deal of sporting talent of this country arrayed on its side. It has the prestige accorded always to rank and money : necessity, too, as well as *noblesse*, 'oblige.' Competition is its great promoter—supposed to be the backbone of everything English. Private competition directs our railroad management, our charities, our pantomimes, our pews, our schools, and our race meetings : why not our cover-shooting ? Its advocates are legion. All the large fortunes which have been made of late years, like large bags at little trouble. Dogs have had their day. A successful battue is the swell's *point d'appui*. He leans upon it from about the end of the grouse season to this the last day of pheasant-shooting in the year. Its opponents have a very strong party to contend against. No one suspects a prince of the blood royal of being bloodthirsty : they ought to know the true lion by instinct, and moderate their language as well as their feelings.

As usual, then, we say there is something to be said on both sides ; and just now it happens to be a popular question. Then let us endeavour to say those somethings on both sides, preserving a *juste milieu*. For this purpose we must review the two extremes, learning from our old University text-book, Aristotle, that true virtue consists in 'the mean.'

Let us have that *beau-ideal* of the one class first : that class which delights in heavy marching order ; its muzzle-loader, its dogs, its turnips, and its conscious rectitude of purpose. We will start on any morning of September or October, when our birds (which probably belong more or less to the whole district) have been pretty well thinned and frightened ; when the poachers and pot-hunters, and the sporting linendrapers, and the bank manager, and the lawyer's clerk, have all had several turns at them. Perhaps it is in a wild district in which we live, with birds, if you can but find them, utterly unreserved, and as wild as hawks. If so, your walk shall be long, and your pluck glorious, but your bag will be doubtful and your feet sore. However well your dogs may behave, if they find little or nothing your gratification will be disappointed. Ponto may make a mistake ; and that does not conduce to good temper. Be that as it may, if we go out to shoot we must have the animal to shoot at. If fox-hunting be a farce without a fox, what is shooting without birds ? Now this is a drawback among partridges. We do not say that the fox-hunter enjoys his ride quite as much without a find, but we

suspect that many of them do. We cannot say this of shooting. We never saw a man look entirely happy who had to confess to his wife and family that he had killed nothing. The men who are so loud in their praises of hard walking, energy, condition, and dogs, must know (if they know anything) that this state of things usually belongs to the young and the indigent: to men who have nothing but a farmer's permission to shoot over certain farms, which permission is usually enjoyed in common with many more of his friends. For tenants or proprietors who are careless of fame are very apt to give leave to everybody from whom they can expect a brace of birds. We think we know what this sort of sport means. You may calculate upon starting very enthusiastically, and walking till the sun is tolerably high in the heavens before finding. At length, when you feel the full benefit of your enthusiasm for true sport just beginning to ooze out at every pore, you are brought up by the sagacity of your dog. Supposing the most favourable issue to this proceeding, and that it is not a lark which rises so merrily, but a covey of birds, you may miss them altogether, or they may get up out of shot. If neither of these cases happen, if your bird falls, perhaps your dog will not drop. What! you would not have such a brute? Of course not. Who would? Not you, oh gentle reader of 'Baily,' and upholder of genuine sport! But many, even, who shoot partridges after this fashion, do have such dogs, and are content to shoot them or to make the best of them. We remember a fine old anecdote of this kind illustrative of our meaning.

Our friend was about buying a dog of a very honest man, but bad salesman. 'Good-looking dog!' remarked he. 'What will he do?'

'Do? anything that other people's dogs do,' said the seller.

'Stand?' 'Yes.' 'Back?' 'Yes.' 'Very good dog then?'

'Just as good as anybody else's dog,' said he again.

'What does he do when the birds rise?' said our friend again, as a final inquiry, preparatory to concluding the bargain.

'Oh! just as all other dogs do that I've ever seen,' said the seller.

'He gallops all over the field, as if the very d—— had kicked him!'

We are great admirers ourselves of this legitimate kind of shooting, and (as a poor man) have seen a great deal of it in our younger and more active days. We are bound to endorse this verdict upon, not our own dogs, but upon those of all our friends; and the results of this conduct in a thinly-populated (or partridge) district is sufficiently trying to the temper. Having fired twice, at long ranges, perhaps ineffectually, there begin to rise all round, at easy distances, the remnants of the covey. The increasing playfulness of Ponto is not calculated to allay our excitement, as we solemnly condemn Ponto and our muzzle-loader as the united causes of our mishap.

When partridges exist as they do in some favoured localities, such little misfortunes are of no material consequence, because we know

that the next two or three hundred yards will give us another opportunity of again testing our skill. But then this is bloodthirsty slaughter, disgusting effeminacy, not by any means conducive to the formation of the British character, and not much better than shooting at barn-door fowls. The right thing is to walk and walk, and shoot as often as a decent opportunity presents itself. With tolerable luck at this sort of work you will get about twelve shots, and with tolerable shooting you will bag about six birds; but you will have the happy consciousness of having done your duty in the way of exercise, and you will have an appetite at the end of it which will prove you to be a true British sportsman.

We fear that we like the birds too thick on the ground, and the dogs too good to claim much credit to ourselves for our fancy. It ought always to be remembered that as men get older they want a little more indulgence in these things. It does well enough for an enthusiastic youngster to be striding up hill and down dale, thrashing his dog and occasionally trespassing after wounded birds, to carry his own game in his capacious pockets during the best part of twelve hours; but we confess to our present indifference to the proceeding. We like dogs (indeed in the open we regard them as indispensable adjuncts to sport), but we like them to be very good, and we like to have a fair quantity of gunning proportionate to our labours. Writers should not be too hard upon men who have neither time nor activity for the risk of disappointment, and whose circumstances permit them to seek their recreation in a less laborious though equally useful and profitable kind of sport. In a word, the very best and most interesting sport in the world is derivable from good dogs, good stubbles, plenty of birds, health, youth, easy boots, a quick eye, and a respondent hand; but the combination of advantages is as rare as it is pleasant.

There is a sort of cover-shooting distinct indeed from the regular battue, and presenting some features of it as well as the wilder sport already touched upon. We mean a regular day in line with the beaters in a well-stocked preserve: taking pheasants, hares, and rabbits as they get up before us, and an occasional woodcock whenever we can get him. Indeed, it is a maxim of sportsman's law to shoot whenever this last-named bird is on the wing, whether within range or not; and unscrupulous shots are equally quick at laying claim to him. Whenever a disagreement arises the best way is to toss for the woodcock, with the understanding that he shall belong wholly and solely to the winner of the toss, without any explanation, either at dinner or after it, of how he shot him. With a very jealous friend of ours, but a very good sportsman, we found this plan to answer remarkably well in a country where there were never more than two to be found in a season.

It must be remembered, however, that all line-shooting of this sort will end in a battue. It is the nature of pheasants to run before the beaters, and to avoid showing themselves as long as they possibly can do so. Hence comes a bouquet at the end or corner of the

cover for which the proprietor is obliged to provide by putting two or three of his friends outside : unless, indeed, he wishes to make a few score of pheasants do the duty of a few hundreds, and let them live ' to fight another day.'

In spite of the hard knocks which have been administered, there are certain reasons to be adduced in favour of the battue, and which rest upon circumstances not likely to change or diminish. Since the alteration of the old game-laws, which certainly made a brace of pheasants a less common and more delicate attention on the part of a wealthy landowner to a poor gentleman than at present (though very welcome even now), there have grown up among us dainty appetites which desire to be served with such delicacies at from five to seven shillings a brace according to the market. If these pheasants cannot be got by fair means, they will be got by foul, and a far greater stimulus will be given to poaching than is now done, where, although the extent of breeding is known to be great, the army of keepers is proportionally strong. The amusement of killing birds in itself is something, and, although perhaps every pheasant in a gentleman's covers costs him three times its marketable value, still his superfluous game must be got rid of, and thus the battue becomes profitable to the world. The commoner pheasants become, the cheaper they become ; and as a mere article of consumption we shall welcome their increase.

After all, the much-abused battue is but the luxury of a rich or great man. There is something great and dignified about the army of beaters, the troop of extra loaders, and the turn-out of a young prince and his friends, by the side of some wealthy and noble host. A small man cannot have this. He must be great for the occasion : let him enjoy his greatness, and forget what a terrible sportsman he was when after ten hours' toil in a hilly and wet country, he returned home laden with the spoils of the chase, three partridges, a hare, a couple of rabbits, a snipe, and a landrail : let him forget the pleasure and pride he had in spreading this truly sporting bag upon the little lawn in front of his little house, the difficulty in getting them, and the sublime consciousness of his importance, as he walked erect, as far as it could be done, with the whole of his bag in his own pockets. Pray do not put him out of conceit with his hot corners, which can only happen to him about two months in the year, when he has no other shooting to pursue. Let him, three or four times a year, help to slaughter his hecatombs without denouncing him or his equally innocent entertainer.

There, too, is another point, quite overlooked by our opponents. If a man had a battue three times a week all through the season ; if he was unable or unwilling to take any manly exercise ; if he was, as one really is sometimes led to suppose, wheeled about his covers from place to place in an armchair ; if he were really unable to hit any sort of bird or beast, but a very slowly and deliberately rising cock pheasant—well ! even then it is nobody's business but his own. But when we consider that the largest covers can only be shot twice

or thrice, and that at a time of year when open-shooting is reduced to a heavy and unprofitable walk, we see nothing to abuse in the battue. Neither is the exercise of so dainty a kind as may be imagined. There is no fatigue in walking from one cover to another to be posted, nor in keeping ahead of the beaters along well-cut rides : but it does so happen occasionally that ‘ a few guns are wanted inside, ‘ my lord,’ and then we have had a roughish time of it. Barn-door fowls too are very good eating, but not to be compared with pheasants either on the dish or on the wing. We know that this barn-door comparison is a common one : like many other popular theories, it is a fallacy. Men talk of home-bred pheasants, too, as though they were turkeys, with about the same capability of volitation. We do not quite understand this. We presume it to mean pheasants’ eggs, or rather the results, hatched under hens or turkeys, and put down on the estate. If so, we can assure the opponents of the system that they fly quite as well as the woodland-bred birds, and seem to take about the same quantity of killing. Persons, ignorant of the practices of cover-shooting, and only arriving at their knowledge of it by theory, or by pheasant-shooting in hedge-rows or standing crop, would be very likely to make these blunders ; but we do not see how it could happen with men, who have themselves assisted in shooting the covers of the gentlemen and noblemen whom they condemn. There is no greater art, in the way of gunning, than in good clean cover-shooting : a pheasant coming down wind, with plenty of way on him, is not so easy to kill as a barn-door fowl ; and it will be found that even bolls and branches of trees are a let and hindrance to uninterrupted success even at a battue. Of ground game we say nothing here, because, we suppose, its difficulties in cover would be admitted.

What, too, can a man do with his friends in a large country house in a frost in December or January ? We know what our friends do with us : our literary friends we mean. They abuse us, and we hope it keeps them warm. Joking apart, we can conceive no invention so subtle to keep men from mischief under these circumstances as a battue. A wholesome walk, two by two, is scarcely a substitute for the more energetic exercises of the field. Everybody cannot read ; and although Whyte Melville is no bad companion in an armchair at the fireside (nor indeed opposite to you, for the matter of that) an appetite must be acquired by men whose digestive powers require some astringent in the way of exercise. As to sending all your guests out shooting with a brace of dogs and a keeper apiece, we can only say, with rather a well-known poet of the Augustan age—

‘ Non cuivis homini, &c., &c.’

We shall not insult our readers by finishing the quotation.

After all said and done, for our part, we see nothing in the battue but the natural consequence of civilized life. Something, moreover, has been said, and not a little insinuated, as to the want of skill and

energy for other shooting. Are the writers aware that the advocates of the battue number by far the finest grouse and partridge shots, and some of the hardest walkers and best sportsmen of the day. Of course not, or they never could have written of them as they have done. We can afford to put it down to a mistake, which has been partially rectified already, by some such arguments as our own. We are at present desirous, in the pages of this magazine, without imitating the language of our opponents, to chronicle our impression, that neither the Prince of Wales, nor the numberless possessors of cover-shootings amongst our nobility and gentry, are amenable to the severe charges of 'desperate and indiscriminate slaughter and 'wholesale murder,' and that there are no grounds for supposing that the battue is 'the death-bed of good sportsmanship,' or 'that 'the majority of gunners are but indifferent sportsmen.' As wishing to avoid offence we have selected the mildest of the invectives, and forbear to give to the names of the authors the same publicity that they have themselves provoked. We war with matter and not with men.

Something, of course, may be said against the extraordinary extent to which the breeding of pheasants has been carried by artificial means to afford sport for the battue. We think that it is excessive: that it might have been better curtailed: and we happen to know that such is the opinion of some of its greatest advocates. But like everything else in the present day there is an excitement and competition in all kinds of manly exercise, and of course in the means to procure it. Unlike racing, the same competition in shooting does comparatively no harm, except to the pockets of the proprietors. It may encourage the stealing of pheasants' eggs; men will steal something. Hence the large prices given for horses; the enormous studs for both hunting and racing. Hence the increased expenses of all field sports. They are more marketable. Everybody wants them: thousands will have them or bid for them; and they are knocked down to the highest bidder. Hence the increase of game in the country, and the desire of outshining our contemporaries in its possession and its destruction. It's a bore for the little man, who would be glad that everybody should accommodate him by remaining at least within reach of him. But it can't be expected that youth should wait for age. The world goes on, and they who do not go with it must be content to lag behind. If a man's covers afford two thousand pheasants to one day, it cannot be all sport: it must be tamer and tamer towards the end. But a great deal of it is sport, and excellent sport too. The remainder may be put down to a sort of vanity or rivalry, which does no one any harm, and does the country an amazing deal of good. It is pleasant to have the best horse in the country, though his abstract value may not be eight thousand guineas; it is pleasant to have the best shooting or to be the best shot; and as long as the man himself is satisfied he cannot be said to pay too dearly for his whistle. One man likes the reputation of the largest stud, another of the best cook, a third of the most valuable pictures

or library, and a fourth may be an universal patron of everything and everybody. As we said, it's a bore for the little men, but it cannot be helped. It is only a law of nature. They had better bear their lot patiently, and make the most of the goods the gods provide them. They will no more stop men from battue shooting than we shall regenerate the Turf, a wholesome but unprofitable exercise of our pen, at which we have been labouring these twenty years. There is nothing to be gained by such a crusade, but disappointment, if you are sincere, and ridicule if you are not. Besides which, in the case of the battue, argument is against its opponents, and circumstances and numbers in favour of itself. Those who cannot get good cover-shooting we should recommend to stick to the old theory, which is a grand one, but practically out of date. We have been trying for some bad and cheap partridge-shooting for years. There is no such thing to be had. There is some bad, which honestly tested means completely bare; but bad, good, and indifferent, we have for some years found to be exceedingly dear.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

'Scorning all treacherous feud and deadly strife,
The dark stiletto, and the murderous knife,
We boast a science sprung from manly pride,
Linked with true courage and to health allied,
A noble pastime, void of vain pretence,
The fine old English art of Self Defence.'

'THE Gentleman in Black' has told us, in the pages of 'Baily,' that 'the fine old-fashioned game of fisticuffs is no more.' It were almost heresy to run counter to such an authority, but, for once in his life, our friend is running heel. The love of fair play is too deeply implanted in the heart of every Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, ever to be strangled. Ruffianism, rascality, and cant may have done their worst, but in vain. It is like the fire which you have almost got under, but the slightest breath of wind sets it roaring again. Lord Palmerston and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, like hearty Englishmen, subscribed their guineas to the fund which was raised in the House of Commons for Tom Sayers. Mr. John Bright and Mr. William Gladstone refused. Such pious personages could not countenance anything so demoralizing. The Puritans of old discouraged the practice of what they were pleased to term loose sports and antichristian pastimes. They were eager to

'Compound for sins they were inclined to,
By damning those they had no mind to.'

In fact, they had to hedge their books: just as Sir John Dean Paul every morning opened his banking-house with prayer previous to setting to work vigorously to rob his customers and friends.

In all large towns and cities boxing is *the* sport of the people, and with them it is a passion as strong as is the passion for the

chase among the residents in a rural district. Formerly mechanics, after their day's labour, started off and tramped twenty or thirty miles, during the night, to witness the performance of their favourites. The railways have altered this state of things, and, at the present time, the lower orders for weeks beforehand club their pence together to enable some of their number to see and report upon the sport. On the day before a fight they flock up to London from all parts of the country. Among the most constant attendants is a man from Sheffield, a cutler by trade, totally blind, but who, to use his own words, comes to *see* the fight!

By an extreme straining of the law boxing is declared to be a breach of the peace; but, after all, what a sham it is! The magistrate rides miles away from his home for fear of being called upon to interfere. The chief constable takes an opportunity of quietly telling some of the ring-goers, whom he has known when he was in 'the force,' in London, where they can bring the fight off 'out of his district.' If the offenders are brought up before my lord the judge, who, in his heart of hearts, is the most kindly disposed of all towards them, he reads them a moral lecture, that the law of the land must not be infringed, and binds them over in their own recognizances to keep the peace for six months! Upon leaving the court they are entertained at the principal hotel of the assize town, in the room that is afterwards occupied by the Bar mess; and all the way as they walk to the railway station they are cheered by a crowd of hero-worshippers. Thus the fiction of Law has been carried out, a farce to the very end.

A fight for the Championship is a national affair, in which every one takes an interest. In the early part of the last century one Figg was the reputed Champion; and in Hogarth's picture of 'Bartlemy Fair' his figure is placed prominently forward. However, Figg was more of a swordsman and single-stick player than a boxer, although he could use his fists too; and it was not until some five-and-twenty years afterwards that boxing was reduced to a science by Jack Broughton. Captain Godfrey, in his treatise upon the useful science of Self-Defence, which was published in 1747, thus speaks of the latter hero:—'Perfect master of time and measure, he stopped 'as regularly as the swordsman; carried his blows truly in the line; 'stepped not back, distrusting of himself to stop a blow, and fumbling in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing 'but a kind of fly-flap blows, such as pastrycooks used to beat 'insects from their tarts. No! Broughton stepped boldly and firmly 'in, bid welcome to the coming blow, received it with his guardian 'arm, then with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his 'firm body seconding his arm and supplying it with all its weight, 'poured the pile-driving force upon his man.' Broughton, who was under the patronage of the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culoden, beat George Taylor, a rival professor of the art, and all his men, and continued the acknowledged Champion of England for fourteen years!!! After his time the Champion's belt was not held

by any one worthy of note until it rested upon the sturdy loins of Tom Johnson. From that time to the present the following table will show :—

		Fighting Weight.	Country.
		st. lb.	
1786.	Tom Johnson	14 0	Yorkshire.
1791.	Ben Bryan (Big Ben)	14 0	Bristol.
1800.	Jem Belcher	11 10	Bristol.
1805.	Henry Pearce (the Game Chicken)	13 4	Bristol.
1809.	Tom Cribb	13 6	Bristol.
1822.	Thomas Winter (Tom Spring)	13 2	Hereford.
1826.	Jem Ward (the Black Diamond)	12 7	London.
1836.	James Burke (the Deaf 'un)	12 4	London.
1839.	William Thompson (Bendigo)	11 10	Nottingham.
1841.	Ben Caunt	14 7	Nottingham.
1850.	William Perry (the Tipton Slasher)	13 4	Tipton.
1857.	Tom Sayers	11 4	Brighton.
1861.	Jem Mace	11 0	Norwich.

It will be observed that at one time Bristol established almost a monopoly of the honour of holding the belt ; but it was not to be borne that one town should always maintain such an ascendancy. The natives of Nottingham, from time immemorial, had been proficient in athletic, manly, and hardy exercises. They were noted for their cricketers, their fives players, and their pedestrians. The first candidate from the county, for the championship of England, was Jack Shaw, who enlisted in the 2nd Life Guards, of which regiment he became a corporal. Extremely powerful and active by nature, he was instructed in the science of boxing by old Ben Burn. After defeating Burrows and Ned Painter, he challenged all England, and a match was about to be made with Tom Cribb, when his regiment was ordered for foreign service, and he lost his life at Waterloo. Upon that memorable day, before he met with a soldier's death, Shaw is supposed to have killed or disabled ten of the enemy with his own hand. He was wounded early in the day, and was pressed to leave the field to have his wound dressed ; but he refused, saying, ' It's all very well for you to talk, but I've got a character to keep up : they shan't say in London that I showed the white feather.' Whilst the lads at the 'Three Cups,' and 'The Star,' and other sporting houses of that most sporting town, over their tankards of 'Nottingham ale,' were boasting of the prowess of their countryman, their stalwart champion lay, with a bullet through his heart, stiff and cold upon the battle-field.

More than twenty years had elapsed ere Nottingham once more put forward her claim to the belt, in the person of the active, wiry Bendigo. Bendy was a prodigious favourite with his townspeople ; he was always full of fun and frolic, and was a constant participator in their games of cricket upon the Forest ground. When he was in training, near Lichfield, in 1836, Girling, a cricketer of some repute in the North, boastfully challenged any one in those parts at single wicket. Bendigo took him up, and staked 5*l.*, which Girling im-

mediately covered, thinking it a gift ; but he reckoned without his host, for Bendigo beat him. In the first innings Girling attempted a run, and Bendigo threw him out at eighty-five yards distance ! Bendigo, upon meeting with an accident to his knee, resigned the championship, and was succeeded by his countryman, Caunt, probably the finest man that ever stepped into a ring. Notwithstanding his gigantic size, Caunt was a very fast runner and a good jumper. After gaining the object of his ambition, the much-coveted champion's belt, Caunt revisited his birthplace, the village of Hucknall Torkard. Triumphal arches had been erected on his road, and the whole population turned out to meet him, preceded by a band of music. The horses were taken off his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph into his native village. The country folk felt an honest pride that their little hamlet could produce a better man than even mighty London. Rumour had been busy for some time heralding the advent of another big man from Nottingham ; and when Andrew Marsden was matched with the overgrown navigator O'Baldwin, curiosity was upon the tiptoe to watch the coming man. The O'Baldwin, however, turned out such an unworthy representative of old Ireland, that but little estimate could be formed of Marsden's capabilities. With the exception of this solitary performance, and a turn-up upon the stones of Nottingham, in which he displayed great powers of hitting, Marsden was an untried man ; but such was the impression made by his personal appearance that he found ready backers for the championship. Marsden stood six feet one inch and a half in his stocking feet, and weighed on the day 13st. 8lb. He had taken immense pains with himself in his training, and had reduced his weight nearly three stone. His deep chest and brawny arms were well covered with muscle, his broad loins betokened immense strength, whilst his legs were straight and muscular, but not too heavy for activity. In every point he was powerfully and evenly put together, and it was the remark at the ring side, that a finer-made man had not appeared since the days of his countryman Caunt. His opponent, Joseph Wormald, the Londoner, was also a smart, active young fellow, but not cast in so powerful a mould : in height he was half an inch over six feet, and in weight 12st. 2lb. To counterbalance the natural advantages of the countryman, Wormald was known to possess that consummate skill which can only be acquired by constant practice in the sparring schools of the metropolis.

After sparring for a short time, during which Wormald kept feinting and breaking ground to draw his man, Marsden thought he saw his opportunity and dashed in, striking left and right ; Wormald made a half step back, which caused his opponent's left to fall short of its mark ; and as Marsden was trying to follow up with his right, he shot out his left straight as an arrow from the shoulder, and with perfect measurement of time and distance. The blow alighted on Marsden's nose and staggered him, effectually stopping his rush. It was one of those ugly thumps, which have been described by the

novelist Fielding, as giving such intense pleasure to the spectators, but which appeared to give no satisfaction to the receiver. Certainly the quickness and precision of Wormald's style were much applauded by the admirers of science, and the London division were loud in their offers of two to one upon their man. 'It's like shelling peas,' says Jerry Noon. As the fight progressed the superiority of Wormald became more and more apparent. Every attempt of Marsden to bore in, regardless of consequences, and break through all obstacles of science, met with the same bad luck as in the first round; and at the end of thirty-seven minutes his friends refused to allow him to protract the contest. Sherwood had no cause to be ashamed of its champion, who did all that manly courage could effect; but the result afforded one more proof of the superiority of science when opposed to mere physical gifts. Although the very model for an athlete, the present Champion of England was inferior to his provincial opponent both in stature and strength, and only by his coolness and judgment did he make those very advantages of the other subservient to his own skill. Once more the Belt has been fairly and honourably contended for, and the admirers of true English courage have been satisfied that the best man has won.

DISCURSIVE NOTES ON BREEDING.

'Inest sua gratia parvis.'

'Little things have their value.'

'Dost thou prize

Thy brute beast's worth by his dam's qualities?

Sayest thou, this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,

Only because a jennet did him breed?

Or sayest thou, this same horse shall win the prize,

Because his dam was swiftest Trunchifce,

Or Runcevall his syre: himself a Galloway?

While like a tireling jade he lags half way.'

BISHOP HALL'S '*Satires*,' lib. iv., 3rd edit., 1599.

WE will not harass our readers with a discourse on nature; neither will we stop to inquire what latitude should be allowed to the term Physiology, or Zoonomia, as applied to the production of the English racehorse. The elucidation of a scientific theory ought ever to be both interesting and instructive; but when dogmas are thrust upon us with unpleasant alternatives, the aspect is entirely changed;—the mild South is deposed by the rude North. We leave the question of propriety in the use of epithets or sensation terms to the critic, the collegian, or the pedant; for ourselves we are inclined to regard the breeding of racehorses as a *science*, simply because the theory of man usurps the volition of nature; and in this light we shall treat of it.

The herds of wild horses, in their native plains and deserts, follow unrestrained their desires or lech, and, as is generally supposed, vio-

late in every degree the 'table of kindred and affinity.' The same primitive mode of breeding was, until very recently, pursued in the New Forest, and on the Exmoor and Dartmoor plains; but the introduction of blood stock entirely removed from the old and worn-out strains has produced in the place of weeds a miniature horse of a valuable character, and fetching high prices at the annual sales.

As early as the reign of Henry VIII. it was enacted 'that no person should put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares and fillies are used to be kept), any stoned horse above the age of two years, not being fifteen hands high, within the shires and territories of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hampshire, North Wiltshire, Oxford, Berkshire, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, North Wales, South Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Northampton, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Salop, Leicester, Hereford, and Lincoln; nor under fourteen hands in any other county, on pain of forfeiting the same.' The same statute also directs that 'all such commons and other places shall, within fifteen days after Michaelmas yearly, be driven by the owners and keepers, or constables respectively, on pain of forty shillings; and they shall also drive the same at any other time they shall think meet. And if there shall be found in any of the said drifts, any mare, filly, foal, or gelding, which shall not be thought able, nor like to grow to be able to bear foals of a reasonable stature, or to do profitable labours, by the discretion of the drivers, or the greater number of them, they may kill and bury them.' Infected horses were thus prohibited from being turned into the aforesaid commons; 'whereby it is enacted that no person shall have or put to pasture any horse, gelding, or mare infected with the scab, or mange, in any common or common fields, on pain of ten shillings; and the offence shall be inquirable in the leet, as other common annoyances are, and the forfeitures shall be to the lord of the leet.'

Under this system of herding or pasturage in common, our native breed enjoyed to a great extent the freedom of 'a child of the Desert.' His spirit of volition was unrestrained; the plain was his harem, and he chose his consort from the ranks of the golden chestnut, the red bay, the hardy brown and black and tan, the dapple or the flea-ticked nutmeg grey, just as it suited the whim of his desire; and his amours met with no opposition either from scientific theories or breeding crotchets. He obeyed the instincts of his nature, and if a lusty, sturdy animal he doubtless searched the valley or scoured the plain until he met with some powerful-framed, buxom filly; for, depend upon it, the wild horse, in propagation, is governed by a fine instinct which, it is just within the range of possibility, saves him from the too frequent crime of incest.

Let the imagination for a moment go back to this primitive period, before the Eastern blood had mingled with our rough but hardy strain. Choose some mountainous district, or a rich valley in Wales watered by rippling rills, or even go to the top of Dartmoor on

a summer day, and fancy a three-year old taken from his companions to be trained either for the tournament, the chase, or for burthen, flying from his bondage, and those beautiful lines in the sixth book of the 'Iliad' rise spontaneously to the memory:—

'The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and beats the trembling ground;
Pampered and proud he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves in height of blood his shining sides;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies,
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies,
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs exulting to the fields again.'

We skip that probation period when, speaking figuratively, Oriental roses were grafted on to our native stems; when, amongst the Arabians of pure, authenticated descent, the Brown Arabian, Honeywood's White Arabian, the Cullen Arabian, the Newcombe Bay Mountain Arabian, the Damascus Arabian, the Chesnut Arabian, the Darley Arabian, the Lonsdale Bay, Mr. Bell's Grey; and of the Barbs, the Godolphin, the Curwen Bay, Mr. Compton's Barb, the Thoulouse Barb, the Selaby Turk, the Byerly Turk, the Ancaster Turk, the Belgrade Turk, and the White Turk—all formed alliances and mixed their aristocratic blood with our plebeian Molls, Polls, and Janes.

We come now to the present time, when the blood of certain highly-valued crosses is to be met with in every stud in the kingdom; and breeders, in their anxiety—it may be said bewilderment—look in every direction to escape 'in and in' breeding. But let them go to every part of the kingdom—to the north, to the south, to the east, or to the west, and the glorious blood of Eclipse and Herod will crop out; and for this fact they ought to be highly grateful, because by touching the distant original strain they are enabled to keep the gold in the family, without the necessity of marrying a first cousin. As it is our aim and desire to be clear in our argument, and intelligible to the meanest capacity, we shall proceed by illustration and example.

Our own impression of the breeding and crossing of blood stock is derived, in a great measure, from familiarity with flocks, and the various systems adopted for their improvement. John Ellman, the father of Southdowns, after thirty years of assiduous attention to the subject, found himself in the possession of a flock perfect in symmetry and in quality, but fine as a gazelle, and with no weight of carcase. Mr. Grantham mixed the Glynde flock with ewes selected for their large frames and useful character. Jonas Webb began with Norfolk Downs, for which the Ellman blood was admirably adapted. The late Duke of Richmond followed, and was one of the most successful exhibitors; and after him Mr. Rigden, whose flock, for a combination of quality, perhaps takes the highest rank.

For the sake of illustration, and to mark their affinity in blood,

we shall name the respective breeds—Waxy, Whalebone, Camel, Touchstone, and Orlando; and assuming Mr. Rigden's flock to be at this time brought to such perfection that, according to the theory of breeding, without some decided cross it must retrograde, in what direction would he look? To Camel or Touchstone? No! because both are his foundations. To Sussex flocks descended from his own strains? No! he must, in accordance with an accepted notion, go farther afield, and seek his *Voltigeur*, or cross, say, from Mr. Foljambe's Shropshire Downs, Lord Walsingham's pens, or Mr. Overman's 'improved Leicesters.'

We mention *Voltigeur* because it is fashionable to decry his *blood*; and by at least one Sir Oracle he has been denounced as a 'cross-bred devil.' Now we are bold enough to assert that *Voltigeur* for stud purposes is as well bred as any sire in England, taking up the blood of Herod, and in a remarkable degree uniting it with the immediate descendants of Eclipse, whilst Orville is firmly plaited in through Mulatto, his grandson. Let us ask, what is the Shropshire Down, or the fashionable Walsingham blood? Why it has been refined with crosses from every Southdown flock of note in the kingdom! And what is Mr. Overman's improved Leicester? Simply a Leicester converted into a Down—the white knocked out of its face, and its entire conformation changed by a thirty years' intercourse with Southdowns of the purest breed! Thus, in the breeding of blood stock, look in whatever direction you please, you must inevitably return to the parent stem, it may be to the lowest branch in the genealogical tree; but it matters not; sooner or later, and perhaps when most unlooked for, it will bear fruit in the shape of a Derby, a Two Thousand, or a St. Leger winner.

At this point we are prepared to be asked by our readers these two simple questions:—1st. 'Pray what is the blood or distant strain 'by which you swear?' And, 2ndly. 'What is your idea of the 'commingling of kindred blood in the manufacture of the racehorse?' The first question we answer without a moment's hesitation. The name of the Earl of Egremont at once arrests attention as the racing Nestor of the South of England, and from a magnificent phalanx we choose Gohanna. Our next selection, in a spirit of fairness, is from a Northern stable, and our choice falls upon Orville, bred by the Right Honourable Earl Fitzwilliam. This is the blood by which we are accustomed to swear, the peg upon which we hang every argument in connection with crossing or the union of blood.

They were blood relations on both sides; but Gohanna having been foaled in 1790, nine years before Orville, he was one generation nearer to Eclipse and King Herod. Gohanna was by Mercury, a son of Eclipse, out of a Herod mare, her dam Maiden by Matchem, who was by Cade, by the Godolphin Barb. What a glorious alliance—the union of the white and red rose! Orville was by Benningborough, by King Fergus, by Eclipse, out of Evelina, by Highflyer, a son of Herod, her dam Pyrrha by Matchem. Amongst what we term our 'wall fruit,' or examples of racing celebrities, we

happen to possess choice portraits of both, and we seldom leave our dwelling without paying to each some slight homage.

Even now whilst writing we turn from one to the other with a perplexed judgment;

‘Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine habetur.’

‘Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name,
Both to my favour have an equal claim.’

How beautiful is the head of Gohanna! Surely it must have come direct from the Desert. It looks game as a pebble, and how exquisitely it is set on to that elegant and bloodlike crest! What superb shoulders! What perfection in that obliquity of pastern! In all his gallops upon the hardest ground, the canon-bone never felt the slightest jar. What heart-room he has, and how well those strong quarters are placed for leverage and a quick repetition of stroke! He stood perhaps fifteen hands one inch, certainly not over fifteen hands two inches, and approaches nearer to our idea of perfection than any other delineation of a horse we remember. Waxy (also a grandson of Eclipse) must indeed have stirred his stumps to have got his neck in front of the Petworth representative in the Derby of 1793.

Orville does not possess that elegance in conformation which distinguishes his relation Gohanna, but he impresses you with an idea of grandeur. He reminds one of some lucky ‘nick’ of the late Sir Tatton’s, in his endeavour to produce a carriage horse which would satisfy the most fastidious taste, through a cross with a bit of whale-bone, and one of his short-legged Yorkshire mares, having some old-fashioned north-country blood in her veins. He certainly does not show the quality of Gohanna, but there is a business air about him which is irresistible. If we possess any particular weakness, leaning to, or affection for, any dam, we own to the soft impeachment. Readers, our lady-love is Young Camilla, by Woodpecker, her dam Camilla, by Trentham, out of Coquette, by the Compton Barb. The stud which possesses these strains must ever be fashionable with those who, like ourselves, value descent.

The second question we shall answer by an example. The late Mr. W. G. K. Gratwicke commenced his racing career with a brood mare, which will be found thus described in vol. iv., p. 241, of the Stud Book; ‘Phantom mare bred at Hampton Court, in 1815, her dam, sister to Election, by Gohanna, out of Chesnut Skim, by ‘Woodpecker—Herod.’ She was purchased for an old song, and in 1824 visited Lord Egremont’s Little John, by Octavius (by Orville), out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker, her dam, Silver’s dam, by Herod. What a dovetailing of the Eclipse and King Herod blood! But it does not stop here, for Phantom, by Walton, out of Sister to Eleanor, by Whiskey, out of Sorcerer’s dam, furnishes another tributary stream rich in Eclipse and Herod blood—for Walton was by Sir Peter, by Highflyer, dam Arethusa by Dungannon, who was by Eclipse, out of Aspasia, by Herod. Thus it will be perceived

that Mr. Gratwicke's foundation was the Eclipse and Herod strain worked into a three-strand cable through a descendant of Orville; keeping, as we have previously stated, the gold in the family without committing incest or violating the table of kindred and affinity. She dropped her first foal in 1825, a bay colt, 'Sir John,' sold to the Earl of Egremont through a courteous compliance with an expressed wish, and he proved of valuable service in the colony to which he was exported. In 1826 she threw a bay colt to the same horse, which by the advice of Mr. Forth was entered for the Derby of '29 under the nomenclature of Frederick; and as every one who is acquainted with turf history knows, he won the Derby, trained and ridden by Forth, whose own horse Exquisite was second;—the only two placed in a field of sixteen; and it is a fact unprecedented, that a gentleman should with only one mare at the stud, and with only one horse in training, and that the produce of this solitary brood mare, win the Derby with his *first* nomination. The betting was 6 to 5 against Patron; 7 to 1 against the Rhoda colt; 8 to 1 against Ebury; 12 to 1 each against Morris-dancer, brother to Lapdog and Espagnolle; 22 to 1 against the colt by Orville, out of Principessa's dam; 30 to 1 against Prince Eugene, and 40 to 1 against Frederick. He also is amongst our wall fruit, and though by some he might be deemed a pony, standing, as he did, little if anything over fifteen hands, yet his bones are placed in the right position; he looks all over like creeping up the Derby Hill, and the stud-groom assured us that he possessed 'a wonderful turn of speed.' The portrait is one of Mr. Herring's happiest works, and the likeness of the veteran Forth, together with his magnificent seat, are inimitable.

In 1830 the Phantom mare dropped a bay filly by Little John, own sister to Frederick, and known as 'The Margravine.' She was small but bloodlike to a degree, full of quality from head to heels, and, as we shall see, did the state some service.

She went to the stud at three years old, and was put respectively to a son of Filho da Puta and Birsta, The Colonel, and Elis. From the latter horse she produced Mary and The Landgravine, who, in their turn, gave to the Ham stud, The Nigger, Landgrave, Hesse-Homburgh, and Sittingbourne, all animals of mark. But in 1851 she went to Slane, returning to the Eclipse and Herod blood, from which she was descended. Slane was by Royal Oak, out of an Orville mare, her dam Epsom Lass, by Sir Peter, out of Alexina, by King Fergus. Royal Oak was by Catton, out of a Smolensko mare, her dam Lady Mary by Benningborough; whilst Catton was by Golumpus, a son of Gohanna. Her colt from this cross is well remembered by his happy nomenclature, and from other strong reasons, for he won the Derby of '45 in a canter from a strong field of thirty-one; and it is worthy of remark that in the same race was Doleful, by Slane, out of Frederica, own sister to Margravine, and who was generally supposed to be superior to his very near relation The Merry Monarch. That he had some sterling stuff in him was proved by the severe running which he made to the distance in company with Kedger. We

mention the name of Doleful to show that in both instances the cross with Slane 'nicked' with the old blood.

The Merry Monarch was, of all the three year old colts which in our time we have seen stripped, by far the most bloodlike. His colour was the richest red bay, and his points throughout black. He was long in his pastern, but the angle from the fetlock to the hoof was geometrically perfect; and in this respect he reminds us very much of Cadland; and indeed it was Mr. Gratwicke's opinion, in which he was not singular, that he won the race at Tattenham Corner, from that fine elasticity of pastern which enabled him to sweep down the hill like a Merlin Hawk, whilst (as our valued contributor 'North Countryman' would say) the 'propy forelegs and 'upright pasterns' hobbled on behind.

He went amiss for the St. Leger after being made a great favourite; and being in what may be termed an exclusive stable, was not patronized in proportion to his lineage and quality. There is one other example of the cropping out of ore from the same rich mine which assists our illustration, and if bold enough to entertain a theory upon breeding certainly favours it. Nutbourne, dam Princess—by The Merry Monarch, out of Queen Charlotte, by Elis, her dam Charlotte West, by Tramp, out of Filagree by Soothsayer,—is a golden chesnut with here and there a dark patch on his quarters. Now his sire Nabob (uniting the Whalebone blood through his dam Hester, and that of Orville through his sire The Nob, who was out of Octave by Emilius,) is a dark brown, and Princess is a pure and hardy bay without white, and in this respect seems to follow the Phantom mare, whose stock in every instance (we believe) were bays. In our scrutiny of Nutbourne it was a source of conjecture to reconcile his size and power with that extraordinary quality, and that delicate breeding united to a blood-like colour, which at once rivets the connoisseur; but the late Mr. Gratwicke the first time he saw the colt cleared up the mystery in these few words:—'Ah! he gets that colour and those patches from my Election blood,' meaning his foundation blood; the Phantom mare out of sister to Election, by Gohanna, out of *Gibnut* Skim—sister to *Grey* Skim by Woodpecker, out of a Herod mare.

A reference to the Stud Book shows that out of the eleven foals produced by this grand-daughter of Herod, six were grey and three chesnut, and we have not the slightest doubt but Mr. Gratwicke was right. Princess had thrown back to the Egremont blood, and the patches on Nutbourne's quarters arise from a kind of struggle between the grey and the sister chesnut; and the Godolphin Barb also furnishes a remarkable instance of the transmission of colour; for out of fifty-seven of his sons and daughters forty-four were, like him, bay.

The partiality which the late Earl of Egremont evinced for the Woodpecker and Gohanna strain amounted to a passion; and really it is not a matter of surprise when we consider that it was a rich union of the blood of the Darley Arabian, the Lonsdale Arabian, Bay Bolton, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Barb, and his system of in-

breeding (carried in many instances as far as incest, for one was actually named *Incest*, and a proper nomenclature too, for the filly was by Little John, by Octavius, out of Rectory, also by Octavius), whether or not in accordance with the theory or science of breeding, was eminently successful, for he was five times hailed the winner of the Derby, and five times also did his charmingly delicate strain carry off the Oaks.

That a continued union between the sons and daughters of two stables, however nobly descended, will, sooner or later, cause degeneracy, both in size and substance, we firmly believe; the Darley Arabian's blood would become as *vin ordinaire*, if not at intervals mixed with that of some other flower of the desert, retaining the strength and aroma of *Chateau Margaux*.

Upon this principle we select Gohanna and Orville as our standards to cross with the Whalebone, or, as it may be called, the Eclipse blood, because in both, the Byerley Turk and the Godolphin Barb are brought back to the Darley Arabian, through their respective sires, Mercury and Benningborough. And here we may remark that the breeding of racehorses is similar to the process of warping land. The tidal deposits of the Trent would be of little or no agricultural value if the scouring of the bed of the river, or the sand washed into its mouth, were alone precipitated. But the ocean encroachments upon the coast of Holderness give to each tide a virgin loam, which by engineering skill is thoroughly amalgamated with the natural tidal disturbances, and in time forms that rich alluvial soil so extensively met with in the county of Lincoln.

There are many instances of success in what is termed 'in-breed-ing,' and Cadland is one example. He was by Andrew out of Sorcery by *Sorcerer*, and Andrew was by Orville out of Morel by *Sorcerer*, and he had a remarkably blood-like appearance and conformation. Spaniel also in every lineament showed a blood-like descent. His pedigree reminds us of an entangled skein of silk. He was by Whalebone out of a Canopus mare, her dam by Y. Woodpecker out of Fractious by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting by Eclipse. Canopus by Gohanna out of Colibri by Woodpecker. It finally becomes a fast knot.

Who, then, can say that the great Stockwell himself does not owe his chief glory at the stud to Marpessa (the dam of Pocahontas), who inherits in a direct line the blood of our turf idols? Marpessa was by Muley (a son of Orville) out of Clare by Marmion; her dam Harpalice by Gohanna.

For the length of this paper let our full and sufficient apology be found in the Stud Book: for whenever we refer to its pages we are insensibly led on from generation to generation, and feel an uncontrollable desire to enter Noah's Ark:

'Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.'

'From a long line of grandams draws his blood,
And counts his great-great-grandires from the Flood.'

These humble turf jottings have been provoked by the return of

the stud season ; and to the stud proprietors of England, individually and collectively, whether addressing strangers, or those to whom we are personally known, whether patricians or plebeians, in the highest Roman acceptation, we give this simple advice,—Consult your stud-book, and despise the raven-croakings and absurd vapourings of those who would persuade you, that there is a degeneracy in the English racehorse.

We have gone critically through the list of brood mares (in our estimation the most important element), and although, as a matter of course, the establishments differ in magnitude, yet a conscientious judgment points but to one conclusion :

‘ Simili frondescit virga metallo.’

‘ The same rich metal glitters on the tree.’

THE PRESERVATION OF FOXES.

THE transgression of vulpecidism,—let it be called a crime at once,—the crime, then, of vulpecidism is one of paramount importance to the interests of the sporting world ; for the evil is not confined to the solitary act that may have been committed in a remote district, but affects by that same act the cause of sportsmen and of fox-hunting, generally and collectively, throughout the length and breadth of the land. A case has lately arisen in the Berkeley country that has excited considerable attention from the manner in which it has been dealt with by Lord Fitzhardinge. The destruction of foxes in a particular locality was certain, and an unsatisfactory correspondence having ensued thereon, his lordship issued a circular to the members of the Berkeley Hunt, inviting them to meet at Berkeley Castle on a given day—Thursday, Dec. 29—in order to take the matter into consideration, and to provide such a remedy that in the opinion of the meeting should seem proper. Without giving the circular *in extenso*, two sentences may be extracted which contain the pith of the subject for deliberation.

‘ James Cox, of Wandsell, has shot several foxes lately, and avows that he will destroy every fox that he can get at ; and the small covert belonging to Sir E. Colt is full of traps set for the hounds.’ ‘ Under these circumstances I shall be forced to give up the country, unless, by your united endeavours, you can induce the reverend baronet to prevent the said James Cox from pursuing this unneighbourly and selfish course of proceeding.’

The meeting was fully attended on the day appointed, by all the members of the Berkeley Hunt—only two being absent, from unavoidable causes, but they signified their full concurrence in the objects of the meeting. A chairman, Mr. W. P. C. Miles, was elected, the grievance stated, and a committee of investigation was appointed, with a view to a conciliatory adjustment of the untoward affair. There the matter rests for the present ; for it would be paying an

ill compliment—nay, it would be an offence to the gentlemen of the committee—to comment upon the details that have been made public whilst the matter is in their hands, and before the result of their mediating office is made known. It is to be sincerely hoped that the misunderstanding may be set right; in the mean time, however, any intemperate epistle, such as that which lately appeared in a morning paper, counselling a wholesale destruction of foxes in the Berkeley district, by way of revenge for certain stringent observations made by Lord Fitzhardinge, will not serve the purposes of justification, and can only redound to the discredit of the writer.

That part of the affair which comes immediately within the province of public remark, is the line of conduct adopted by Lord Fitzhardinge when the interests of the Berkeley Hunt were assailed, and which led to his direct appeal to the gentlemen of the country—the members and supporters of that hunt—for their interference and decision. This was a manly and straightforward course, certain to elicit the truth, to shame the one clad in historical sable, and worthy of all commendation. The difference existing between hereditary establishments of long standing and those of a more uncertain tenure, that are maintained by subscription, with the glaring inconvenience of a continued change of masters, is perfectly known to all who have had a varied experience in the hunting field. In the first instance, the quiet and well-regulated manner with which everything is conducted—the respectability of the men—and the one authority that reigns supreme, combine to make the whole move with an even tenor that enhances the pleasure of all connected with the establishment. The absence of dispute from a divided authority; the decision to which no one refuses obedience; and the attention paid to the wishes and convenience of parties, with the possession of power to consult that convenience,—are the agreeable concomitants of those hunting-fields where the course of long years and many have only added to their efficiency and popularity. The minor packs, less fortunate in their means and appliances, and with a want of unity in authority, have a more difficult game to play; and for this they are the more praiseworthy when, from ability, attention, and perseverance, they succeed in compassing the end and aim of their exertions—in showing good runs, and in giving satisfaction to contented fields. In either case, sport is dependent upon having a good stock of foxes. This is common ground alike to the larger and smaller establishments; it is the key of the position; and, unless the supply answer to the demand, it is in vain that those vast expenses are incurred which extend their ramifications beneficially through their respective districts. It is not necessary to enter into the subject of collateral advantage—the improvement of the breed of horses, the increased requirement of agricultural produce, &c., that are commonly used in illustration of the utility of this favourite sport; but it is fitting to regard it in the light of a grand national pastime, popular with all classes, expecting, if not insisting upon support, irrelative of particular predilection, and assuming the character of an institution

which becomes a public duty, as well as a satisfaction to uphold. These be gentle words, which shall be put into a plainer shape, for it is intended to affirm distinctly that, whether a person be partial to fox-hunting or the reverse, it is not the less incumbent upon him, according to conventional usage and honourable understanding, to preserve foxes—at the very least, not to countenance the illicit destruction of them, in a legitimate hunting country,—and to permit his coverts to be drawn in their due rotation. We say ‘conventional,’ being well aware that a vulgar right may be claimed upon the bare possession of property, and sustained by a hacknied quotation, which, although authoritative in principle, is rendered, in the main, abortive by its misapplication through stolid ignorance or wilful perversion—‘Friend, I do thee no wrong. Is it not lawful ‘for me to do what I will with mine own?’ Ay, but then a direct compact of wages existed, and an agreement had been voluntarily undertaken, ratified, and performed without violation of compact. Here, on the contrary, is a direct infringement of usage and custom, by the commission of a deed injurious to the community, where the one sets himself up, single-handed, to do a grievous harm to his neighbours. We observe upon this particular argument, on account of the reference to it by Sir E. Colt, ‘I claim the right of ‘doing what I please with my own land;’ and perhaps, looking at the position of that gentleman, it might have been more prudent, to use a charitable term, if the supposed authority for this social transgression had not been so irreverently misused.

There is not a master of hounds, however extensive may be his territorial possessions, however lofty his name, whose personal influence is sufficiently potent to make the preservation of foxes absolute in his country without reference to any other cause than his own crude will. Urbanity may go half the way, and liberality seemingly accomplish the other half, in the endeavour to effect it; yet it is to be feared that this fair division of quality and quantity cannot be verified by experience, and that the latter ingredient in general—for we grant an exceptional case—usurps two-thirds, if not three-fourths of the quantity with the recipients in the schedule of their worldly motives. There is an inherent enmity between the hunting-horn and the shot-pouch—between the feeding-trough and the vermin-trap—that baffles every attempt at reconciliation; and, notwithstanding social propriety exacts a deference to the decencies, yet the amicable intercourse is hollow; the feud is not the less deep, it is only in abeyance, and an occasional and irrepressible outbreak is a sure token of its occult existence. An example is before the public, and forms the subject-matter of this paper. But the two parties do not meet on equal terms. There is a consciousness of wrong in the abstract, on one side, from which the other is free; and no greater proof can be given than the unanimous denial of the sin of vulpecidism, even—and in shame be it spoken—on certain occasions to the utterance of the reverse of truth. Who ever confessed, in cold blood, to the destroying or ginning a fox? Take any club in town,

and let us suppose that a member may have had a report from a keeper, informing him that, in a certain covert full of young pheasants carefully reared, he has killed a vixen and her cubs—and this not in a hunting country. Would that member retail it in the smoking-room, or at one of the small tables in the dining-room, to his surrounding friends as a common occurrence, or as a warrantable act? And why should this be? He might not have been under an engagement which would have openly prevented his destruction of foxes; there might not have been any moral hindrance to the vulpecidal deed; yet he would naturally refrain from making it public, from a fear of losing caste, and from a consciousness, if not of wrong, of something that would not tell in his favour with men in general. This is a fair illustration; one that, in the very fact, came within our immediate cognizance, and goes materially to confirm the assertion that fox-hunting is held to be a national pursuit, calling for a uniform and systematic support. It is in consequence of this aspect of the case, that the regret and indignation are universal whenever the Prince of Wales experiences the mortification of a blank day, through something more than accidental causes.

The difficulty of a master of hounds effectively to guard his country against casual disaster, is obviated by the support which he receives from the country,—from those persons forming the so-called hunt, in other words, the gentlemen of the district, who, at the invitation of the master, embody themselves under him their leader, and are bound to encourage and superintend the preservation of foxes to the utmost of their power. It is their province to relieve the master from those petty annoyances that will occasionally happen, and to render his responsibility less onerous; for, it must be observed, that when a country is hunted at the sole expense of one person, there is an engagement entered into by that person to fulfil a duty that, self-imposed, is still obligatory of performance. On the other hand, the gentlemen of the country take their share of the common obligation by the strict preservation of foxes. ‘No song, no supper,’ is an old adage that may be reproduced in this instance with telling effect.

But in speaking of the members of a hunt, let it not be supposed that the expression is confined to those only who may don the scarlet. The most important ingredient of the hunting-field, the most valuable auxiliaries, and who may be said to be almost the sinews of war, are the farmers of England. They furnish the means for this ‘Bailly’ pastime; by them this sport of kings is mainly sustained, and through them this animal of chase is specially reared and provided for. Game-preservers of abounding wealth, and who kill their thousands in a solitary battue, may prefer a remonstrance upon the destruction of eggs, and of hen pheasants upon their nests, which is as common as a nursery tale to frighten children, with about the same amount of truth. The good dame, however, of the homestead, who may be deficient in her market supply, has a positive and not a Sardanapalian ground of com-

plaint; yet she does not complain, and, with the right to compensation, she also merits general thanks for her kindness and forbearance. The one who has a feeble case, at best, is touchy and querulous; the other, who has right on her side, meets one with a smile on her bonny face—and every blessing be upon it! And is this all? No. Whenever and wherever the hunter may be homeward bound after a long chase, the same hospitality is ever offered by the well-conditioned master and farmer. In the midland counties, the pork pie, with a frothing jug of home-brewed and a glass of golden sherry, meet him at every snug homestead: farther west there is the ham, with the creaming cider; and the warm heartiness with which the welcome restoratives are offered adds to their flavour, and makes them doubly acceptable.

In the whole range of civilization, there is not a person who more thoroughly enjoys existence, who contributes more to the general well-being, and more strictly performs the duties of a neighbour—which comprise also that other command without which we are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—than the honest and sturdy farmer. There he stands, the brave fellow! truth in his heart, and satisfaction beaming on his brow, with not a little pride, as, lifting his hat respectfully, he takes the extended hand of the master of the hounds, conscious of having performed his part of the covenant, and having well deserved the good word that rewards him for all his exertions in the noble cause. At a hunt dinner given to Lord Hastings, at Holt, in Norfolk, in 1863, the chairman, Mr. Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, himself a large game-preserver and an equally zealous fox-hunter, remarked, that one farmer who took care of his coverts and reared foxes, was worth a legion of keepers who, under orders, promised to obey those orders of preserving foxes, and received their compliment for so doing, yet were never to be trusted. These men bet amongst themselves largely, and back their respective battues and the guns of their masters against each other, and they stake the value of their wages on the amount of game killed in the coverts under their care. They pay little attention to the languid and insincere orders given to preserve foxes. The trap performs its office early in the morning; a spade covers in the hole quickly; and the earth is stamped down and guards its own secret. The covert is drawn blank; but Velveteen declares, and Tom and his fellows all bear witness, that a fox was there only the day before. There was one farmer present at the dinner at Holt, who had refused 150 guineas for his horse, in order that he might finish the season with Lord Hastings; and another who, after the favourite covert of Fulmerston—always a sure find—had been unduly rattled for weeks in succession, killed some of his pigeons of the dovecote, and placed them in the covert, in order to entice the foxes back, that there might be a litter. The honest and gallant fellow was successful in having the covert well stocked during the ensuing season. And he fed the cubs in their day of innocence.

The chairman of the Berkeley Hunt Meeting pertinently re-

marked that, 'they were assembled there that day upon a great fox-hunting question. It was not only the case of a dispute in a particular country, but it resolved itself into a large question affecting the cause of fox-hunting throughout the land. He regretted to say, that in different parts of the country fox-hunting was not looked upon, nor was it treated in the manner which it deserved to be; therefore it would be doing a great deal of good if they looked at this case in a general point of view, and put it fairly before the public, so that it might be decided and quoted as a precedent which might have a universal application.' There is no fox-hunter or M. F. H. but will cordially agree in the sentiment. The publicity which has been given to the case by the manly and open conduct of Lord Fitzhardinge will be, it is to be hoped, productive of the utmost benefit. There is always an attempt made, when a vulpecidal act is detected, to veil the transaction, and to pass it over without public animadversion, upon the simple assurance that it was an exceptional case and directly contrary to orders. These last words, 'contrary to orders,' are of facile pronounciation, and in nine cases out of ten are what an Irishman would call a verbal forgery. If, instead of condoning the wrong, the simple publication of it in the county newspapers and in 'Bell' and 'The Field' were resorted to without remark, yet without any false delicacy in withholding names, the public would be a fitting judge and executioner in the neighbouring market-place, and justice would be done upon the traitor.

The chairman mentioned that a committee of investigation would be proposed, 'composed of three gentlemen and two farmers, with whom might be left the task of settling this question, and putting it upon a satisfactory footing for all time.' The first resolution affirmed unanimously 'that this meeting wishes to express to Lord Fitzhardinge the great obligation it feels under to him and his ancestors for the princely manner in which he and they have hunted the country for so many years.' This compliment to the noble lord and those who went before him is only common justice, for the manner in which the owners of Berkeley Castle have hunted the country, of which it is said—

'Blest is the eye
Which dwells between the Severn and the Wye,'

regardless of expense, and lavish of care to make the kennel one of the first in the kingdom, cannot be too warmly acknowledged. The names of Herod, Harrowgate,—Herald and the Desperate litter by the Beaufort Woldsman of the old Nectar strain out of Delicate, take their rank amongst the first stud hounds on record, and the noses of the famous old blue sort can contest the palm for close hunting even with the descendants of the Yarborough Ranter.

The second resolution proposed, 'that, with the approval of Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. B. Baker, Mr. Maclaine, Mr. Phelps, Mr. S. Young, and Mr. W. Hobbs, with the chairman, be appointed a deputation from this meeting, and be requested to wait upon Sir

‘ Edward Harry Vaughan Colt; and, while admitting to him it was only by the courtesy and sufferance of landlords and tenants that hunting can be carried on in any country, they do trust that he and his tenant will accede to the wishes of so influential and numerous a meeting, and come to a satisfactory arrangement with the deputation.’

There are two points that should be noticed in this resolution. The statement that fox-hunting is carried on by the courtesy of landlord and tenants is a truth to which all will subscribe, and which we have already noticed. From the space of country which the pursuit demands for its prosecution and enjoyment, it could not be otherwise, therefore a mutual forbearance and a frank publicity are requisite in order that misunderstanding may be avoided. A public amusement cannot be carried out in a private manner. Fox-hunters do not meet at the covert side by invitation, as at a *thé dansante* at five without *chaperons*, although that may be free and fast enough; it is an open assemblage for all comers, containing every rank and class in society, and generative of that public good-fellowship to which it is the interest not less than the satisfaction of all to contribute. The second part of the resolution declaratory of the constitution of the committee proves the cordiality and friendship with which the gentlemen and farmers make common cause in this national sport, and of the value attached to the support and co-operation of the farmers of the country. The latter may well take their share of the honour, as they do intrinsically contribute to the very being and prosperity of the cause; and long may that unanimity exist which brings the noblemen, gentry, and farmers together in that common amusement in which the best man is he that is the best placed with hounds.

Mr. Miles truly observed that this case was one that probably will long be remembered from the public manner in which it had been treated, and be held as a precedent for the future. The noble Master and the members of the Berkeley Hunt have shaped their course with an absence of excitement on an excitable topic, which is greatly to be commended, and it is universally hoped that their judicious forbearance may be attended with the success that such conduct deserves.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER X.

PASSING on between the Lac de Pinosa and that of Creno, the hunters pointed for a ridge of land which, running due north and south, seemed to be, from its lofty and serrated conformation, the backbone of the island, and from which numerous spurs, like so many ribs, forming the valleys of the Gravone, the Liamone, and the Grosso, descended in a westerly direction abruptly to the sea. At the head of the last of these they came to a halt; and on a small terrace of level ground overhanging the Bocca di Manganello, and com-

manding a glorious view of the Mediterranean Sea in the distance, they pitched their tents. The spot was one of extreme desolation—far more so than that of the *bergeria*; not a trace of vegetation could be seen between it and the neighbouring forest, and huge pillars of granite rose high in the air, like giants scowling on the softer scene below. If herbage had ever risen to the surface of this arid soil it had long since disappeared, withered, and burnt, as on a funeral pile. Yet it was the centre of the mouflon country; and on that account, if for no other reason, it had charms unspeakable for Pendril and his friend.

‘I can’t conceive a grander site for a hunting-box,’ said the former, in raptures with the scene; ‘and if the country continues to be as well stocked as Brando represents it to be, I should like to spend every autumn of my life on this wild spot.’

‘Ay!’ said Tennyson, in a tone of assumed irony; ‘and you’d bring a host of friends with you, and soon destroy the privacy which is now its chief characteristic: just as, according to your own account, the romantic glens of the Trosachs have been flooded by a stream of tourists, whose very presence is incompatible with that of the eagle and the wild dun-deer.’

‘Man is a social animal, Tennyson, and never, I believe, enjoys sport so much as when he shares it with a friend. This is the prime feature of fox-hunting: it is at once the manliest, the most exciting, and the least selfish of sports. The quiet, cozy charm of the cover side, and the thrilling fire of the chase, which, after a glorious blaze in the field, lights up the mahogany at night with undiminished effect, impart social delights such as no other sport can show. So, rob me of good company, and you rob me of half my enjoyment.’

That night a message, conveyed by the returning goatherds, brought Brando to the tents; and right pleasant to the hunters’ ears was the loud, hearty greeting with which the braconnier welcomed their arrival on that side of the hills. After a short but lively conversation on monks, mouflon, and *gens-d’armes*, it was determined to devote the following day to the chase of the great mouflon alone. Wildfire, according to Will’s account, had never been in better form; his diet had been carefully attended to; and every day, during the prevalence of the equinoctial gales, he had been well exercised by accompanying the henchman on his long but vain rambles in search of the missing pony.

‘What on earth shall we do with Brando for the night?’ whispered Pendril, as the braconnier, seated on the ground, was eating his supper and quaffing Vico wine as if he had tasted neither meat nor drink for a whole week.

‘He talks of taking the field at daylight, and of course will not return at this late hour to his own home; hardy as he is, I should be sorry to let him roost *sub Jove frigido* on a granite bed—and that, too, necessarily a damp one, after the recent heavy rain.’

‘His own plans for the night are, I dare say, formed,’ replied

Tennyson; 'and when he has finished his meal, we shall probably hear what they are.'

Brando's thoughts, however, were clogged by no difficulties; he had so often laid down his head and slept the sleep of an infant on the bare, rugged bosom of his mother earth, that it was a matter of supreme indifference to him whether the plank was a hard or a soft one on which he took his rest. If on a wild night he found it necessary to bivouac in the open, the only shelter he sought was that of a projecting rock, to leeward of which he lay, heedless of the passing storm—just as a salmon in a strong stream lies quietly with his nose against a stone, while the current rushes furiously by, without disturbing his rest. When the braconnier's appetite had been fully satisfied—

' — Expletus dapibus; vinoque sepultus,
Cervicem inflexam posuit, jacuitque per antrum
Immensus:'

he cast himself at full length on the floor of the tent, and there, enveloped in his goat-skin attire, he soon fell into a long, deep, sonorous sleep, such as they only know who have full skins and a light conscience.

'One can imagine Prometheus on his back, *saniem eructans*,' said Tennyson, as Brando lay stretched on the ground, overcome with wine and sleep, and occupying a Cyclopean share of the space on which the tent stood.

'Ay!' said Pendril, 'if that huge mastiff were not in such close propinquity, lying at his side with half-closed eyes, and guarding him with such watchful care; the giant, depend upon it, never had such a friend as that at his elbow.'

'Probably not, or Ulysses could not have so easily gouged him,' replied Tennyson; 'the brute is certainly a grand one, and reminds me of Endymion's dog, as he lies, sculptured in half-recumbent form, in the corridor of the Capitol.'

The next morn, before break of day, and before the fox had ceased to bark in the hollow fell below, it needed no blast of the horn to rouse the hunters from their light sleep, and to remind them of the attractive sport awaiting them on the Grosso. Brando and Argus, as he appropriately called his faithful comrade, had already strolled from the tent; the braconnier, however, had left his long fowling-piece behind, and had merely gone forth to ascertain the quarter from which the wind was blowing—a preliminary observation which the experienced mouflon-hunter took care never to neglect.

Again, at breakfast, Brando took in a vast supply of provisions, paying compliments to Madame Fioré's skill, which would have certainly brought the damask into that lady's cheek, had she been there to hear them.

'A widow, is she—and good-looking, too? Then, by St. Hubert, I'll marry her!'

'But you must first woo her, and then gain her consent, Brando, before that happy result can take place,' said Pendril.

‘Not a bit of it; a maid may require the slow process of a regular siege, but a widow is best carried by a *coup de main*—at least, so my friends at St. Martino say; and they are no mean judges of woman’s ways.’

‘On the principle, I conclude,’ said Tennyson, ‘that a looker-on sees more of the game than the player himself?—and because that privileged class to which your friends belong are licensed to lift the dark veil that conceals our infirmities from profane eyes, and to take private peeps into the recesses of the human heart.’

‘Of woman’s in particular,’ said Brando; ‘for, as they are the weaker vessels, so they chiefly yield to influences which the stronger nature of man is better able to resist.’

‘True,’ replied Tennyson; ‘but in married life the husband confides in the wife, and the wife in a third person; and this gives that person knowledge and power over both. Samson was guilty of this mistake, and immediately suffered physical blindness and slavery;—the identical moral penalty which they pay who commit themselves to man and not to God.’

Will’s presence, with Wildfire at his heels, brought the breakfast and conversation abruptly to a close, for the moment Brando caught sight of the hound the pleasant vision of domestic comfort which he had so boldly conceived vanished like a morning dream from his thoughts. Diana came to the rescue; and the obliteration of the widow was, for the time, complete.

On the north-west side of the tents, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, lay a broad expanse of open moorland, destitute, apparently, of all vegetation, and less broken by rock and gully than the surrounding land. To this waste the hunters, under the guidance of Brando, first directed their steps. The braconnier, full of hope, and in high feather, pointed out the exact spot on which he had last seen the great mouflon, and, expatiating with pardonable minuteness on the long range at which he was compelled to fire, attributed his want of success to the great difficulty of approaching so wild and watchful an animal in such open ground. ‘If there’s an eagle in the air,’ said he, ‘the mouflon can tell by his movements whether the country is safe around him; and the least variation in the ordinary tone of the raven’s note attracts his attention and warns him of approaching danger.’

This the hunters found to be really the case; not that telegraphic signals are established between the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field for their mutual protection, but that the instinct of the shy mouflon leads him to keep an ever-watchful eye on all animals that come within his ken, and to discover, in the peculiarity of their cry or movements, the approach of an enemy, especially of man. The mere twitter of a mountain finch, as he flitted across their path on a jerking wing, was alone sufficient to attract the wary animal’s notice and excite his suspicions, as Pendril, on more than one occasion, found to his cost.

For at least three hours they had tramped over this desolate reach-

examining with a keen scrutiny the heads and hollows of several glens, without discovering the slightest trace of the great mouflon. The long serrated ridge on their right was also swept with equal care and result; and here and there small herds, chiefly of dams and their young, were seen resting on the summit of isolated rocks, the approach to which, without being seen, was next to an impossibility. These in every instance were left undisturbed; Brando pronouncing positively that the object of the chase was not among them, and that every herd on the Grosso plain would be set in motion if they were pursued.

Not a track was visible on the bare, stony ground by which the hunters could judge of the probable direction the animal had taken when he had last crossed this wilderness; nor, indeed, would the land have betrayed the hoof-marks of a herd of buffaloes, had they stampeded over its surface that very morning: so that clue to his whereabouts there was none.

'At all events,' said Brando, in a tone of undisguisable impatience, 'these are the devil's head-quarters; and here, within a league or two, I have seen him, hoof and horn, at least a score of times.'

'It don't suit him to be visible just now,' said Pendril. 'Perhaps your alliance with the monks of St. Martino has alarmed him, and he has a shrewd notion, if he fall into their hands, they will add insult to injury—roast him first, and say grace over him afterwards.'

'That would only be half his penalty; they'd drown him into the bargain,' said the braconnier, carrying on the joke, and giving a proof of his Milesian origin, which the Herald's College would have deemed unquestionable.

Fifty times that morning had Pendril's telescope been passed from one hand to another, as each hunter in his turn fondly imagined he had at length discovered the Chief of le Niolo; but the object invariably turned out to be either a block of light-coloured granite or the bole of a stunted beech tree that, by some mischance, had ventured into existence in a zone and soil unsuitable even to its hardy nature.

Mid-day had now arrived, and six leagues of mountain land had been thus far traversed in vain, when Pendril, whose hope never flagged, and who had always a cheery word ready at the moment it was most needed, shouted to Will to 'unbuckle his knapsack and draw a cover which, thanks to the widow, they never drew blank. 'The luck of the day,' said he, 'generally changes at lunch-time; so the sooner we fall to, the better will be our chance of sport in the afternoon.'

Will's belief in his master's doctrine was unbounded; and although the prospect of a quick and sure find in the well-stocked cover at his back probably sharpened his alacrity in drawing it, yet, so truly did he love the chase, that he would have gone without his dinner for a whole month, cheerfully and gladly, to catch one glimpse of the great mouflon's horns. His qualms respecting Wildfire and that

animal had long ceased, and he had now arrived at the conviction that there was no truer nor wilder game on the face of the earth than the mouflon of that mountain land.

The luncheon was no sooner spread than despatched; and while the hunters yet lingered to light their pipes and enjoy the sedative and soothing influence that good tobacco imparts to the nerves, Will had sprung on his legs, and, pointing in the direction of Monte Cinto, towards which he had been intently gazing for some minutes, exclaimed, 'If ever I viewed a fox in my life I do now; yonder he goes, as bright as a new guinea!'

'Tush, Will!' said Pendril, whose expectation had been suddenly excited; 'I could have sworn you had seen something better worth looking at.'

'That I never shall, your honour; a fox always makes my heart jump, view him where I will: 'tis but a little animal, but there is nothing like him for true sport; and that I'm pretty sure your honour thinks.'

'No doubt; but we want the great mouflon just now; and this is not exactly the sort of country in which one cares to see a fox, simply because you can't follow him over it. But, talking of country,' said Pendril, addressing himself to Tennyson, 'I remember hearing a strange story told respecting the miscomprehension of that word. An English squire of the old school, living on the borders of a fine, open country called the Penbarrow Moors, after a long life devoted entirely to fox-hunting, found himself one day suddenly summoned by the King of Terrors, or, in his own words, "going to ground before he was beat in the field." A remarkable animal, styled "the whit-faced mare," had carried him gloriously to hounds, and, in the delirium that preceded his decease, her merits seemed to form the sole subject of his conversation and thoughts. A neighbouring clergyman, hearing of the serious state of his body and soul, hastened to his bedside, and earnestly implored him to fix his hope on a better country.'

"A better country, sir!" said the dying man, starting up in his bed, "why this is a beautiful country! Give me the white-faced mare and a thousand a year, and I'd never wish to see a better."

'Of course the clergyman explained?' inquired Tennyson.

'No, he had no time for that. The sick man sent for his groom, and gave him orders to dress him in his top-boots, breeches, and pink; then taking his arm, in spite of all remonstrances, he descended to a settle by the kitchen fire, called for his pipe, and died smoking it.'

'A literal case of *exit in fumo*,' observed Tennyson.

'Ay! so thought the clergyman; for he shook his head, and said, solemnly, "Verily life is a vapour."'

Brando, who had been manifesting some impatience at the long-winded story he had just heard, waved his hand towards a group of ragged mounds which, in the distance, looked like a cluster of

gigantic mole-hills, and expressed a wish to draw that ground before they turned to the ridge on their homeward route: so they bent their steps at once in that direction. 'That's a capital cover in 'rough weather,' said he; 'especially if the wind's in the west; but 'it is quite unapproachable from every quarter—at least within gunshot.'

'And for that reason,' said Pendril, 'one would expect to find a 'shy old mouflon always at home in so safe a harbour.'

They were now within half a league of the ground, and as the atmosphere was extremely dry and clear, the movement of an animal of far less size than a mouflon could not have escaped detection at that distance, even with the naked eye. Wildfire, however, carried his head 'high, as if in gazing attitude, and pricked up his ears towards the mounds with more than usual vivacity. The braconnier's dog, too, at the same time required a rough hint to keep him in the rear; but, in spite of that and sundry uncomplimentary allusions to his parentage, the ardour of the brute was not to be restrained: so Brando took out a leash and bound him to his waist.

Who, after a long morning, has not eyed with delight an improvement in the manner of hounds as they draw near a cover in which they expect to find? The quicksilver mounts almost visibly in their veins;—how gay is their action, and how unequivocal and expressive is its meaning, as, heedless of the spiny brake, they dash into it, through it, and over it in search of the expected game. Not a word is said, not a sound uttered; yet the houndsman knows from the foregoing signals, the truest of all telegrams, that the prophecy of a blank day, croaked forth by some desponding bird of ill omen, is not likely to be fulfilled; and in another moment joy fills his heart, as the whimper of Vestris tingles on his ear. 'Have at him, 'my lass!' rings from his lips; 'he's up, for a thousand!'

'Gently, Wildfire,' said Will, as he stroked the fine, silky ear of the hound, now stalking at his side on the very tiptoe of expectation; 'gently, my boy, or you'll be half-beaten before the fray begins.'

There could be no doubt, from the action of the two dogs, that they had crossed fresh scent; and, as the hillocks in front appeared to be the only ground in which a herd of mouflon could be harboured without being seen, the sagacious brutes had evidently set their hearts on finding the game in that cover; nor were they doomed to long suspense; for Brando, suddenly snatching the glass from Pendril's hand, applied it to his eye, and, uttering a kind of short howl, strangely expressive of joy, exclaimed: 'If I don't see the horns of 'the great mouflon, may I ride to hell on the back of a pig! But,' continued he, in a more subdued tone, 'how on earth are we to get 'at him, so as to give the hound a fair start?'

The position occupied by the herd, and especially by the leader of it, commanded the plain on all sides; but, to the right of the spot on which the hunters were gathered, a single mound, scarcely so high as a man's head, stood, like a solitary sentinel, at a distance

of two or three hundred yards from the chief cluster ; and, under that cover, it was just possible to approach so near without disturbing the game. The operation required no little skill ; not only on account of the bare open ground and the shy habits of the great mouflon, but because the direction of the wind was not sufficiently favourable to warrant its probable success.

Pendril, however, undertook the delicate task ; and, while the others were falling back in order to execute a circular movement, and to show themselves on the opposite side of the mounds, he and Wildfire stole off towards the ambush, now crawling on all-fours, and now crouching to the very earth, as if life itself depended on the caution with which they advanced. And so it did ;—the life of the Chief of le Niolo ; the wariest, the wildest, and the heaviest mouflon in all Corsica. But the remainder of the story had better be told in Pendril's own words : ‘ I had scarcely crept a hundred yards in this fashion,’ said he, ‘ when I lay on my chest and took a good look at the game in front. I could count three fine, full-grown mouflon ; one of which, from his superior size and enormous horns, was evidently the object of our chase. All were in recumbent positions ; and each occupied the apex of a separate little pyramid from which danger could be seen afar. But as yet they were in a state of perfect repose ; insomuch that a stranger to the animals’ habits might have mistaken them for so many stone sphinxes, forming classic but grotesque capitals to the rude columns on which they were placed. I then advanced stealthily on, keeping my eye upon them the whole time, until I had gained safe ground and placed myself fairly behind the intervening hillock.

‘ Alas ! when I had thus reached this point, and was taking another peep through the chinks of a cracked boulder, a flight of plover whizzed by me with such a clatter that I made sure the mouflon would discover my retreat and at once break away in an opposite direction. For some seconds I dared not move a muscle, knowing that the whole attention of the herd would be concentrated on the spot in which I lay. At length—for seconds seemed hours—I again raised my head very cautiously, and, as I brought my eye to a cleft groove, I was startled by a sight that even now quickens my pulse when I think of it. Every mound was crowned with a living mouflon, erect, gazing, and prepared for flight ; and amongst them all, a dozen or more, the great mouflon was eminently conspicuous ; a magnificent wild animal, towering above his fellows as Rotundo over the lesser hills.

‘ In an instant, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole herd wheel round, like so many girouettes, and fix their attention earnestly on a different point. Of course they were looking at my companions, of whose position I could form a pretty accurate judgment by the fixed gaze with which the mouflon stared in that direction. The chance of immediate sport now fired my veins ; and I could scarcely suppress my feelings as Wildfire, trembling with nervous impatience, looked up in my face, as much as to

‘inquire, “How much longer?” No Napier that ever was born, said I to myself, could claim a better title to the motto of “Ready, ay Ready” than thou canst, my brave hound; and I laid my hand on his head to express a sympathy which I dared not utter in words.

‘A loud shout in the distance now caught the hound’s ears as well as my own; and at the same moment every mouflon bounded from his pinnacle to the plain, like swallows quitting a house-top on an autumn day. On they came, in headlong hurry, direct for the mound under which I lay. I could hear their hoofs rattling against the stones. Wildfire became frantic, and, in spite of my arm which I threw round his neck, dashed straight at the leading mouflon, met him almost at right angles, and struck boldly at his throat. By some mischance, or rather, perhaps, by being in too great a hurry, the hound missed his mark, came into collision, and fell heavily on the plain. In one instant the whole herd pelted by him like a storm of hail, the great mouflon himself being the last of the ruck; but in another, Wildfire was on his legs again, dashing after him and cleaving the air, like a jer-falcon in pursuit of his prey.

‘The long, even, and vigorous stride of the hound soon brought him to the quarters of his game; but, ever as he reached the shoulder, the beast bounded on one side, stopped short, and threw the hound yards beyond his mark. The rest of the herd had now gained a clear lead, and, on the principle of the devil take the hindmost, speedily disappeared over the ridge above. The great mouflon, on the other hand, discovering the power and desperate character of his foe, turned downwards and endeavoured to reach the gorge below. I held my breath as I saw the hound strike at his neck and again and again miss his hold: the dexterity with which he shot on one side and escaped the seizure was perfectly marvellous, and I ceased to wonder at the stories told of his charmed life.

‘Brando’s mastiff was now hurrying on as fast as his legs could bear him; and, while I began to tremble lest the honours of final victory, which my noble hound had all but already won, should be carried off by that gaunt brute, I saw Wildfire again strike at the mouflon, and this time with the most perfect success. The hound had taken him by the shoulder, and, struggling forwards a few paces, brought him heavily to the ground.

‘I stopped and gave one frantic cheer to encourage the hound, though I doubt if he heard it; Tennyson and Brando, however, perched as they were on the top of the mounds just vacated by the mouflon, from which they commanded a capital view of the whole run, responded to it with intense effect.

‘Before I could reach the scene of action, the struggles of the great mouflon had well nigh ceased: Wildfire had never relaxed his hold on the shoulder, and Argus had him by the throat, eager for his life’s blood, which, with one stroke of the knife, saturated

‘the plain. I thought Brando would have gone mad with delight, when he looked down on the noble beast that till now he had so often pursued in vain. He whooped over him, like a Red Indian; patted Wildfire on the back, and swore by St. Hubert the monks would canonize him. The hound, he said, had done what man could not do, and had gained immortal glory by the deed. Finally, he insisted on bearing the game, in its then entire condition, on his own shoulders to the tent: but he staggered under the burden, and, if Will had not succoured him, the giant strength of the braconnier would have been unequal to the task. A grander pair of horns never graced a mouflon’s head; and as for his haunches—one of which was sent to the monastery of St. Martino, and the other to General de Leseleuc,—they weighed just thirty-two French pounds apiece, exactly six pounds heavier than the largest mouflon Brando had ever killed.’

THE THAMES PRESERVATION SOCIETY, AND WHOLLY-PAID KEEPERS.

THE conservancy of the fishing of the Thames, as most of our readers are probably aware, is vested *ex officio* in the Lord Mayor of London, as ‘Conservator of the River,’ under the ‘Rules, orders and ordinances’ laid down from time to time by the Court of the Mayor and Aldermen, who again derive their powers from the Thames and Medway Fishery Act of the 13th Geo. II. These powers, however, so far as any practical utility was concerned, appear to have been little more than a dead letter; and accordingly, in March 1838, several gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of the Thames at Hampton and elsewhere formed themselves into a society ‘for the protection of the Fish from Poachers.’ By this Association the executive powers of the Lord Mayor so far as angling is concerned have been since practically exercised; they recommend to him the bailiffs to be appointed for the protection of the river, fixing their number and paying their salaries, and the Mayor in return furnishes the bailiffs—*subsidized fishermen*—with his warrant to act as constables for the suppression of illegal practices.

So far the position of the Thames Angling Preservation Society and its servants is intelligible and practical enough, and it may well be that in the origin of the Association the scantiness of funds, coupled with the necessity of employing at least two or three bailiffs for the watching of the extent of water under its control made it impossible to employ regular keepers, as is the practice on other preserved waters: netting was also legal, and any effectual protection of the river thus rendered out of the question. But the funds of the Society are now on a very deficient footing; netting is abolished; and the system of subsidized-fishermen-bailiffs formerly a necessity, is now not only inefficient but has become an insuperable obstacle to proper preservation. That such is the fact few possessing any practical

knowledge of the Thames or of the method of preserving fishing generally can entertain any doubt, and we are not, therefore, in the least surprised to find the Society stating in their last report that the fishing is 'not of a very encouraging character'—or, it may be added, at all commensurate with the known productive capacity of the river in former times, and the expense bestowed on its protection. To us, indeed, the astonishment would be had it been otherwise.

What are the facts of the case? Here are some twenty miles of river within an hour's journey of Billingsgate Market where fresh-water fish of all sorts find a ready sale at prices varying from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per pound.

This preserve is protected by means of seven bailiffs* who being regularly employed all day at their own avocations, are physically incapacitated for watching the river after dark—the only time, let it be said, when in so large and constantly navigated a river, Poaching (*i.e.* *netting*) is possible.

Add to this that the bailiffs are all selected from amongst the regular fishermen-families, having, in probably every instance, a large number of relations and friends amongst the very class whom they are expected to watch and convict, and no further evidence would appear to be necessary to expose the futility of the system. It is as if we were voluntarily to select seven-eighths of our policemen from burglars and pickpockets, and then relieve them from duty at six o'clock every night. The whole thing is in fact a complete farce, and at once accounts for the circumstance, lately pointed out in the *Fisherman's Magazine*, that during the year 1862-1863, *there was not a single conviction for poaching in the whole of the Society's water from Richmond and Staines!*

Such being our opinion on the subject of the mode of preserving the metropolitan stream, we were glad to hear some eighteen months ago, that a gentleman of practical experience in fishing questions, and pledged to reform on this point, had accepted a seat on the Committee of the Society.

Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell represented what we believe to be the almost unanimous opinion of the members of the Society and the angling public in the matter, and the effect of his appointment was soon evident in the following paragraph which appeared in the Report of the Society for the year 1863-1864:—

'Your Committee have also had under their consideration the necessity of employing wholly-paid keepers in lieu of the present subsidized staff—a measure of the desirability of which for the proper protection of the river they believe there can be no doubt, the great difficulty which presents itself in the way of carrying it out is the inadequacy of their funds.'

This paragraph we are informed was the result of a resolution carried through only after a hard fight in which all the members of the Committee whose public position entitled their opinions to

* This does not include the wholly-paid and very efficient keeper employed as fish-hatching assistant at Hampton.

weight gave their support to the cause of reform. From this paragraph in the Society's report we had hoped shortly to have seen the change of system to which it pointed carried out; but we now learn with regret, that either wearied out by his thankless exertions, or beaten by the *vis inertiae* of obstructives, Mr. Pennell has resigned his position on the Committee, and with him we suppose we must also resign all hope of a change of system. The ostensible reason given we are informed, for this burking of their own resolution by the Committee is the inadequacy of their funds. The contention, however, of the opponents of the present *régime* is that a smaller number of regular keepers, wholly employed and paid by the Society, would be preferable to any number of the present subsidized staff. Let us, therefore, see how the case really stands in this respect.

The total income of the Society for the year 1863-1864, as shown in their published report, was 40*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, of which 23*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* only was applied directly to purposes of protection. This sum was expended as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Seven Water-bailiffs, at stipends of about 20 <i>l.</i> each	143	10	6
Bills of ditto (almost wholly for 'assistance,' which would be avoided under the proposed system)	37	12	0
One wholly-paid keeper at Hampton	50	0	0
Total	£231	2	6

The entire distance requiring protection is not quite twenty-one miles,—viz., from Richmond to the City Stone at Staines. Now supposing four wholly-paid keepers to be substituted for the seven partially paid bailiffs, (the fish-hatching assistant being retained as at present,) this would give a beat of four miles to each man, who having nothing else to do but to look after his own portion would be able to do it thoroughly, and patrol the river's bank at least once every night after dark at uncertain hours. The cost of this change would be:—

	£	s.	d.
One wholly-paid fish-hatching assistant at Hampton	50	0	0
Four wholly-paid keepers, at salaries of (say) 45 <i>l.</i> a year each (an ample sum)	180	0	0
Total	£230	0	0

Or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* less than the sum now expended. What becomes then of this excuse of 'want of funds?'—But let us glance for a moment at the financial management of the Society during the last few years.

It appears by an examination of the Society's annual reports that their total income in 1860-1861, was 410*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; in 1862-1863, 402*l.* 1*s.*; and in 1863-1864, 401*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; the result of which is that there has been a small but regular diminution in the funds of the Society during each of the last three years, which, viewing the interest lately excited in the cause of fish-culture, cannot be considered as indicating a very healthy financial state, or much confi-

dence in the Society on the part of the public. But this is not the only singular fact. It appears by the same reports that as the Society's income has diminished, so the balance in hand has increased : thus in 1860-1861 it was only 56*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, in 1862-1863 it was 205*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, and at the present time it must amount to some 280*l.*, which certainly appears a very large sum to be thus locked up, when complaints are being made from all quarters of the inadequacy of the present means of protection—in fact it would seem as if the Society's income had decreased, in the same *ratio* that they diminished their outlay on protection. It would thus appear a not unreasonable deduction that if it *were* necessary, a moderate additional outlay on more efficient keepers would be at once made up by additional subscribers. But even this we do not urge ; we have shown, we think conclusively, that the system advocated by the most experienced fishermen and generally by the best informed sporting publications can be adopted not only without any additional expense but even with a trifling diminution in the present expenditure. The plea, therefore, of want of funds cannot be held to excuse the Committee for withdrawing from the pledge which they have publicly given to their subscribers and the public. Nor must it be forgotten that the Committee-men who now oppose reform on the score of finance, opposed it in the first instance, as bitterly, on its merits.

The truth is that the present construction of the Committee of the Thames Angling Society is an anomaly. In the first place the members are far too numerous ; from five to ten is the usual number of Directors on Boards which have the absolute control over millions, whilst in this Society, with an income of under 500*l.* a year, no less than twenty-one masters must be consulted before a change of any kind can take place. Again, in contradistinction to all other Boards or Committees of Management, the Members of this Committee are elected by themselves, without the slightest reference to the wishes of the subscribers, and *for life* ; there is no means of any kind of getting rid of incapables and obstructives, or of men who are not quite on a level with the progress of the age.

Has the Annual Meeting of the Society no power to remedy this ? At present although such men as Mr. Frank Buckland, Mr. Ponder, &c., are on the Committee, to which they give their valuable time and talents gratuitously, their votes go for no more than those of gentlemen, in the highest degree amiable and estimable no doubt, but whose names are entirely unknown beyond the circle of their own friends.

The Thames is the metropolitan stream, and the subject of its management, from which the Societies of other rivers may naturally look for information and example, is one of national interest, and might fairly command the talents of the most able men of the day. But such can hardly be expected to be willing to serve on it whilst they are liable to be out-voted on every point of importance by men who, instead of conferring honour on the Society, derive a sort of reflected lustre from their connection with it.

A LAW WANTED.

NOT very many years ago, before the present war in America was thought of, there stood on the left bank of the Mississippi, and not a hundred miles from New Orleans, the pretty little town of Cypressville. Just outside of the town stood a nice little house in a grove of orange-trees, where lived 'a squire,' as magistrates are called on the other side of the Atlantic. The neat, white frame house with green Venetian blinds, surrounded by the dark-green leaved orange-trees, from amongst which for more than half the year peeped out the golden fruit or snowy blossoms, seemed the very cottage made for love, such as sentimental misses dream of when they first bestow their affections on their darling swains.

Cupid, however, had no lodging here, for Baldwin Hughes was a lawyer, an old bachelor, and sworn woman-hater; his only mistress was the law, to which all his thoughts and time were devoted. Whether he still lives there, or whether 'brute Butler' has sacked and burned the place, I have no present means of knowing; but this fact has nothing to do with our story.

Seated in his office, the walls of which were covered with a very extensive law library, where all the 'statutes' could be found from the time of Moses to the present day, not even forgetting those unrepeatable ones of the Medes and Persians, Baldwin Hughes passed days, and weeks, and months, and years digesting 'digests,' till he grew ill with indigestion.

One evening towards the close of a fine summer's day, which he had passed poring over musty books and still mustier parchments, his eye full of thought, as he searched page after page, but as it seemed without being able to find the precedents he wished for, he at last closed his books, and shutting his eyes, with folded arms, seemed to give himself up to thought. He had sat thus for some little time, so lost in thought, or perhaps a short doze, which, if it was, was excusable, that he did not hear the door open, as a tall, gaunt raw-boned man lifted the latch and walked in.

He was one of those singularly hearty-looking men, who would puzzle a stranger as to their age and history, whose cheeks are prominent, and so are their bones and muscles, perfect models of physical power and endurance—the western flat boatmen.

His entrance was unnoticed by the lawyer, though he started up as the harsh tones of the intruder fell upon his ear—

'Air you a Squire?'

'So I'm called,' replied the lawyer.

'Then, Squire, I wants jestess; I've got all of a case in hand for you, and ef you'll undertake it for me, you may draw on my pocket like a wheel horse—you may.'

'What is the nature of your case?' asked Baldwin Hughes.

'Jest this, Squire. I've got a boat-load of pro-duce, and I'm bound with it for New Orleans, and I jest put in here for a few

' little tricks and fixings as I wanted, and as soon as ever I stept ashore, a chap with whiskers all over his face, says, says he—

' " You've got some chicken cocks aboard your boat, stranger ;
' " ef you like to bring one ashore, I guess I'll pit one agen him
' " that'll lick him into fits in half the time you'd take to gaff him."
' Now, Squire, I don't like to be dar'd. " Stranger," says I, " I'm
' " thar at wunce ;" and in less than half an hour the two cocks
' were gaffed and ready, like perfect saints.

' Well, Squire, we chucked the birds together, and mine, Squire—
' mind this, mine never struck a lick—nary a single lick, Squire ;
' but he tuck and bolted like a quorter horse, and was so scart he
' actewelly threw up his crap.

' Him as held the money, the stakeholder, he gitt it dead agen
' me, and gave over the money to the whiskered chap, and now I
' want jestess done ; 'cause ef my bird hadn't been " doctored,"
' he'd a stood up to the t'other bird fodder or no fodder, rack or no
' rack, and would a fit like a rattlesnake.'

Baldwin Hughes listened patiently to the story but positively refused to stir in the matter.

' Pree-haps you think I ain't got the cocks,' said the intruder, as he pulled out a large buckskin wallet, ' but here's the dimes—help
' yourself, or take the hull on it, but give me jestess.'

Without fee or reward the lawyer gave his would-be client some sound general advice that he had better go on board his boat and start for his destination, without thinking any more about his loss.

This advice utterly astonished the flat-boatman, and he asked,—
' Air you a Squire sure enough ?'

Being told that such was the case, he urged every argument he could think of to get his case taken up so that he might get justice ; but all were pressed to no purpose, and at last, finding that the lawyer would do nothing in his case, he sat down in a chair, placed his hat underneath it, and asked the Squire—

' Jest you read us the laws on cockfighting of Louisiana.'

He was told that the State had made no law whatever on the subject. Of this he could not be convinced.

' What !' said he, ' ain't this State got no laws on cockfighting ?
' Come, Squire, don't try to 'possum me like that ; let us hear the
' law.'

' I tell you,' said Baldwin Hughes losing his patience, ' that there
' are no laws at all upon the subject.'

' Well, Squire, what are all them books thar about ?'

' They are all about the law.'

' And are you going to try and gammon me, Squire, as all them
' thar books don't contain a single law on cockfighting ?'

' Not a single word.'

' And, Squire, am I to understand as this here State of Louisiana
' ain't got no laws on cockfighting ?'

' Most certainly not.'

' And do you mean to call yourself a Squire, and yet own up as
' you don't know nothing about the laws of cockfighting ?'

‘Yes.’

Upon hearing this confession, all the respect which he had at first exhibited vanished, he no longer felt any awe of the man, who though a Squire, confessed that he did not know the laws of cockfighting. He got up from his chair, twirled his old felt wideawake round on his finger, and observed, whilst a broad grin of contempt covered his features, that in his opinion ‘A Squire as don’t know the ‘laws of cockfighting is an infernal, chuckle-headed old cuss, too ‘mean to ride on a rail.’

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

As far as sport is concerned the year 1865 opened worse in France than in England. While you, for instance, were still able to hunt, we were skating by day and night, especially the latter. It was impossible to get a fall on the ice of the Lacs de Boulogne without cannoning against and perhaps upsetting a duchess. Did I not myself see an illustrious individual get a cropper, and fall down like ‘any other fellow,’ upsetting also the lovely Madame ——? but I write no scandal. A ‘midnight meeting,’ the end and aim of which is to skate on the Lake of Suresne, is a very pretty spectacle, and is, I dare say, nearly as improving as some other late assemblies. Well, hunting here was stopped for nearly the whole of December and January. When there was hunting there was no scent. M. Caillard, who keeps ‘fox-hounds,’ and also a family pack which hunts everything, has had only a few good things. One with a deer, however, an hour in covert and then forty minutes in the open, with a kill, was really a clipper. This gentleman, you know, has graduated in Leicestershire, can ride, and lives in a country down beyond Versailles, where there are really fences.

¶A curious accident happened the other day to one of M. Caillard’s whips. He was out on his own hook with some staggers kept to hunt in the Forest of Rambouillet. The deer took to the open, and the whip, who was on the far side, came down the ‘ride’ about as fast as his English spurs could send his French nag along. At a turn he met the deer, which had been headed; they came together, horse and deer, head to head; the horse and whip were nearly floored, but recovered; the deer, however, was knocked down and killed on the spot.

Prince Napoleon hunts every Sunday at Meudon, ‘a nice handy meet’ about six miles from the Place Vendôme. Of the hunting I will not say much. You find a deer, but if not, there is one at hand in a cart. If the pack is musical, the servants are certainly more so.

Long horns wind round the whips, and the men naturally wind the horns in return, till there is what a classical captain over here on short leave called ‘a real cornucopia.’ The field consists of much be-Pooled horsemen in the smartest of boots and breeches, and of certain English ladies well known in Hyde Park, also over here on ‘short leave,’ like the captain above quoted. Prince Napoleon has a splendid stud, and they are in fine order. He is a heavy man, and rides them all the way! Then there is hunting at Chantilly, where trainers gallop through the dead season, and the ‘crack jockeys of France’ set to and finish down the splendid glades.

Apropos of studs, General Fleury, Imperial A. D. C., and provider of horses, has just returned from London, where he has had the pick of the basket. He buys very well and sells very well. Shall I relate a story? To

hurt no vested interests we will change the name and place, but as we know, 'the fable is the same, even if the name is changed.' Well, a great Sovereign was driving about the Hyde Park of his capital, when he saw an illustrious foreigner (he was J.P. and M.P.) riding a magnificent bay hack, a great beauty, stepping like Cerito, and apparently quiet as the traditional sheep.

'That's a fine horse,' observes Rex; 'carry me well.' Count Coper, equerry in waiting, immediately gave chase and caught the foreigner. 'Would he sell his horse?' Foreigner opines that on the whole he thinks he prefers keeping it. 'But it is for his Majesty.' Still the reply was 'No.' But the next day politeness set in, and M. l'Etranger sent the horse to the stables with a note, saying, that if a cheque for 120*l.*, the sum which he himself had paid for the horse, was sent to the English bankers, Messrs. Gold and notes, the transaction would be complete. A few days later, Stranger, in the curious costume called a court dress, made his best bow at a royal ball. 'Charmed to see Mr. Blank,' said Royalty, 'and to thank him for his horse. I knew they were dear, *chez vous*, but truly I doubt if I should have paid your extravagant price.' 'What! Extravagant price!' exclaimed our friend; and then came explanation. 'Confound that Count Coper,' said Rex, 'he is always playing these tricks.' The imperial stud here is now in the new stables of the Quai Voltaire; splendid stabling, and horses in first-rate condition. I need not tell you that I have no racing news, for we are not in midwinter yet, as our campaign will not open till long after yours. I hear that there are some nice horses in the stables of Chantilly and elsewhere, and Anecdote is spoken of as a very improved and improving animal.

As yet no day is fixed for the Grand Prix de Paris. What a thing it would be if any English influence could induce the proper authorities here to postpone this great race till after Ascot. I have seen both the Grands Prix run for. The first year the novelty brought over hundreds of English sportsmen and a fair lot of horses. Last year the men were counted by dozens, and there was one horse! The fact is, even a 'ring man' must rest sometimes, and racing at Paris at six p.m. on Sunday, and at one p.m. at Ascot on the Tuesday morning, may be business, but is scarcely pleasure.

The 'harmony of the evening' was lately spoilt at that aristocratic establishment the Jockey Club. Two French nobles, who are at law about a title which one has received from the 'fountain of honour,' and which the other claims as hereditary, lost their tempers, and resorted to weapons even more dangerous than legal opinions or lawyers' bills. They fought with swords down in the Bois de Boulogne, close to where your readers will see the race for Le Grand Prix; both were wounded, one 'in the bull's-eye,' the very centre of the left breast, and had the thrust gone home, one party would have cared little about who was duke!

By-the-by the Duc de Brabant, who lately left us for shooting in Ceylon and India, has been heard of half way out. The Duc is a good sportsman, and is 'death' on killing an elephant. His Highness is a general sportsman, and having taken ten to one about Breadalbane, may winter comfortably.

You know it is the height of our Carnival—our season. We are dining, dancing (not myself, for I have only one leg, though that now hardly bars the starting), supping, and masquerading. By far the greatest (literally, too,) sight at the Bal de l'Opera last Saturday was the sensation created among the female dancers by a north-country bookmaker, who, be his name what it may, is certainly not grave by nature. Towering about two feet above anybody else, 'Mr. The Obelisk,' as the crowd profanely called him, kept on his good-natured way. If ever I have seen an impression created it was certainly

about 3.30 a.m. last Sunday morning, by that gigantic speculator on a very small young female attired chiefly in white satin shorts.

A newsporting paper, 'Le Jockey,' is just about to treat Paris with a sort of Frith picture of all the English M. F. H.'s.

Next month I hope to give you some hints on the coming racing season. In these days of free trade it is permitted to export a 'good thing.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings and Jollities.—Northern Notes.—Croft Crayons.—Chronicles of the Chase, and Monthly Mortality.

JANUARY with its jollities has opened better for the racing than the hunting man, as the former is not so much at the mercy of the Ice-King as the latter, and can amuse himself far easier. All classes of the racing world have been spending their vacation in a manner congenial to their tastes. The trainers have been conning over their entries, and the jockeys contending either for the honours of the billiard-table, or the hunting-field—in each of which spheres it may be said, that they distinguish themselves fairly. But for two classes alone there is no rest, it may be said, like as for the Pilgrim of Love, except in the grave—these are the Handicappers and Sporting Writers, who have to satisfy the public demand at all seasons of the year. The former, instead of joining the social circle of his friends, or going through a strong course of pantomime and burlesque, are compelled to work through the pages of *Weatherby*, to an extent that would soften the heart of a millowner, and with the certain knowledge of dissatisfying three-fourths of those, for whom they have been devoting their energies. For them Donato dances on one leg in vain, and Fechter's personation of Robert Macaire is a fiction. Surely, then, some allowance should be made for any errors that may creep into their handiwork. And when the number of horses that the Admiral has to weight, after having reached his threescore years and ten, is considered, it must be admitted that his intellect is as keen and vigorous as that of the Premier, who went like 'a young 'un' with the Hursley a fortnight back, and saw them kill their fox. At the time of our penning these lines, none of the Spring Handicaps have been published, which is very unusual; but we have heard that Mr. Topham was waiting on the Admiral, and the Admiral adopting the same tactics—each wanting to see the other's hand. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that each artist will have no cause to be ashamed of his handiwork. For the Chester Cup the chosen ones of the early birds are Mail Train and The Clown; but we cannot congratulate them on their selections, as the Train, after having capsized so many Woodyeates passengers, may not be thought trustworthy round the curves of the Rhodée, and another conveyance be selected for the money-bags of Woodyeates. The Clown, we should fear, also would get tired of his antics, after going once round the circle, and will be as much out of season at Chester as he is now fashionable in London. The other species of individuals to whom January brings no rest are the Sporting Writers, who have now to abandon 'reviews' for 'analyses,' and take leave of the past for the future. Come what will, what may, in sickness or in health, the Sporting Writer must be at his post, to amuse and educate his readers at the expense of his health. And when the strain on his mental energies has been weakened and broken by the call on them, he is cared for as little as the high-mettled racer who dies on the course. The fertility of topics arising from the discussions on Turf matters is the only channel by which the sporting author can be

saved from going off in a state of spontaneous combustion; for to be condemned to analyses of Spring Handicaps, Cambridgeshires, and Cæsarewitches, is as severe a sentence as could be inflicted on an educated being, with even a glimmering acquaintance with the polite arts and other literature. And we much question whether their exertions in our behalf are sufficiently appreciated; and we plead for them as a class because we are satisfied they are deserving of it. At Tattersall's the work of removing the fountain with the bust of the Prince Regent and the Fox, of which we made honourable mention in our last, has commenced, and will soon be completed. Strange to say, the last time we were in the yard, seeing the image of 'the First Gentleman in Europe' lying on the ground, we were induced to go up to it to examine its features, when we discovered a drop of rain in the eye larger than a tear, and which gave one the idea that the Prince had been weeping on account of his deposition. The names of the new Committee, as well as the new rules, have been published; but 'the calling of Members up to the Upper House,' and the consideration of other new measures, has been deferred until the spring, when the Albert Gate Parliament will really sit for the despatch of business. In the Derby betting, 'the B's,' as they would say in Scotland Yard, have taken the shine out of 'the whole force,' and nothing has gone down but Breadalbane and Broomielaw; and the rumour that Mr. Henry Chaplin had, or was about to purchase them, has, it seems, turned out correct. The origin of the idea they were to come to Whitewall arose, no doubt, from a visit paid by Mr. Chaplin, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Jersey, and Sir George Wombwell to Mr. Scott, after having seen the horses at Spring Cottage. The price which Mr. Chaplin has given for the pair is certainly the largest ever known for dark horses; but the reason which some persons have assigned for it, and which we do not feel called upon to reproduce, would perhaps justify the act. But to Mr. Padwick must be conceded the honour of receiving the largest sum of money ever known for public or other horses, inasmuch as the late Mr. Henry Elwes gave him 12,000*l.* for Oulston and Coroner in a lump. For our own parts, we have not seen Breadalbane since last spring, when we stood sponsor to him. Then he was a clever-looking colt, with hardly the quality of his brother about him; and about Broomielaw there was a lightness in his back ribs which did not please us. No doubt now both are improved; and it may be taken for certain that Mr. Chaplin, who is so fastidious about his hunters, has satisfied himself that, as far as he knows, he has had value for his money. Chatter-an'-No-go, as the wits have designated Chattanooga, has been in great demand lately for the Two Thousand and the Derby; for the former we are strongly inclined to support his pretensions, as the defect with which he is charged, viz., that of brushing his ankles, will not affect him so much on the Rowley Mile, as coming round Tattenham Corner. John Day, it is said, has submitted to be operated upon for his eyes by the first oculist in England, the expense being borne by a noble lady, in order that he may in reality see the Duke carry off the Derby as cleverly as Cossack or Andover. Need we add our hope that the attempt will be successful? The Whitewall New Year Festival was on a grander scale than usual, both in point of decorations and company. The walls were ornamented with the initials of Lords Glasgow and Falmouth, and a portrait of 'The West' over the fireplace served to show that Mr. Bowes had not been forgotten. Under the initials of Mr. Scott the following verse, in letters of gold, was appended—

'Long life to him who owns the name,
Too dear to be forgot;
The wide world speaks his matchless fame—
'Tis ours to love John Scott.'

We are ignorant of the authorship of the above, but have no doubt the sentiment in the last line was duly felt and expressed. If the Racing World is taking its ease, the breeding one is all alive and kicking, as the phrase goes. Amateurs are studying the various crosses, and looking for nicks for their favourite mares; and the owners of stallions are equally on the alert for subscriptions. Scarcely any changes of note have taken place during the month, but Joey Jones has just arrived at Middleton-one-Row, to take his place as the Senior Optimus of the Stud Farm, just commenced by 'The Davenport Brothers,' under the management of Mr. Parrington. Without the slightest wish to disparage for a moment Joey Jones, we must say, as we drove by the other day the scene of his future career, we thought we could have sent the inhabitants another Joey, in whom they would have taken more interest, and who would have been quite as profitable. Joey will have for his neighbour, Cavendish, who was the handsomest Voltigeur, as a two-year old, we ever saw, but who slightly disappointed us when we now came across him. The Middleton Farm Company are hardly ready yet to commence business; but from the number of boxes ordered to be built, it is evident they contemplate having a large establishment. At Neasham, we found Buccaneer completely 'refitted' in every respect, and he is at once the longest and shortest horse at the stud. Being only two strains from Eclipse, breeders seem to have jumped on him at once; and at the time of our visit, there was only one subscription to him vacant, and that was expected to be filled by the following post. The filly by him, out of Surge, by Storm, and which has been very well named Breakwater, fully confirmed all we had heard of her good points before Mr. Cookson purchased; and Buck has left his own stamp on her, so much so, that if she does not race, it must be from hidden defect of which we are ignorant. The other yearlings were clever-shaped animals, especially Freemason, a colt by Thormanby, out of Secret, the dam of Bedminster. This colt is an extraordinary specimen of what may be expected from Thormanby, as he is a very true-made one, with plenty of liberty, wonderful back and loins, and rare shoulders—in fact, so useful a yearling that Mr. Cookson could not help going back to him again. There was also another Thormanby colt, out of Ella, which had many good points about him, and was much admired by good judges, but we imagine Mr. Tattersall will have to place him second to Freemason. The 'great gun of the lot—there is always one at Neasham—is Stockmar, by Stockwell, out of Kettledrum's dam, and who looks an aristocrat of the first water. For size and quality we will venture to predict Mr. Naylor's horse never got such a colt as this, nor could we expect to see a second edition of him. And we would have our readers look out for him on the Doncaster Thursday, and judge if we have said too much for him. From Neasham we wended our way to Croft, which we had not visited for many years, never, in fact, since Chanticleer was in his zenith. Nor had we cause to regret our visit, for we were enabled to get a sight of Thormanby, whom we had not seen since he took leave of us at Goodwood, where he succumbed under the weight in that fearful race for the Cup, when Starke beat The Wizard by a head. Wintringham, who received us himself, and who could pass any competitive examination in the world about stallions, his memory ranging from Sancho to Liddington, was rather glad to see us, as, in his cups at Richmond, he had been very severe on 'The Fourth,' for making Neasham a better favourite than Croft, and giving the preference to the claret of the one, over the sherry of the other. As he could hardly appreciate the rules for the conduct of newspapers, and sporting periodicals, we could only undeceive him as to his ideas on that score, and correct them

for the future. While this was in course of progress, Thormanby was being valeted; and the great Derby winner of 1860 stood before us in all the pride of his sirehood, and playful as a kitten. Since our last glance of him, he had grown down in the right direction, and had framed out into a grand commanding horse, realizing the promise he gave of it when he was in training. Within a few yards of him were several of his yearlings, which enabled us to perceive more accurately how close they took after him in point of make and shape, and we were quite prepared for the announcement that he was full. For if a horse could win the Derby and Ascot Cup, after such 'a milling' as Thormanby had as a two-year old, he must be as game and good-constituted an animal as was ever foaled. And breeders have shown their discrimination in going to him. We like the aspect of things when they come a second time, and several instances of this have occurred with Thormanby, and nearly all Mr. Merry's mares will be put to him. Among the yearlings by him we liked most, was a colt out of Rogerthorpe's dam, and the fillies out of Sunflower, Mæstissima, and Lady Long, the latter especially. Then there was a striking Dundee filly, out of Sunbeam, and two very neat Oxfords, out of Egyptian and his dam. We regarded these with the more interest, as Oxford is the sire of Student, one of the most promising of Mr. Merry's two-year olds, and who is deeply engaged. Oxford himself had left for change of air at Shiffnall, where Mr. Eyke has taken him, on what is considered more remunerative terms for his owner. But although a handsome horse, he will, we fear, require Student to make him fashionable. In the next stall to Thormanby stood the new arrival, Loiterer, who has entered the Croft brigade, *vice* Oxford, retired. Rarely have we been so surprised at the change that even a couple of short months have made in a horse, as it has done in this one. From having been only just taken out of training, he cannot be expected to have filled out like an old sire. But for a Stockwell he exhibits an extraordinary amount of quality, second only, perhaps, to Blair Athol; being also out of Ennui, the dam of Saunterer, he may be said to combine 'all the blood of all the Howards.' And as Stockwell is accessible only to those whom 'Providence has blessed with affluence,' we would say to those who wish for the same strain of blood, make haste, and try Loiterer, and you will scarcely do wrong. In making these observations, we are only speaking our own convictions, as we are not even on speaking terms with his owner, and have no other interests to serve save those of the public. All the colts and fillies, we may remark, looked well and healthy; and while looking at the preparations for the supper of the Croft Hunt Ball, which took place the next evening on the premises, we came to the conclusion, which we subsequently found to be correct, that Wintringham did his guests as well as his yearlings. And if he is not satisfied with this compliment, we are sorry, for we cannot pay him a higher one.

We also renewed our acquaintance with the well-known Arab stallion of Count Batthyany's, who was so long at Newmarket, and who now moved as well, and carried his head as proudly as when he was first purchased in Paris by the Emperor of the French. Put to large Lincoln or Yorkshire makers, he ought to get good hunters and hacks, for he is strong enough for any purpose, and certain to impart to his stock that fine action for which he is so remarkable, but which he did not display to advantage when we saw him, from the inability of the man who showed to run fast enough for him.

At Fairfield we came upon the owner of Blair Athol, superintending his Clerk of the Works in the construction of the new boxes and sheds he has been erecting for the reception of mares coming to Blair and Company, and

which combine every recent improvement. Blair was, as a matter of course, the Sultan of the Haras, his colleagues being more regarded in the light of Grand Viziers. When we were admitted to the presence of the Father of the Faithful, we found him looking even better than on the Deluge Day, when he told the Scottish Earl he must succumb to fate and the Scottish Commoner. Standing exactly sixteen hands, he carries himself proudly, as if he knew he was 'the people's horse,' and had repaid the confidence that had been placed in him. Few would imagine he had put so much muscle on since last year; nevertheless such is the case, and when he is shown at the Yorkshire Agricultural Show at Doncaster, where a special box is to be built for him, there is no doubt he will carry all before him. He is to be entered in the class for extra stock; and it is creditable to Mr. Jackson to say that when the Society offered him fifty pounds to exhibit him, knowing how he would draw, he unhesitatingly refused the money, but said that Blair Athol was quite at their disposal, provided adequate accommodation was provided for him. Already 'the double-event winner' has commenced his receptions, as far as regards the patrons of the Turf; and among those who have honoured him with a visit were Sir George and Lady Wombwell and a large party from Newburgh. Hardly did we think, when we were saying of him last month that he was sure to fill at once, that the subscriptions were full; and, strange to state, Mr. Jackson booked the nominations so rapidly that he only saved one for himself, which will be filled up by Tunstall Maid. Among those who have patronized him may be mentioned Lords Poulett and Fitzwilliam and Mr. George Mather. The latter comes out in good force, as he sends Candlewick, Peasant Girl, Lady of the Lake, and Nutbush—mares which must help him from their high quality and breeding. Altogether, the prospects of Blair Athol cannot be brighter in his new sphere; and we believe if he had been put at a hundred instead of fifty guineas the public would have filled him almost as soon. Among the Fairfield yearlings there were some good-looking ones, but the best to our mind was a colt by St. Albans out of Villaret; and a foal, own brother to him, dropped on the morning of our arrival, was equally clever. A colt by St. Albans out of Lunelle may also be mentioned favourably, as well as one by Oulston out of Wax—the best got by that horse we have come across in our rambles. Rawcliffe well maintains its position as the Great Yorkshire Central Depot of Blood Stock; and sires and dams of every grade and quality are to be met with there, so that the breeder that cannot satisfy himself with blood must be crotchety indeed. Newminster, from old acquaintance' sake, we always give precedence to, and those who have subscribed to him for the next two years may be glad to hear he is as fresh as paint, and without exception the biggest horse on the shortest leg in England. Not being kept too high, all his fine points are made the more conspicuous, and should his progeny go on running as they have done, there is little doubt but he will go up to seventy-five guineas, *à la* King Tom. Underhand is one of the handsomest Pocket Hercules's we ever saw, and his stock are bigger than might be anticipated. Lord Glasgow has a couple standing in the boxes—Barbatus, for farmers' mares, at two guineas and a half, and Brother to Bird on the Wing, who is what they call 'quite a gentleman,' and those who use him will be satisfied, as they were with Birdcatcher. Claret has let down and thickened very much since he has doffed the Lincoln green of the Squire, and fifteen guineas surely cannot be too much for the sire of Bacchus. Jordan has done well with age, and we wonder he is not used, particularly when Godding thinks Joker quite good enough to beat Liddington for the Derby. Rapparee is certain to get his quota of hunting mares, for the serving of which he may be said to have been

made to order ; but there is no disposition to treat for Hobbie Noble, notwithstanding Mr. Merry gave such a price for a yearling by him at Doncaster last season. Turning southwards, we find that Lord of the Isles has gone to Harleston, but not on account of Lord Spencer, who, it may be mentioned, bid five thousand guineas for Blair Athol. At Swalcliffe our ideas of the Big Bens have been confirmed to the letter by one of our best practical judges, who especially coincides with us about the Ada colt. For Middle Park we were prevented by accident from saying a word last month, and so we now atone for it. Dundee is going like a house on fire ; and in France there has been a strong partiality for him, in consequence of the foals of M. Lupin being so very racing like, and four mares have crossed the Channel to him.

In the distribution of his mares, Mr. Blenkiron, we believe, intends to send Fantastic's dam—in foal to Wild Dayrell—and Pandora, the dam of Hope, and in foal to the same horse, to Stockwell. To Newminster he drafts Diomedia and Queen's Head, both in foal to him. Weatherbit will have Seclusion and about a score of Mr. Blenkiron's best foaling mares, and he will be, in fact, almost a private stallion. Governess, who has a rare yearling by Stockwell, was due to the old horse on the 25th of January, and the nick ought to be a success. Considering there are upwards of seventy mares at Eltham, the freedom from disease speaks well for the hygienic character of the management of Chater, the successor to Lawson, whose shocking death last summer all will recollect. Mr. Greville's stud will come to the hammer at Hampton Court at the same time the royal yearlings are sold—an arrangement the most beneficial to all parties interested in them.

In the Hunting World, Jack Frost has made his salaam, just to convince M. F. H.'s that, in this age of progress, he was unchanged and unchangeable. Consequently the covert sides have been deserted for the Club windows, and the West-end haircutters kept fully employed. Still, in the intervals between the acts, some few good things have been fallen in with. Loyalty of course commands us to deal with Her Majesty's pack first. And we are happy to record that they have had three or four as good days' sport as Charles Davis can ever recollect, and that Harry King hunted them in a manner that points him out as the legitimate successor to his commanding officer. The servants' horse question has been satisfactorily disposed of, and the charges brought against them, as being scarcely fit for Hansoms, pronounced frivolous and vexatious, in court-martial phraseology. The Duke of Beaufort has had some good sport, against which he can set off the accidents to his first and second whips. Mr. George Fitzwilliam has had a most satisfactory meeting with his friends, on the subject of his continuing the country, and he and his brother will go on with the Hunt, provided two thousand per annum is guaranteed ; and from the amount put down at the time there can be no doubt of the arrangement being carried out. In Hampshire Lord Poulett had on Thursday week a clinking thing of twenty miles in two hours and twenty minutes, when the hounds had to be stopped. And it is not quite decided whether Mr. Whieldon will give up the Vine, as a requisition, most numerous and respectably signed, has been presented to him to continue them. We find, in reference to our notice of Mr. Deacon's retirement from the H. H., that we were in error as to its originating from the smallness of the subscription, which, in fact, is the best ever known, but had its origin in other sources. During the month the sayings and doings of the various Hunts in the County have formed a pleasant exponent in the Special Commissioner of 'The Field,' who, if he is not such a geographer, or so learned in kennel lore as Cecil, dashes off a paper as light as an omelette,

and quite as agreeable to the taste of the day, as the heavier viands of his senior contemporaries. The veteran Lord Wemyss has had no abatement in his good sport of the previous month; and Lord Poltimore's returns are excellent. The Old Squire does not seem much to relish Mr. Grantley Berkeley telling him, he interfered with his hounds in the field, and prevented them making their own cast. After rebutting the charge, and saying he never saw the author of it with hounds, the veteran adds under pardonable circumstances, that when he left the Burton, he was presented with a silver waiter with two large foxes' heads for handles. Also that on giving up the Pytchley, the subscribers made him a present of, a magnificent snuff-box, having described on it the inscription 'To the best sportsman of any age or country.' An unusual number of accidents have also been incurred in the hunting-field both to man and horse, but we have only time to record that to the Hon. Robert Grimston, who broke his collar-bone so badly with Lord Dacre, that he can hunt no more this season, and his small but select stud will come up to the Corner at once. Mr. Parry of the Puckeridge has also had a very nasty fall for a man of his age.

The Obituary for January, we regret to state, is unusually heavy, and embraces a name that has been revered for the last thirty years in every circle of the Turf. We allude, of course, to Mr. Greville, the news of whose sudden death came upon the Sporting World, by its suddenness, with as great a shock as that of his late cousin and confederate Lord George Bentinck. Twelve months back, we gave to our readers an almost miraculous likeness, and a correct but condensed account of him, who was by universal consent regarded as the Nestor of the day not only as regards the Turf, but in Politics. In that narrative, which, with his accustomed kindness, he corrected for us, much was necessarily omitted that may now be supplied; although his place at the Council-board of the Racing Administration will, we fear, never be adequately filled up; as he had the patience to listen, the logical powers to argue, and a keen and expansive mind to determine any question that might be brought before him; and never was a new trial moved for, or dreamed of in any case, in which he arbitrated. To his intellect all things came alike; and he could turn aside from the consideration of a Cabinet question of the day, to listen to the petition of a jockey-boy to be restored, or to decide a disputed bet. As a political writer, his style was dignified and truly Saxon; and the historical knowledge he displayed in his contributions to the 'Quarterly,' as well as the 'Times,' under the signatute of 'Carolus,' proved how highly he had been educated, and what a range his studies had taken. To us, the intellect of Mr. Greville always resembled a Nasmyth hammer, which has been described as being capable of operating upon anything, from a pile of wood to a tin-tack. And although outwardly cold, from his thoughts being engaged in the deepest Ministerial complications, when once his ear was obtained, his reserve at once gave way, and a kindness of manner substituted, which those who experienced it never forgot. For many years, at the West-end, Mr. Greville divided the attention of a certain portion of society with the Duke of Wellington; and when riding down with a servant, almost as old as himself, on his favourite roan—by no means 'a rapid one'—one could almost recognise in them the impersonations of War and Genius. Both infallibly commanded respect, for they took no liberty with others; and between them the most intimate friendship existed, promoted in a great measure by Mr. Algernon Greville, his brother, being the Duke's confidential Secretary. To the young Aristocracy of the day Mr. Greville acted more as a father, than any other man of the age; and in family embarrassments, whether of a pecuniary or a matrimonial nature, the Paterfamilias flew to him for

advice, as eagerly as Lord Melbourne was wont do in his embarrassments with his colleagues. Among the many matters in which he took a conspicuous part, was the memorable break-up of Graham's Club, when, it will be recollected, in a trial that followed, a well-known Sportsman assured the Attorney-General he was two hundred thousand pounds the worse for play. He was also engaged with an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Padwick in negotiating the settlement of the affairs of a scion of a noble house, who quitted England under circumstances of a peculiarly painful character, and who has since recently died in Spain. In the dispute between a section of the Jockey Club and the Press, in the Tarragona case, he threw himself with all his accustomed spirit and zeal; and his love for freedom of discussion on every point of public interest led him to protest, in the last letter he ever wrote to 'the Times,' against the vote which warned 'Argus' off the Heath at Newmarket, for refusing to submit to a self-imposed censorship. In this measure General Peel was also honourably associated. And it is only due to that writer to state that which delicacy alone prevented him from making known [before,—that, from the first stage to the last, in the dispute between a section of the Jockey Club and himself, he acted solely under the advice and instigation of Mr. Greville, who, as the constant intimate of the last half-dozen Premiers of England, he deemed capable of pointing out to him the policy he should pursue.

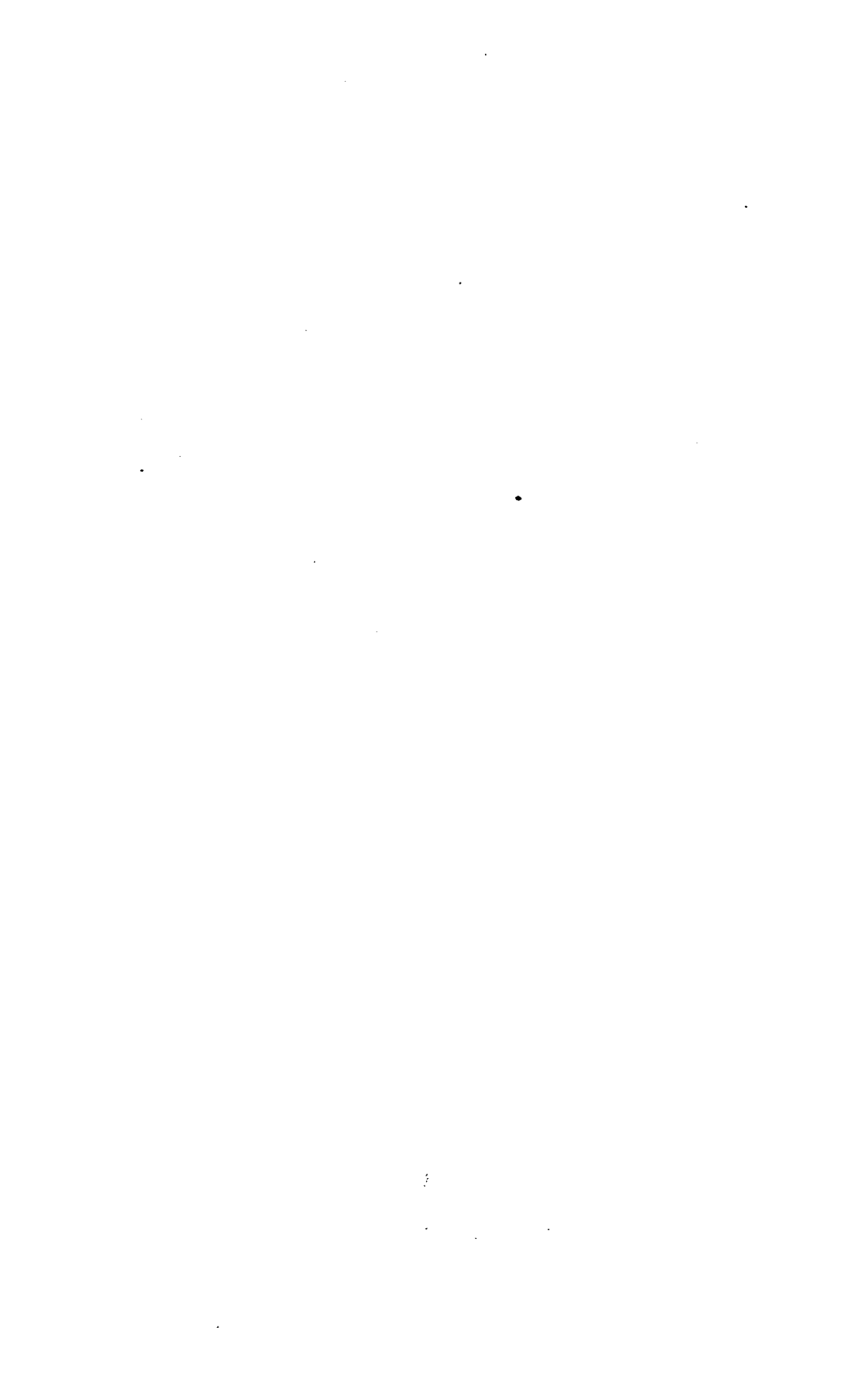
The warmth of his Whig politics occasionally was exhibited a little stronger than might have been anticipated from his outward manner. And we well recollect how furious some of the Opposition were when, in a letter to 'The Times,' Mr. Greville said he was ignorant of the site of the Conservative Club. New pretenders to the honours of Turf Reformers, unless backed by position and ability, he could never endure; and he was not slow to show it; and which may account for the rejection of several of his measures in the Club. And yet, during his long career on the turf, he never had but two quarrels of any importance; but these were of an historical nature. The first was with Lord George Bentinck, relative to the starting of Preserve for the Goodwood Stakes, and which broke up their confederacy. Lord George, it is well known, was what Doctor Johnson liked, viz., a good hater; and his hostility to Mr. Greville was marked in an extraordinary degree. Never, however, did it burst forth more conspicuously than when Alarm was at the starting-post for the Derby in 1845, or Merry Monarch's year. He was then first favourite, and Mr. Greville believed it was impossible he could be beaten. Taking up his position, which was close to Lord George Bentinck, he was horrified to hear the latter, with his long telescope to his eye, remarking, with a clear and icy coldness, 'There is something the matter with a bay horse, who has got over the chains and thrown his jockey. I think it must be Mr. Greville's Alarm.' Of course such a line of conduct did not tend to a reconciliation: but just before Lord George's death, a patched-up peace was concluded between them. The second fierce dispute he had was with an eminent Turf authority, on account of his advocacy of the Liberty of the Press at Newmarket. In this case, the personage alluded to never spoke to Mr. Greville from the Houghton Meeting until after the following Ascot, when Mr. Greville, feeling old age coming on him, and not liking to go out of the world at enmity with one with whom he had been so long associated, made advances which, by the advice of mutual friends, were received, and the breach was healed. Strange to say that, throughout his long career on the Turf, Mr. Greville never won any large stakes, compared with those which others

in his position have done. And he assured us the best week he had had since the Cambridgeshire, was when Adine won at York. With the jockeys he was always a great favourite; and we recollect now the terms of rapture in which Wells spoke of him to us, when he gave him a five-pound note for a losing ride on Frantic, and declined to take the change. With old John Day he was almost a deity; and he was never known to disobey him but once, which was when he refused to back Muscovite in the face of Virago. Notwithstanding his frequent attacks of gout, which made such marked inroads on his frame as well as on his countenance, no weather could keep him away from racing, when he was within reach of it. Various soubriquets were bestowed upon him at times; but none, save the last, viz., the Orphan, we feel we can record. And the roars of laughter are still ringing in our ears, when one of the most popular noblemen of the day, seeing our hero in the midst of the betting-ring, on a dreadful day at Reading, inquiring of Mr. Hill, 'if he could tell him who that young gentleman's guardians were, for he was in dangerous company.' But he is gone from us, and we shall no longer see that well-known figure, either hobbling into the Subscription Room at Newmarket, or standing under Mr. Tattersall's box at Hampton Court, or The Corner. But his memory will be prized by all whom he permitted to know his worth; and the Turf can hardly expect to see his like again.

Mr. Crockford, the manager of 'The Field,' demands also something more than a mere record of his death. Sprung from the ranks of the people, he was one of the numerous class of Englishmen who raised himself by means of the newspaper Press into a respectable social position. His genius seemed to lie in bringing out newspapers; and by his tact, enterprise, and business-habits, he raised 'The Field' from the lowest depths, to be the extensive, useful, and agreeable sporting paper it has now become, and created a class of readers peculiar to itself, and for whom no other channel could be found. With so many instances before him of the effects of slaving at the oar, he took no heed of them, and died in harness, in the prime of life, and to the sincere regret of every sporting writer with whom he had been associated.

Mr. John Anderson's death was a sudden one, as he had been out shooting the previous day, and was only poorly for a few hours. He was a man much liked; and he was the first in his profession who made 'action' such a point in dealing for horses. And there is scarcely a capital in Europe wherein the fame of 'Anderson's Steppers' is not known and appreciated.

But of 'the Cypress' our readers must by this time have had enough; and so, therefore, we will turn from its consideration to that of 'the Myrtle.' Twelve months back we announced exclusively the approaching annexation of the houses of Osborne and Challoner; and we now have to record the completion of the event in the pretty little church of Coverham. The ceremony was a quiet one; and Johnny Osborne and H. Grimshaw acted as 'best men' to the bridegroom, who has taken poor Job Marson's cottage at Middleham. And we are glad to hear that the high character of Challoner has gained for him an equally worthy partner. And the sum of money he has amassed in his profession will secure him against want, and enable him to provide against the contingencies of the future. Therefore the auspices of their prosperity are more than usually bright.





Engraved.

James Brown.

Rowland

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EARL POULETT.

HAMPSHIRE is one of the few counties, whose leading Sportsmen have not yet been illustrated in our pages; and as it contains more packs of hounds than any other, with the exception of Yorkshire, we feel that it would not be out of place, to turn from the extreme North to the sunny South, and supply the omission. In doing so, we commence with the Nobleman who, although not an old Master of Hounds, has done so much to revive the ancient glories of the Hambledon Hunt.

The family of Poulett, from which the subject of our Memoir is descended, has been distinguished from an early period of English history, by the antiquity of its origin, and the eminent qualities of its several representatives. It is foreign to our purpose to enlarge upon the alliances, by which the wealthy and powerful Nobles of this house extended their local influence. We can therefore only remark that the principles of loyalty and patriotism, so well expressed by the motto 'Gardez la foy,' have been preserved through succeeding generations, and that the consideration enjoyed by the family was derived, not less from the mental, and moral qualities of its representatives, than from the antiquity of its origin, and the extent of its territorial possessions. The ancestor of the Earls Poulett was Sir Thomas Poulett, eldest son of Sir John Poulett, while William, the younger brother, was the progenitor of the Marquis of Winchester and of the now extinct ducal house of Bolton. Of Sir William, who was knighted by Henry the Sixth for his distinguished conduct in the French wars, it may be related that he committed Cardinal Wolsey to the stocks, when the latter filled the situation of schoolmaster at the village of Lymmington, in Somersetshire. As we shall presently show, in the periods to which we refer, the Pouletts were as much among the governing families of the country as the Russells and the Greys are during the present age. For Sir Amyas Poulett was appointed by Queen Elizabeth Ambassador to France in 1576, and by his dexterous management of the rival factions in that country, and judicious advice to King Henry the Third, he influenced that Monarch in the

liberal terms of compromise to the Huguenots. But this was not the only post of honour and consideration which he enjoyed, for the Virgin Queen so appreciated his services as a Diplomatist, that she conferred on him, afterwards the arduous and responsible office of guarding the unhappy Queen of Scots. The duties of this appointment he performed with unshaken fidelity to his Sovereign, tempered by every form of courtesy due to the sex and rank of the royal Captive. In token of the gratitude of Elizabeth for his services, and in recognition of his claims to the greatest honour which a Commoner can receive from his Sovereign, he was created a Knight of the Garter, being one of the few persons, under the degree of a Nobleman, upon whom that honour has been conferred. The hereditary influence of the Pouletts was afterwards manifested by the son of the Sir Amyas Poulett of whom we have been treating, being made Governor of Jersey, and his son in succession being raised to the Peerage in 1627 by the title of Baron Poulett of Hinton. Passing over the career of the subsequent Baron Pouletts until we come to the fourth Lord, we may state that in consequence of his having been one of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Union with Scotland, he was raised to the dignity of an Earl, and took a warm part in the politics of the day: and from having received a challenge from the Duke of Marlborough, in consequence of his speech on the war in French Flanders, he might well be termed the 'Rupert of debate' of that age. At Hinton St. George he entertained Queen Anne right royally, and the apartments assigned to Her Majesty are still preserved there in their original style. We have thus borne out, we trust, our preliminary statement of the antiquity and high position enjoyed by the House of Poulett, and must proceed with our sketch of its present Chief.

William Henry, sixth Earl Poulett, was born on the 22nd of September, 1827, and was the youngest son of Vice-Admiral the Honourable George Poulett, R.N. He was christened William Henry, from his late Majesty, William the Fourth, who was a great friend of his father's, standing godfather to him at the font at the Chapel Royal, Brighton, 1833. Lord Poulett, who had chosen the Army for his profession, was educated at Sandhurst, where, after passing two years and a half in following the studies prescribed for cadets, he joined the 54th Foot, and shortly after proceeded with it to Gibraltar. There he passed several months, but not caring to pass a summer in the society of the Scorpions of the Rock, or be fanned by Levant winds, he got transferred to the 2nd Queen's Royals, which corps had just arrived from India. In this regiment he served in England and Ireland until 1852, when he exchanged into the 22nd Regiment, and proceeded to join the head-quarters at the Punjaub in Affghanistan. Here he remained for three years, when he returned with his corps to England, and at the expiration of two years retired from the service. It is fortunate, perhaps, for us that his Lordship's military career did not extend over a longer period, and is unmarked by any particular features, inasmuch as we

are enabled to do more justice to him in that capacity in which he appeals to the sympathies of our clients.

Imprimis, Lord Poulett may be described as a natural Sportsman, for his father, the late Admiral Poulett, will be recollected, not only as one of the oldest *habitués* of Newmarket, but also as a Meltonian in the age of the late Lords Plymouth, Alvanley, Darlington, and men of that school. In his later years he retired into Sussex, where, with the present Lord Leconfield, he passed the afternoon of his life, and may be said to have died in harness, for after a brilliant run with his Lordship's hounds, when they had just killed their fox, in jumping over the last fence, he was seen to swerve in his saddle, and fall to the ground. Upon assistance being rendered, it was found to be too late, for life was extinct. His son, the present Lord, of whom we treat, began his hunting career at the early age of ten, under the tuition of John Sharp, then huntsman to Colonel Wyndham, and father of John and Edwin Sharp, the well-known jockeys at Newmarket. After a few years with Sharp, he took his finishing lessons with John Squires of the Hambledon, which was the neighbouring pack to Colonel Wyndham's. Of Squires, Lord Poulett had been led to entertain so high an opinion that he persuaded Colonel Wyndham to take him as a successor to the celebrated Jim Norris. Nor was he mistaken in his estimate of the abilities of Squires, inasmuch as he remained in office with the Colonel for sixteen years, and only parted from a quarrel with an under servant. Lord Poulett having hunted in a woodland country all his life between Shoreham and Southampton, and knowing every yard of it as if he had surveyed it, on the resignation by Mr. Walter Long, junior, of the Hambledon hounds, was deemed by the Subscribers to be the fitting man for his successor. A requisition was therefore made to him in 1857 to take the Mastership, which he accepted, and which he has ever since held to the entire satisfaction of those connected with the country. His agreement with the Subscribers was to hunt three days a week; but finding this too little for his requirements, of his own accord, and at his own expense, he added another three days, thus putting the Hambledon on a level with the Burton and the Badminton; and on several occasions he has been known to hunt eight packs in the week, by having a pack out in the morning before breakfast, to rout out a wood which he knew the fox would be sure to run to from a covert, he was going to draw in the middle of the day. By this he prevented any change of foxes, and was enabled more surely to kill the beaten one. Lord Poulett only hunts the lady packs, which he has out four days a week, the other two being taken by Will Cox with the dog pack. The Hambledon Kennel consists of ninety-three couple, chiefly from Lords Leconfield and Middleton, the Honourable Mark Rolles, the Belvoir, and the Bramham Moor's strains, which have insured his Lordship the best blood to be obtained in England. One other feature in his Lordship's establishment worthy of notice is that he will never take a whipper-in from any other pack, as it is,

his invariable custom to make his own whips from the sons of huntsmen, and he has not a single whip at the present time over nineteen years of age or over nine stone in weight.

The Turf knew very little of Lord Poulett until 1845, although the Parvus Iulus, had, as the dramatic writers would say, smelt the lamps at Ascot, Goodwood, and those Meetings which his father was in the habit of frequenting. His proficiency in the Hunting Field naturally led him to a desire to distinguish himself on the Race Course, and in 1845, he got his 'first silk' on Birdcatcher at Gibraltar, in a Match for 1000 guineas for Lieut. Penrice of the Engineers, who was quartered in that garrison. The circumstances of the Match were rather extraordinary, and therefore we relate them. It would seem that Mr. Penrice was partial to Hazard, and having lost one evening 500*l.* to Mr. Halsey of the Royals, by way of squaring the accounts, and saving time, he proposed to run Birdcatcher against Mr. Halsey's Light Bob, for a thousand. The Match came off the following day before the Meet of the Hounds, and in the presence of the whole of the Court Guide of the Rock, as well as of the garrison. Light Bob was the favourite from his public pretensions as well as from being steered by the Honourable Captain Plunket of the Royals, who was 'the Little' of the island. The race was almost as fine a point as with the dice, the verdict being only a short head in favour of the novice. This *début* was considered so favourable, that retainers were offered him in all directions. None of these he felt justified in accepting, until Sir Lydston Newman, then a Lieutenant in the 72nd Highlanders, and in great force, came forward with an offer of his cap and jacket for another Match, in which the garrison were deeply interested. Under these circumstances, he accepted the mount, which was not so fortunate a one as the first. Nevertheless he rode for the worthy Baronet throughout the time he was quartered at Gibraltar. While there also on the celebrated barb Ache Ache, which was thought good enough to bring to England for the Goodwood Cup, he carried all before him, never being beaten on him, and the exploits of horse and rider formed the burden of many a Moorish ballad at the time. He now took leave of the Rock, and being moved to Portsmouth, his career as a Gentleman Jockey in the United Kingdom commenced on Southsea Common, where some United Service Races were held. Here he experienced a very severe accident, for when riding Flamingo, and coming round the last turn on the inside, a drunken sailor backed a horse over the ropes, which coming in contact with him, knocked Flamingo down, and while his rider was on the ground, no less than eight horses went over him, forcibly reminding him that they had been plated by a Smith who had complied with the requisition of contributing a sovereign to the Race Fund. Luckily he came out of the scrimmage with only a broken collar bone. As soon as his fracture had been set, and he had been reported fit for duty, the uniform coat was put off again for the silk jacket at Soberton, which he put on for Mr. Wyatt on Bertha, the first animal that Isaac Woolcott

ever trained. A finer race on a provincial course was never seen, and at the finish Mr. Elwes, on Fugitive by Rococo, beat the subject of our Memoir by a head. His Lordship's venue was then changed from Hampshire to Ireland, where a greater scope was afforded him for the exercise of his ability in the pigskin, from the number of Welter Races then established in that country. His *début* in Ireland took place at the Garrison Races in the Phoenix Park in 1848, when he steered Sir George Hampton's filly, The Wren, for the Dublin Stakes, and in a field of fourteen, he was beaten a head by Captain Douglas Lane on Revoke. At the small Meeting at Lucan, however, he was almost as invincible as Mr. George Thompson in Yorkshire, and his mount was backed with equal confidence. While at the Curragh, he went by the soubriquet of 'The Irish Nat,' from the neatness of his get up, and the smallness of his stature. At the latter place, the Marquis of Waterford had the first call of him, and that he did not make a bad selection is proved by his winning The Two Classes of the Corinthians in succession on Duch an Durras, each race being won by a head. His career with him in Scotland was not less brilliant than it had been in the Sister Isle, for at the Eglinton Meeting following he carried off the Curraghmore Cup as well as the Hunters' Stakes, beating all the best Welter weights of the day. It was here he made the acquaintance of Mr. I'Anson, who then trained the celebrated old horse Smuggler Bill, for Mr. Barton of Manchester. Mr. I'Anson was so struck with the manner in which the young soldier finished on Duch, in each of his races, that he begged him to remain another week in Scotland, and win the Welter Cups at Paisley and Stirling, on The Smuggler; and as the Calendars show, he complied with the request, and the races were credited to him. He then purchased The Smuggler, and taking him back to Ireland, he realized a small fortune by his contraband trade, winning the Phoenix Park Stakes, the Dunboyne Stakes, and the Kilmainham Handicap. And at Hoylake, on the shores of the Mersey, the week following the last-mentioned races, he carried off both the Welter Cups. After this career of triumph, Captain Poulett, as he was then called, fell back on Malton, where he might have been seen every morning riding gallops up Langton Wold, and taking a series of private lessons from the late experienced jockey, William Oates. The benefit of this finishing touch was soon discovered in his subsequent mounts, for instead of being beaten before his animal, as is the case with so many Gentlemen Riders, he could sit down and drive his horse home, in a manner that would have been a credit to a professional. In 1851 he had the good fortune to win The Corinthians at the Curragh, for Mr. E. Cunningham, on Misfortune. At Hoylake, in 1852, he may be said to have literally 'had a day to himself,' for he won the Two Welter Cups with Smuggler Bill, as well as four other races for different gentlemen. The Queen of Watering Places next beheld him in 'the beautiful Ely' colours of Mr. Cartwright on Maurice Daly, for whom he won the Welter Cup. This was his last race prior to his departure for India, which

took place shortly afterwards, accompanied by his Trainer, Will Conlan of the Curragh, who could not be persuaded to leave him, for he felt persuaded the same success would attend their joint efforts in the East. Nor was he mistaken, for during a period of eleven months, in the North-Western Provinces, he rode no less than fifty-seven races, and scored forty-three wins. Among these perhaps the most noteworthy was the celebrated Match between the English mare Pulcherrima, once in the possession of Ben Land, and the New South Wales Champion Bolivar, and on which thousands were depending. The contest came off on the Race-course at Peshawur, when the Daughter of Venison, ridden by the new-imported jockey, gave her opponent nearly two stone and a similar beating. On his return to England in 1857, he made direct for the Curragh, and in the cap and jacket of his friend Sir Thomas Burke, we find him winning The Corinthians again on the Mildew colt. Retiring to England, to his hunting quarters in Hampshire, his next appearance in the saddle was at Lyndhurst, where, in the straw and blue of that Emperor of Platers, Ben Land, he was pitted on Clovernook against Mr. Edwards on Bankrupt, and after one of the finest struggles ever seen for a quarter of a mile, he beat him by a head. The above race, will suffice to show that Lord Poulett can lay as legitimate claims to the honours of the Race Course as the Hunting Field. On the coach-box he is equally at home as in the saddle, and is remarkable for the smallness of his team, and the neatness of his drag. In the stubble as well as in the covert, he will bear comparison with most of those that can be brought against him, and, in short, he may be said to unite all the best qualities of an English Sportsman.

At the present time, his Lordship has three animals in training with Mr. William P'Anson, being the only other employer in the stable, with the exception of Mr. Henry Chaplin. And, with a few cross country horses in the south, he is enabled to amuse himself at a cheap rate, without having to experience those racking anxieties which are so frequently encountered by the followers of the Turf, both of high and low degree.

In closing our notice of Lord Poulett, we may add that, in the sphere of social life, his kindness of heart, frank and engaging courtesy, added to an irresistible charm of manner, cause him to be regarded quite as much by his private friends, as he is by those who are brought in contact with him either as a Master of Hounds, an owner of racehorses, or an extensive landlord.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

OF all the books of reference which it has been our good fortune to meet with in the last four years (and indeed they are not scant), we have seen no such fortunate compilation as that which has just been published under the title of 'The Public Schools' Calendar.' The editor, who, with a modesty which does not always distinguish merit, does not give us his name, is a graduate of Oxford; and the publication is from the press of Mr. Rivington. Felicitous indeed, O Rivington, ought this venture to be: nor few are the reasons which should make it so. First, it supplies a want which everybody feels, *i. e.*, everybody that is anybody. For lives there a man with soul so dead as not to desire to have a son, a nephew, a brother, a relative, or a friend at one of the numerous public schools of this country? If so, we have never seen that man: assuredly he has never 'left his 'slippers at the door of our tent:' he is not known among the readers of 'Baily.' Inquire on the match days at Lord's whether there is anything like a general interest felt in the welfare of even two out of that number. Look at the dark-blue and the light-blue bonnet-strings: admire the roseate glow of that young mother, who looks so anxiously at the eighth wicket as it falls, with sixty runs still to get. She can't have a boy at either: but then she hopes to have in the course of time. And having settled which it is to be, because her cousin Tom, who does not come quite so often to the house as he used to before her marriage, was captain of the boats, or the Eleven, she feels all the ups and downs of Harrovian or Etonian prosperity as acutely as if she were positively 'one of us.'

It supplies a want, we say, which everybody feels. We do not mean to applaud, without discrimination, this vulgar search after respectability by public school education which has taken England by storm in the last twenty years: so that what was formerly a distinction, bought and cherished by those who were entitled to it, and fitted for it, has been usurped upon some foolish principle of fashion, without reference to the benefit to be derived from it, and with an utter ignorance of the 'fitness of things.' Our compiler indeed is a shrewd man. He has seen that Eton and Harrow and Winchester, with six other great schools, have an importance, which, if not greater, is more peculiar than those others which he has been compelled to enumerate. Jones and Smith, who have made money in trade, who are surrounded by vulgar relations, who have no conception of an 'h,' or are always looking for it in the wrong place, want a good education for Tom, so they intend to send him to Eton. Nonsense! they think because Tom will be able to talk about Lord This, and Mr. That, when they cut him in Bond Street, that Tom will be a greater gentleman than their less ambitious neighbour,

whose boy really has learnt something under the mild rule of Doctor Ferule, and is a better oar than either of them. And the Joneses and Smiths are in a great majority: and among themselves have done a wise thing or two on the subject of education in large schools, which, before we come to talk of the sports and pastimes, and flogging and fagging, we had better say a word about.

Inasmuch as it was impossible for the mountain to come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. The great expense, as well as the limited nature of such institutions, precluded the possibility of every young gentleman of the middle class being turned down in Eton, Harrow, or Winchester. Those great seminaries were mainly intended for great people; and a man may be a gentleman without having been at either. The only thing is that so many people will not believe this. However, the fact of the case, hard of admission, remains the same; and when the demand was so great that it could not be supplied, something that answered the purpose equally well turned up. Marlborough, and Cheltenham, and King's College School, and Birmingham, and Bedford, and Rossall, and several more, have been made available for the same purpose, where respectability may be purchased; and if it is of the Brummagem pattern it wears remarkably well, and is to be had at about one-fourth of the price. Why should a man struggle and strive and get in debt or inconvenience himself for the vanity of shouting with the 'Nobs' once or twice a year, when he knows he can get the same thing, even more according to *his* requirements, at a very different price. We say this because the editor of the Calendar has followed so far the Report of the Public School Commissioners as to draw a line between the nine schools, sanctioned as pure public schools by their Report, and those others which he has adjoined, because 'public recognition' seems to place them nearest the former. Of course no man ever pays a compliment to one person without making an enemy of some half-dozen others. In accordance with this exceedingly trite axiom, 'Some dissatisfaction has been expressed at the non-admission of such schools as Louth and Uppingham into the Calendar.' Louth and Uppingham! Stars and garters! Well, we are not fastidious, but, really, until the institution of competitive examinations not half a dozen people out of their respective counties had ever heard of them; and we are not sure that a languid swell of the first fashion and highest ignorance might not even now be heard inquiring, 'I say, Jenkins, old fellow, where the d——l is 'Louth?' To which Jenkins might possibly reply, 'Pon my soul, 'I haven't the least idea. Somewhere near Uppingham, I suppose.' No, no, Mr. Editor. You were quite right. Resist imposition. The thing has gone far enough. But if everybody that has a 'foundation' is to build such presumptuous hopes as that upon it, good-bye to public school prestige altogether. Harrow need never have seen Lord Palmerston, nor Robert Grimston; nor Eton Lord Derby, nor Mr. Chitty. Where's Doctor Blimber? What has become of Squeers? Let us close the painful subject, or we shall

have half the readers of 'Baily,' and all the public school men in England, in tears.

As the chances are against the probability of having read the original Report of the Public School Commissioners, unless the calls of duty required such a sacrifice of time, it may be as well to state which are the nine schools subjected to the criticism of her Majesty's Commission, as also those more numerous ones which have appeared to the editor of the Calendar to deserve better at his hands than some hundreds of others, with about an equal claim, as far as the essentials of ancient publicity are concerned. When the New Road contains half a dozen colleges; when there's a public half-yearly examination at every day-school in the suburbs of London, conducted by somebody, no matter who, from a university, no matter which; when every teacher is a professor (which, indeed, many of them are, and nothing more); when there are associations of schoolmasters, of whose existence the seats of learning are ignorant, and whose government has certainly not extended to themselves, it is very desirable that a line should be drawn. We may add that it has been most judiciously done.

The list of schools which have been selected by the commissioners as pertaining especially to the categorical 'Public,' are, Winchester, Eton, St. Paul's, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Merchant Taylors', Rugby, Harrow, and Charterhouse. Here a line of demarcation is drawn, of no great strength truly, but placing in their turn as deserving of notice, and forming a cheaper edition of their predecessors, the following seminaries of learning, be they colleges, or academies, or schools, as the case may be:—Christ's Hospital, Birmingham, Bedford, Woolwich, Sandhurst, King's College and University College Schools, Royal Naval School, City of London, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Rossall, and Wellington. We feel acutely for one or two of these—that is, we should have felt so had we been the fortunate holder of a scholarship from either of them, which we are not. The principles on which the selection has been made are stated to be those of Public Recognition. No doubt the editor has done his best; and he has made a very thick little volume of his researches, occupying from five to six hundred pages; but we think he might have done equally well and profitably had he omitted the whole of his last list, excepting, perhaps, Marlborough and Cheltenham, and Woolwich and Sandhurst: the system of the two latter being peculiar to their object, and the numbers of the two former giving them some sort of call upon our attention, as public schools for a very large and respectable class of the upper and middle strata of English society. As schools for the great aristocracy they do not now exist, nor ever will exist, as long as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, or Westminster profess to teach anything at all. Practically, they are no better than these, as tested by the two universities, the senate, the church, the bar, or the army, excepting in their cheapness. We detect very little difference in their programmes of study, of monitorship, of general discipline, excepting

that these latter have no proper system of fagging, so called, and are deficient in some of those old fashions which have established a good strong feeling in their favour. Even flogging is a not unpleasant subject of retrospect, alas! so difficult of achievement to any but an old public school man. To be sure these moderns mostly indulge in the luxury of a professor of natural science and chemistry, which is a source of great consolation to those who are sent to school to prepare for the laboratory; and in the list of *Honours* for 1863-4 we have, in one return at least, the names of the gentlemen who have passed for direct commissions. We purchased those honours in our day. The editor need not descend to these minutiae another year.

It will not add to the amusement of the reader to carry him through the recommendations which have been made by the commissioners. These reforms, however, refer in some cases to matters of which Paterfamilias ought to be cognizant, and in others to such as trench very nearly upon our own province of sport and recreation.

Mamma trusts her little *sapling* (the diminutive of a wise man) with fear and trembling to the tender mercies of Eton or Harrow. She hopes he will be a good boy, and learn. Yes! so do we; and play too: for, depend upon it, to do the one without the other is an exceedingly dangerous operation to the future man. That is why it is so unnatural. Charming predisposition of nature for what is truly wholesome! That great question of Latin and Greek, and of mathematics, which are being taught a little now, and of modern languages (what a charming pronunciation young Bill Smart from Shrewsbury has, who got the last Porson! he picked it up there under the new system, quite accidentally; most probably from a Welshman), we are not about to enter into. Mamma lives in days when she must take her chance. Her little boy may know nothing at all, if he likes. Now we couldn't manage that. But then, again, he may know everything; so that ought to satisfy mamma: for he may assure her that everything is taught, or to be taught—excepting, perhaps, the method of learning it, which still remains, as it is likely to do, 'in statu quo.'

This Latin and Greek business is not a subject for discussion here: it pertains to the commissioners, and head masters, and professors of natural and unnatural science, which meant in the dark ages something different from what it does now. It is quite certain that even at Eton, or Harrow, or Rugby, or other great seminaries of learning, there is enough to be learnt, if Master Tom has any stomach for the work. Paterfamilias may rest assured of that; and all the modern inventions and short cuts (or hard ones, administered where you will) will not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

We shall likewise take but scant note of the statutes and the visitorial authority, the revenues and endowments, excepting, perhaps, to remark that there was a difference between the income and its destination in the sixteenth century and in the nineteenth century. In a peculiar case the original income was 24*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, of which 12*l.*

was paid to the schoolmaster and 6*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* to the almsmen. The annual income at present is 5,653*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, at an average of seven years, of which 255*l.* 3*s.* is expended on almsmen. If this is the same proportion as the founder intended for uneducational charity, we have made some mistake in our arithmetic. But then we were educated when a professor of numerals was not in existence at 'our school.' We need not trouble you either with the systems of promotion, which is supposed to depend on merit, except, indeed, in the case of an elder brother, who takes an honorary position: to be 'Maximus natu' is to be likewise 'Sapiens et Rex.' Promotion does not come from the east, nor the west, nor yet from the south, but sometimes from a capability of adaptation of another boy's labours to our work. This has been discovered to be pre-eminently the case in some of the army examinations. Prizes, scholarships, exhibitions, and such things will be more interesting to receive than to read about. The fullest information is contained in the stout little volume which has formed the basis for these remarks.

But the interest in the book does not flag even after the discussion of such necessary matter as this. There remain the monitors, and the flogging and the fagging, and, above all, the recreation of the little world we are so interested in studying.

The question of punishment is interesting to most parents; but not being made a subject of comment by the commissioners, has been reported upon by the editor of the Calendar at some length. We confess our love for the fine old tree of knowledge, the Birch. We look back to our juvenile days when that admirable institution was in full vigour. Alas! we read now in the report of more than one, indeed we may say of all of the great public schools, 'that flogging has greatly diminished in frequency.' What shall we assume then? That the rising generation is better than the risen? or that the delicacy of modern refinement is opposed to the dictates of sense and Solomon? We, who look back to the flogging block with a tender association of olden times, regret that little boys should be brought up without that discipline which has made us what we are. We delight in our editor, however, on this subject. He goes into it 'con amore.' Of a truth the Oxford graduate must have suffered himself. How glibly, in speaking of Winchester, he writes of 'scrubbing,' and 'bibling,' and 'chambering,' and with what a charming simplicity he describes the 'Vimen quadrifidum,' the representative of the more orthodox birch, the four-twigged apple-stock, which falls more gently on the mother's ears! 'The mode adopted too,' adds the writer, 'is not open to censure.' That implies indeed that other modes are: and in recalling our own impressions we believe we always agreed with that notion, whilst under the harrow: on a more faithful consideration of the subject, we are of opinion that no mode of infliction would then have unconditionally met our views. How men alter with circumstances! We recall to mind the days when more boys were flogged in one morning than appear now to endure that very light affliction in the

half-year. Thirty years ago at —, after morning school, before breakfast, a select detachment of dunces, headed by the monitor for the week, assembled in trembling anxiety at the door of the sixth-form schoolroom. The block, the birch, the monitor, and the *Head Master*, who for that operation certainly ought to have assumed another name, all awaited the coming of the culprits. Then while the stipulated six cuts for lessons was given, we on the outside would gratify our curiosity and cruelty by looking through the keyhole. There was a great satisfaction in this review of another's misfortunes, as exposing our own security. That's human nature all the world over. It usually produced a merry, cheerful sentiment among us, and a scramble for the vacant peep-hole; until the monitor, at the command of the Doctor, made a sudden irruption upon us, and with indiscriminate kicks dispersed the rabble. We perceive in the Calendar, at one place, that it is described as an 'imposing ceremony;' in our case it imposed upon nobody.

We are delighted to see that the use of the 'cane' seems almost ignored in schools which ought to be a pattern for all others, as far as their discipline and customs are concerned. Regard, O Paterfamilias, that instrument of torture with great suspicion. Indiscriminate corporal punishment is very bad. That is the way boys meet with injuries, and really not inhumane men with disgrace and obloquy. The rod is a grand respectable instrument of momentary torture calculated to do nobody any harm. It is used, too, necessarily after the offence, and not at the time of it. It is dignified, and measured in its infliction. Just what punishment ought to be. In this alone, if in no other point of view, we may regard the public school system as far beyond any other.

The monitorial system, as it is called, is universal. Under some name or other it exists everywhere. With it a boy begins to be a man. He takes to himself responsibility: it is his first acceptance of that without which he might as well have been a savage or a mummy. We think, however, that the Report might have recommended, among other things, a restriction from the use of the cane, which we see is in fashion in some places by prefects, monitors, or præpositors, whichever they happen to be called. That rank should be accompanied by corresponding privileges is but natural: but there can be quite thrashing enough in a school, and (it is of course beneficial for youngsters under some circumstances) without allowing an organized system of corporal punishment to boys, however skilful in the construction of original Greek or Latin composition. A box on the ears, administered at the moment that a boy deserves it, sometimes makes a serviceable impression, and mamma's darling, who has been considered hitherto the genius of the family from the stupidity of his father, or the impertinence of his remarks, will profit by an extemporaneous licking: but it is dangerous to intrust even præpositors with proconsular power who have not, as was customary in Rome, served the consulship before. A hat and a cane and the natural dignity of superior scholarship ought to carry sufficient terror.

into the young and inexperienced. The power of the Winchester prefects was supposed to be as despotic as the system was complicated; but it was always said to act well. To be sure, our opinion is rather formed from the information and comments of the prefects and masters themselves, who forget the earlier impressions of less prejudiced youth.

Fagging was always a glorious bone of contention, which ought to have been picked clean by this time. It was considered highly beneficial as a check to that fastidiousness and self-sufficiency which is not unfrequently the consequence of Belgravian boyhood, or of an infancy passed in some other, the realms of Swelldom. Mothers shuddered at the unheard-of barbarity which characterized public school life fifty years ago. We are not yet the 'oldest inhabitant,' or we might give some information on the subject: our inquiries have brought us to the conviction that bullying and fagging had very little to do with one another. Whether it was an advantage for old Jones and young Plantagenet to stand in the relation of Patronus and Cliens turned upside down is a question; but it was not good for the latter to black boots and have his verses done for him every other day. There can be no question about that. As to the cruelty, we can speak from experience of half the fifty years, the compulsion to field at cricket or keep goal at football instead of lying on one's back in the sun to read a story-book was by far the greatest extent of it in practice. We have never seen the boy, now doubtless seventy or eighty years of age, who was nearly roasted before a slow fire, for refusing to eat strawberry jam with his bread and butter: although a worthy old gentleman still prowls about Bond Street in the season, who was said to have been dropped night after night from a three pair of stairs window, until the rope broke and he fell, basket and all, through the head of the sedan-chair in which the Head Master was returning from Lady ——'s drum. These are apocryphal, and only to be believed for example of life and instruction of manners.

Her Majesty's Commissioners have appended a remark of their own upon this part of public school life, '*quod minimè intelligimus*,' not to say it profanely. It is recommended 'that fags be relieved from all services which may be properly performed by servants.' What is the meaning of this? If we are to interpret this literally, the fags will have an easy time of it. Davus certainly may more properly than Heros lay the cloth, boil the eggs, fetch the cream, or wipe up the ink. It would more become him to return from old Mother —— with a pound of sugar, some pats of butter, and a pot of blacking in his hat, a dozen figs in his waistcoat pockets, and a Bologna sausage and two red-herrings distributed over the rest of his person. The person of one of her Majesty's pages should not be so defiled. And yet, when boys in the sixth will have red-herrings and figs they will not go for them themselves, and we do not think Davus will be forthcoming at the right moment. At all events, there cannot be forty or fifty Davi; and young gentlemen

will be impatient. As to making the beds, blacking the high-lows, and carrying the coals up to the nursery, we rather think that part of the business will not be performed by young Belgravius : though when another polish is required for Tightlace's boots, to go up and see Charlie Fitzroy, and the officer on guard, we feel certain he would not hesitate to demand assistance, nor Belgravius to give it ; nor would the latter be any the worse for the condescension.

Fagging, as it now exists in all the public schools, is quite able to go alone, without any assistance whatever from the commissioners ; and we recommend it to the consideration of Paterfamilias (and Materfamilias) as one of the very best institutions of the public school system—a great promoter of the physical and mental development of dear Willie in its very best form.

The recreation or athletic exercises of our public schools, as they have contributed more than anything else to the formation of the English character as distinct from other men, has not been omitted by the editor of the 'Public Schools' Calendar.' He has not only distinguished the games which are peculiar to Eton or Harrow, and the other schools under discussion, but he has given a list of the competition at athletic sports in 1864, with the names of the winners, and in some instances the time and distances in the various contests. To see oneself thus early in life in print, is a distinction which was not formerly accorded to physical superiority, unless we except the pages of 'Bell's Life,' who published the names only of the competing elevens during the matches. We wish the commissioners would have left a recommendation for the restitution of that seven days' tournament. The question has been often argued, and many suggestions made by which the dangers of temptation might be overcome, and the terrors of expense diminished. We are nevertheless condemned to see a blank where Winchester formerly took its place. Or, if it be impossible for the Wykhambists to send out their champions to do battle for the oldest public school in the kingdom, might not Rugby be invited to share the laurels which are so openly and vociferously accorded to victors and vanquished ? Any invidious question remaining about public school prestige we think the commissioners have effectually burked by the judicious selection they made ; and whatever superiority may have been claimed for Eton and Harrow on other grounds, they would rather uphold than tarnish it by a willingness to meet for any trial of skill. A second day's cricket last year could not be got out of the materials furnished for the public school matches, and thousands retired from the ground scarcely repaid for the trouble of coming to see a day's play by hearing an hour's chaff. If an influential commissioner should be so fortunate as to take in 'Baily,' and see this article, let us beg his powerful assistance in making up a week's cricket, which has been far more enjoyed, and has caused far more excitement, than anything short of the international fight for the belt at Farnborough.

Although cricket appears to be the game 'par excellence' of English youth, we have certain schools mentioned as remarkable for

boating and other sports, of which we shall yet have to speak. In all, great stress is laid on the opportunities for open air amusements; and mothers and fathers need not fear that the scion of a noble house will be overtaxed by sedentary employment when they learn from our authority that 'cricket makes large demands on the boys' 'time' (poor fellows! this is very sad, and marks a despotism worthy of the dark ages); 'five hours a day on half-holidays, thrice a week, and two hours on whole school days, are thought necessary 'to get into the eleven.' And in 'speaking of Harrow, our editor adds, with much *naïveté*, 'The average time given to cricket is 'estimated at about fifteen hours in the week; a boy taking every 'opportunity could make it twenty.' We fear some of these little rascals have been striving to make it twenty, if we may judge by their proficiency in that science, and their deficiency in those other sciences, which also make demands on their time, of a feebler kind.

How refreshing it is, too, to read here of the 'meads,' and 'hill 'times,' and 'exeats,' and the 'country to the south and east,' over which alone we were allowed to go, and which made the north and the west so doubly dear to us! How an old fogey, who sits at home writing of these things, longs once more (if it were possible) to see the river, and the playing fields, and the long meadows, as he once saw them, and to share in the football matches and the racquet-court as he once used to share them! But that cannot be. 'La-
'buntur anni;' and one of the inconveniences of ever being a man is, that we can never be again a boy. It matters not, 'sive reges, 'sive inopes coloni,' whether nobles or miserable labourers, we have had our cake and eaten it: so let us be content, and watch our successors. Let us wish them joy of their 'ludi,' and the facilities which modern watchfulness gives to their enjoyments. What a different thing is the idea from the reality of a playground, as exhibited in a public school! We can see in our mind's eye the high walls and crippled space of a well-bricked and gravelled parallelogram, out of which human ingenuity could not get, and in which you could but cut your hands and knees when you ventured beyond a conventional walk with a dirty-faced chum. We know the joyous freedom of bounds which are no bounds, and the run down to the boats, and the 'hounds' and the 'house-jumping,' which we beg to observe is not confined to Rugby. And the commissioners—good souls!—have even had an eye to the possibility of schoolboys wanting a real playground, who were without one; for they 'recommend that the trustees should buy or rent a permanent 'playground suited to the size of the school.' We know that censured playground of 'about three quarters of an acre, near the 'school, with a fives-court.' Nobody ever went into it excepting to play at racquets; and it would be a remarkably fine playground indeed that would be preferred to boundless fields, for miles out of the town, and a glorious river, and a noble country of hill and dale, whose only limit is the 'calling over.' That was a gloomy old

place, that three quarters of an acre ; a sort of Place de Grève, the scene of many a bloody combat, where we fought all our battles in the fives-court. So gloomy, in fact, was it esteemed, that beyond serving us as a tilt-yard, one room which looked on to it was reserved for the boys, who were locked up on the half-holidays to do an imposition of extraordinary length or severity. As the battles always took place before breakfast, and the locking-up in the afternoon, the captive had not even the melancholy satisfaction of seeing two of his fellow-creatures endeavouring to heighten one another's beauty. The commissioners seem not to have appreciated that playground as a place of punishment. †

Notwithstanding all that has been said for cricket, at Eton, Westminster, and Shrewsbury, boating almost takes precedence of it. The captain of the boats at Eton is the great man of the school ; he of the eleven comes after him. Great and glorious are the mysteries of the 4th of June, of which who of our readers is entirely ignorant ? Shrewsbury has its regularly-organized regatta. With such a river, could it well be without one ? And good strong useful oars at Cambridge, Shrewsbury men should have been. It takes at least two hours to go up the stream, a distance which may be accomplished in half an hour coming down ; and some of the rapids near the town are so strong, that boating there insures condition. Westminster is no less remarkable, from its situation in the heart of the metropolis—a situation forbidding some pleasures which other public schools enjoy ; and the commissioners have recommended on that account increased facilities and conveniences for their favourite amusement. Water seems to be the natural element of islanders. Heading the boats at a public school will not make an admiral ; the captain of an eleven is not necessarily an embryo Wellington ; but the spirit of obedience and discipline taught and enforced by these exercises forms the stuff of which our great men are made. All these things of which we have been treating tend to this end. Almost every great man in this country has been a public school man. They regard with affection the scenes of their boyhood, not only because they look back upon their pleasures, which retrospect enervates rather than strengthens the mind, but because they see in them the education which has made them what they are, and hope that they may do for others what they have so efficiently done for themselves. It matters not whether it be boating, cricket, or football ; whether it be a paper chase or a big jump, the beauty of which consists in getting wet through, fagging, the monitorial system, and that grand old English custom of a stand-up fight, which settles all differences in an amicable manner ; one and all have served to develop in the Englishman traits which are sought for in vain elsewhere ; and which have so forced themselves, in spite of circumstances, upon our neighbours, that the East is beginning to recognize the convenience of an English education for her native children. A boy may kick a goal or keep it against all comers. This fact will not determine his future. He may be turned into a

statesman or a bishop. But under either auspices he will act with that moral courage and determination which was engendered by the hardihood of a public school. The first home from the Hilmorton run will not be the last in the great race for the prizes of this world; nor, if we may do so without offence, we would add, *ceteris paribus*, for the still greater prize of the next. If honour, energy, perseverance, and a spirit of gentlemanly feeling, have any connection with godliness, we look for them in the training which is derived from the great schools of the country. Where there are large bodies of boys or men, there must be irregularities, shortcomings, idleness, even vice; but there will grow up among these tares a sufficient harvest to reward the husbandman for his sowing.

The world will be glad to know that the interests of the country are not practically neglected. The rifle corps numbers in each school a fair average of those who are willing to prepare themselves for its duties hereafter. Thanks to the noblemen and gentlemen who have encouraged this feeling by prizes for its main object. Let it continue now as it is, not obligatory, but a purely voluntary movement. It is much better that such a duty should force itself upon the members than that any undue influence should be brought to bear upon them.

Athletic sports have due prominence given them in the book which has formed our text. We need make no invidious comparisons between schools, where the extent of prowess has been given. These things are mere matters of accident; nor is it of much importance whether a mile be done by one boy five or ten seconds faster than by another. Four feet ten will do as well for the high jump as five feet or more. It matters not much whether eighteen feet be compassed in length or twenty. What we desire to establish is the great fact that while the mind receives a culture which daily experience proves to be noways inefficient for the public business of life, whatever may be said of Latin or Greek, of French or German, of Greek iambics and Latin elegiacs, of English composition and the solution of an equation, the physical powers of the body are allowed to keep pace with it; so that the capacity for learning and the application of knowledge may never fail for want of those energies which can alone render them valuable.

It has been observed that the public school education of this country does not fit its members for the competitive examinations now in use. The reason is simple enough; nor does it depend upon any imperfections in the system of education. In large bodies of several hundred boys, almost all intended for professions, there will be many of less capacity and of less industry than the rest. A master cannot keep back the ready and willing for the sake of the idle. It becomes, therefore, necessary to give some undivided attention to those who have learnt imperfectly mathematics, or history, or modern languages, to fit them for the closer examination which they must undergo in those particular subjects. Turned out in the world they would probably get their own living as well, or

better, than other people. But it so happens that there is a narrow gate to be passed before they can commence that career; and they must, at any cost, provide themselves with the requisite ticket for admission. It is not that Harrow or Eton, or any other good school, is deficient in the means, but until all boys can be made equally attentive and industrious, Paterfamilias must put up with the seeming inconsistency, for a few months, of a private tutor. We can say this, with tolerable experience of the subject, that no boys come to hand so capable of being taught, as those who have enjoyed the privilege of a good classical education.

MAN, METHODIST, AND MASTER.

THE question has been lately broached in some periodicals of the chase, whether foxes are as plentiful in the present day as in former times. The common impression is that they have decreased. If that were substantially the case the number of pseudo-fox-hunters at the covert side would immediately diminish, for nothing tends more to disperse the *posse comitatus* of scarlet than an unhappy recurrence of blank days. Nine-tenths of the men who hunt in the fashionable districts meet for the purpose of riding. They go out with that sole object, and without a fox they cannot have their fun. Many, if they dared, would fall back upon ~~staggering~~ *staggering*; but such is the obloquy attached to the unwholesome name of 'Stagger,' that they stand in awe of, and are checked by the dread of the social thong which would be unreservedly administered. With a paucity of foxes men get out of temper and sulky, they seek other latitudes, and the absence of sport by this crying evil entails a series of miseries, against which no hunt can contend. Hounds become slack, draw their gorges languidly, run riot from impatience and continued disappointment, and, worst of all, lose their condition. Neither can that vilest of remedial measures, a commercial fox, mitigate this withering blight of sport. Let us take a glance at the field and the kennel.

Blank days and an uncertain future make even the groom listless as he takes on his horse to the meet; neither is his amiability improved by the humorous chaff addressed to him by the wayside loiterer, who is fully cognizant of the sore place. The footer is at all times ready with a sharp word, although without any occult malice, for no one more heartily enters into the excitement of good sport than the same daily labourer when out for a holiday. The farmers are discontented and suspicious from fear of the blame being laid at their door, and the Jerry of the hunt, in a tattered pink and without shoes, threatens to withdraw his support. The kennel department also partakes of the Lenten spirit of mortification. The hounds look jaded and disconsolate, as if incredulous of virtue anywhere, more particularly in their own country; the huntsman and the whips have the solemn aspect of those *ames damnées* of hunting, methodist parsons; the countenance of the Master is similar to that of a hen-

pecked teetotaller; and the field loses, each day, some of its best men. Yet the pack shall be of a first-class average.

On the contrary, a safe country and a succession of sport will draw a field from long distances, even with a moderate establishment. When men examine their hunting map to calculate milestones they do not object to a considerable surplusage if thereby they can certify a find. They eschew a goodlier pack with the improbable event; and the thorough-bred dances lightly along, *pede libero*, as if conscious of carrying the Master to the arena of real business. There is no greater pacifier of an irritable conscience than a rattling find, except it be to have a good place at the start, and the better fortune again to keep it. However, we have now found our fox, which is sufficient for the present purpose, and we hope the run will be sharp and decisive. At any rate, it is of happy augury when the hounds return home with their sterns well up and bloody, showing the closeness with which they have drawn, and when the streaked chops of old Marmaduke, by Drake's Monarch, out of Termagant, straining back to the York and Ainsty Trimbush, betoken the last scene of the finish. And the rubicund huntsman is content, with a cheery word for high and low, and a slight grin, between satisfaction and contempt, for a Spa man, bedizened and unstained, who comes up hard on the road some ten minutes after the kill. He had been told wrong by a woman. An old one? They have the wicked will to revenge their loss of youth on males in general like a man in a pike. A young one? He might have done better things than listen to a silver tongue and a saucy smile. The men do not object to a tankard of home-brewed, which they well deserve, as the farmer meets them at his gate to show them a short cut, which will save them a mile, and the feet of the hounds as well from going painfully over a new-made road. Cigars are lit, flasks are drained and replenished, yet beware the riot of V. O. P., for it cannot be appealed to constantly, and, as a matter of course, without ultimately telling upon the nerves. And now the trot home upon the second horse is as merry as the morning venue. Fox-hunting is a jeremiad or a jubilee, according to the absence or presence of the principal character in the piece. Hamlet is a necessity, and if the Prince of Denmark be foully Bismarcked nothing remains but to heap anathema maranatha upon the head of the peccant B.

The perfidy of the gamekeeper is almost without remedy. He holds, if it so please him, Master, fox-hunter, and every one else in defiance. Whatever may be the conduct pursued towards him, if he be pensioned by the M. F. H., and receive his ample gratuity, or if he be peremptorily ordered by his employer to hold his hand from the great sin, still, in despite of reward and prohibition, the deed will be done darkly, but surely. It is the inveterate habit of a second nature, 'sweeter than honey and the honeycomb;' and so interwoven with being does the desire of trapping become, that any danger with the chance of detection will be hazarded rather than forego the satanic delight of vulpecidism. Like the virus of certain virulent

diseases, when once inoculated it can never be expelled from the system of this confirmed rascal.

In our early day a neighbour of sterling character and integrity, well known in Warwickshire in the days of the black collar, the very type of an English gentleman 'all of the olden time,' gave his head keeper strict orders to preserve foxes, and to let the game take its fair chance. The keeper, personally, obeyed the order; but this tacit obedience did not prevent his employing the greatest vagabond of the district to perform the office of executioner by deputy. It must be observed that a keeper has always one or more of these preter-pluperfects in his private pay, to do that which he dare not perpetrate openly himself, and to worm out, at the public-house, the secret plans of his fellow-poachers, of which he gives intelligence. A traitor in grain is always the same traitor to friend or foe.

A litter of foxes was laid up in a worked-out stone-quarry full of brushwood on the estate of the good neighbour, and was carefully fed by one who had been long in our service, and was the cleverest person in handling foxes in that or in any other country. After a little time he had a suspicion of something wrong, from the track of foot-steps in and about the main earth, and from the cubs being unusually shy. The cute fox-keeper brought his chum, the village cobbler, to the spot, and the print of the shoes, that had been made and mended by that worthy, was easily recognized. The man was safe in hand—it was the preter-pluperfect himself—and patience was only required to abide the proper time. Sheridan once said that the further he went west the more he was persuaded that the wise men came from the east. He had not had the advantage of being acquainted with this sharp denizen of Dartmoor, our fox-keeper, who, although he could neither read nor write, was a match for any one. He never failed in the accuracy of his accounts, which were kept on notched sticks, like those of school-boys; and when examined before a railway committee, his evidence about country, locality, the frequency of freshets, carrier trade, and other minutiae, was the most reliable that was given. One of the counsel complimented him thereupon, and remarked that had he been able to read or write he would not have been so shrewd and apt, for that he now trusted entirely to memory, which was always to him as an open and indelible page.

The wished-for hour arrived that is sure to reward

‘The vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.’

The fellow, Bolt—and his name, like that of Bismarck, began with the fated B, ‘et cantare pares’—was on the move, and he had been watched to the public-house by the daughter of the fox-keeper. It was a fine midsummer evening, with the light a little on the wane, so that the ambush in the copse was not other than agreeable. The old stone-quarry was at the bottom of a slope of ground, with a path through fields from the village, leading to a spring under the rocks, noted for

water-cresses. The earths were above, there was a pool of water beneath, and on the opposite bank we were stationed, amongst the brushwood. On the other side of the slope a grass road went straight up the ascent to a common, one of the spurs of Dartmoor, which led to the village on the right. It was an exciting diversion—between a badger-bait and a drag, with something of the illegitimate to give it a zest, for the man was safe to show fight or to give a run. At last he approached stealthily in the dusk, under the hedges, with a light mattock and a sack, and a small terrier of the Rubby sort, a breed well known in those parts, was at his heels. He went straight to the main earth, and quietly cheered in his terrier—the animal seemed unwilling. He had crossed our line somewhere, the evening air was behind, and he had winded us. The dog yelped fiercely, stopped, and opened again, coming towards the copse, when, either seeing us, or suspecting something, the man dropped his traps, and was away. A fair find, and we had him. By skirting, and carrying a wide head, one by the paths in the field, and the other by the grass road, the chase was forced into the middle ground over the gaps and hedges, which, active as he might be, was a sore hindrance. Onwards he ran pluckily, with a good start, striving to gain the common, and make for the village to the right. This had been duly calculated upon, and in that case he would have come upon our trusty henchman. Out we came upon the open, bearing down upon each other, and making sure of a capture, but not a soul was visible, yet there was plenty of light to distinguish any one at a short distance. A moor hut was close at hand; no intelligence, however, could be obtained from these possible relatives or confederates, and, perhaps, both. We were taken aback, used strong language of lamentation, unlike the respectable patriarch of Uz, and deemed ourselves disgracefully beaten. But the one of ready mother wit and infinitesimal accomplishment came to the rescue of the other of Latin and Greek, etcetera. We have ever since estimated the nescience of the three aldermanic R's to be a voucher of original talent in its pure state. There was a well not far from the cottage; the bucket was not visible, and the rope was tight. The fox-keeper pointed to it, and straightway a heap of stones was collected. Down they were hurled, without apparent effect; after a second and more plentiful discharge of a larger sort a loud splash was heard, and a howl followed in dolorous petition, 'Lor'-a'-massy, squire; doant 'ee now. 'My head's a scat; do 'ee drag me up. Never no more will I do 'nort of harm to them there foxes, by my holy davy!' Whoo-hoop, a pretty cast, and a neat finish. There was nothing tangible, however, for legal punishment, and Dick Bolt got off this time for a ducking and a broken head.

Methodist parsons have been said to be hostile to fox-hunting, and indeed to any other kind of sporting, except poaching, in which they are usually proficient. It is wrong to make an accusation without substantiating the charge. The servant of one of the Praise God Barebones sort, who had poured forth his spirit lustily

from the rostrum on the heinousness of 'varmint-hunting,' and the sinful expense that it entailed, which robbed the poor, according to his version, of money that ought to be bestowed upon them—thus unrighteously setting man against master—was detected, by the one of the sharp wit already described, carrying about a dead fox on the sly, and begging a shilling for having exterminated the enemy of the hen-roost. The preacher had always declared solemnly that he himself never carried out the principle of his sermon in the deed. With a white-livered liar and hypocrite of this description there is no middle way of dealing. Whenever such a fellow is under the harrow, punish without mercy; it is a bounden duty; for mercy to a howling Methodist is not only a folly, but a wrong to virtue. This man had, for a series of years, cajoled the parish into repairing a road over a common that led to his farm, and which did not go beyond. He was wealthy and overbearing, and, as no one had made any objection, the custom had been permitted to continue. Care was taken, at the next vestry, that the question should be raised. The holy man of tea and unctuous bread and butter assumed a plaintive tone, and observed how it was a joyful thing for the brethren to dwell together in unity: but when he found this move to be of no avail, the hot-gospeller waxed furious, protested, sent everybody to a warm place, and threatened to appeal to the sessions. He did appeal. The maps were produced; evidence brought forward; the decision of the vestry was confirmed; and the canting psalm-singer has ever since been compelled to repair, at his own cost, a mile of the most rotten and clayey ground in the district; and he remembers his transgression, and his vulpecidal sin is ever before him; and this the more from having been fined, at the same time, for having his name improperly painted on his carts and waggons. Justice is ever sure to find out the evil-doer; occasionally to add a small item for delay.

At the present time there is a large and increasing demand for uninjured foxes, arising from the order to the keeper by his master that his coverts are not to bear the discredit of being proclaimed blank. There is some consolation in this dread of obloquy, for if it be not of honourable complexion by the way of motive, it works well for the hunting public. Fear of punishment much conduceth to the right. Velveteen declares that he has a fox in every woodland; and observes with a swagger of defiance, as if he were a proud and injured individual, that he can put his hand upon one at any time. True enough, and to the letter; but where the said fox comes from is another question. The keeper is well aware that a cripple, or one that has been long in confinement, will not serve the turn, and he can afford to pay handsomely for the necessary animal, since his present from the M. F. H. will go far, if not be entirely sufficient to defray the cost. A trap was invented by a notorious vulpecide of ingenuity, which could secure a fox anywhere, and at a short notice. It is not convenient to enter into particulars, further than to say that a rabbit fresh killed, and with its entrails protruding, is drawn along

the ground, and over a trap of a certain construction, concealed by plucked grass, on which a quantity of blood is sprinkled; and it is so placed that no room is given to pass on either side. The fox comes upon the line, carries it on eagerly with the steadiness of a harrier, and rarely fails of being 'scotched,' without a hair of his head or of his *ultima Thule* being disturbed. To the eastward, it does not appear that this vulpine 'lock up' is in use; but in the west it has salved over many a beggarly reputation. An example is at hand.

A well-known covert, in a certain country, was to be drawn on a particular day by an accredited pack of hounds, handled by a huntsman of celebrity. There had been whisperings of foul play, in which we had freely joined, and had been rated for so doing by an incredulous M. F. H. of ancient standing and proverbial worth, who has since learnt to know that the little foxes are taken for other things than for spoiling the tender grapes. Every inch of the covert was well known to us; we had threaded it with our own favourites, and had heard therein the crashing echo, on finding, of the Musters of the west. A rising knoll commanded the long slip of wood of fifteen acres, and a thick upland hedge-row was a good screen, so that we were enabled to see everything that occurred. The hounds drew down steadily from the further end. On they came, to a sedgy spot at the extremity, sprinkled with gorse and affording good holding. They went through every patch without a solitary whimper; not a symptom of a night scent. To make this more positive, a young hound, at this identical place, flashed away impatiently, and was turned by the whip with a loud crack. The hounds went back on the lower side of the wood without feathering, and the signal of departure was given; when a holloa came from out this very sedgy spot that had been so closely drawn, and not far from a crowd of footers outside, who had never budged an inch. Away he went, up wind, for a couple of miles; then turned short back, down wind, towards a noted covert of gorse and brushwood, which he avoided, and again ran up wind, with a fair hunting scent, for which hounds were obliged to stoop, therefore he was not unduly prest. He went straight through a thick plantation, which might have held him for a week, down a valley with coverts on each side, turning up-hill to a blacksmith's shop, where he was viewed; he then ran parallel to a turnpike-road, over a common for a mile, in sight of every one—skirting a large gorse in the adjoining field—and was run into with his head turned away from one of the strongholds of the country, from which he was only a few yards distant. Time, an hour and a quarter; and a fine three-year old dog-fox. We handled him, and he was without blemish. It was the zig-zag run of a fox in a strange country, up one large pasture and down another, not knowing where to go, being constantly viewed, and with coverts abounding everywhere, which were foreign to him. A more palpable imposture was never attempted. It effected, however, the temporary object, for the pheasant toadies

were loud in their pæans, and lavish of abuse against those who had proclaimed a dearth of foxes in that Siberia infelix.

Let us turn from a contemplation of the inferior to that of the superior rogue. It is to be lamented that such uncongenial terms should be to the precise purpose ; should be adapted strictly to the nature of, and be commensurate with the trespass itself. Deception is ever a heinous lapse, where honour is the rule ; yet it is practised with impunity : and the simple denial of an act is supposed to be believed, or the most transparent equivocation is accepted as an apology. So long as this course is pursued by society, the evil will be without prevention ; and therefore it is that the conduct of Lord Fitzhardinge, on a late occasion, is especially worthy of commendation, for it will serve as an established precedent, and be quoted largely on all future occasions. It was the true way of dealing with the subject-matter of grievance. It was in proper keeping with the right to decline to make the question at issue the cause of a petty quarrel, and to refer it to the members of the Hunt to fight the battle generally, and not personally, for the benefit of the fox-hunting community. It is gratifying to learn that the dispute is settled to the satisfaction of all parties. A perfect understanding prevails ; and no one will revert to the past, except to observe that a moment of open misunderstanding was followed by an equally open explanation, and ended in a candid and generous arrangement, pleasing to all.

Would that this were always the case ! but the blackamoor is not usually benefited either by soapsuds or a besom. The most sinister persons to deal with are, a master of harriers, and a poaching parson. We have experienced their loving-kindness, to our great damnification, and speak pointedly, as would befit one that has suffered a wrong. A gallant M. F. H., one of the best of heavy-weights over a country in the days of ' lang syne,' was pressed to give a bye-day, and to come a long distance out of his country, to draw a wood reported to be a sure find, and to hold one of the Hectors of the forest that was certain to give a chevy back to his old home—over the hills and far away. This master of harriers was a gunner,—a cantankerous preserver of pheasants, to boot, and although an excellent sportsman and noted rider, was crotchety, and often capriciously oblique in his divergence from the true path ; yet strange to say that, above all things, suspicion of being false or a vulpecide was most repugnant to him. There is an incongruity sometimes in the nature of man, that baffles and belies the preceptive teaching of the metaphysician, and makes the exception to the philosophic rule stand out in startling contradiction to the dogma which has been enunciated after such prolonged and cautious study. Human actions and their motives at times defy even the ' complex' theory of Locke. When Queen Mary died, she said that Calais would be found written on her heart ; and so the vulpecide, were he submitted to the process of vivisection, *à la Magendie*, at Paris, would have his maimed fox etched on his Lilliputian and corrupt heart. It would

be charming to have a vulpecide on the dissecting-table, all alive and kicking. Who would not be there to see?

The subject of our little tale of sorrow talked loud and volubly, and rubbed his nose diligently, as a supreme act of affirmation in the truth of his 99 articles of fox-hunting. Alas! that other one to complete the round number—the very one of orthodoxy more essential than the other ninety and nine—was unscheduled, or had been suppressed in convocation. The hour came, big with expectation, and a select few were ripe for the fun. ‘Leu in!—have at him, good hounds!’ A crash,—he was up,—a short turn; then silence, with an occasional growl and crunch. A three-legged fox, and—behold—Heu pietas, heu prisca fides!—a gin in the immediate vicinity! We have never passed that picturesque bridge over the brawling river at the edge of the wood, without ejaculating, Eheu! Eheu! ‘Haraud! ‘sur le baudet!’ which would mean, tear him and eat him.

‘His honour rooted in dishonour stood,

‘And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.’

ON THE VALUE OF CONTINUED RACING QUALITIES IN CERTAIN FAMILIES,

AND ESPECIALLY AS PROVED IN THOSE OF POCAHONTAS AND
QUEEN MARY.

THAT success attends more particularly certain families and combinations of blood, is a fact amply borne out during the past racing season. It has been marked in the case of two families, sprung respectively from Pocahontas and Queen Mary; and the combination of the two has reached its climax in producing Blair Athol, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and as great a racehorse as probably was ever saddled. Whatever may be said by the old-school sportsmen of the merits of Prunella and Penelope, methinks the two high-bred dames of modern days have equalled their fame, and founded a dynasty afresh, which promises to renew the vitality and best qualities of the English racehorse. But as each of these families can claim direct descent from Prunella and Penelope—viz., Stockwell, through Sir Hercules and Whalebone, whose dam was Penelope, whilst Stockwell’s dam, Pocahontas, was by Glencoe, whose great-grandam was also Penelope; and, again, Queen Mary was by Gladiator, whose grandsire was out of Prunella, dam of Penelope, and Queen Mary’s grandam was Myrrha, by Whalebone, who was out of Penelope—proof is additionally strengthened of what I have repeatedly said in the pages of ‘Baily,’ that *breed* always tells favourably, in proportion as it has the largest infusion of that blood which year by year produces the best winners.

If we look at the result of the last season we see this exemplified in the family of Pocahontas, represented by her four sons Stockwell, King Tom, Rataplan, and Knight of Kars, who are credited

respectively with 30, 28, 14, 5 winners, not only of the highest quality, but also of the best stakes, amounting in the aggregate to above 50,000*l.* in value. When, again, this family is amalgamated with that of Queen Mary, an additional stamp of superiority is given to it in producing the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and by the before unheard-of sum of 18,000*l.* being given for three horses, two of which were as yet untried. When, I say, we see all this in two families, it does appear preposterous to allege that horses are degenerating.

Nor should we pass over the unprecedented circumstance that since the days of Marske and Eclipse no sire has ever been put at 100 guineas a mare, and the nominations at that price sought after with the greatest eagerness. Emilius, if I remember right, was put at 100 guineas one season, and had but one public mare sent to him. But Stockwell is not only full for this year, but for next season likewise; and Blair Athol had his list filled within six weeks of his being advertised.

Again: St. Albans, another son of Stockwell's, had his subscription filled directly. King Tom, at 75 guineas, was filled a year ago. And Rataplan and Knight of Kars always have a full complement. Surely there must be surpassing merit in a family which seems to insure such success, and develop such high racing qualities. If, in addition to these, I add the other sons of Stockwell, The Marquis, Thunderbolt, Asteroid, Suburban, Citadel, Loiterer, and Ace of Clubs, it may be safely alleged that from no family at any period has a larger or more valuable race emanated. All these horses not only combined substance, speed, and stamina, but they bore so much more training than the generality of horses. They ran on till five and six years old.

And why? Because the machinery was properly adjusted—the balance of their frames was evenly distributed; and therefore they must be valued higher than the far-famed Touchstone sort. From The Baron and Birdcatcher they derive this correct adjustment of their frames. Both those horses were fitted for any purpose one might have put them to. Whether as hacks, hunters, or racers, their produce always commanded a high value. I have no doubt that the coarseness of Stockwell and Rataplan is derived from Muley. This is 'toned down' in the next generation; and the beauty of the Whalebone ancestry crops up.

In that excellent mare La Touques we see all the coarseness of Melbourne, as, with that exception, she is full of blood renowned for elegance of form; to wit, The Baron, Hornsea, and Priam. The result remains to be proved how her progeny will turn out, whether they take after Melbourne or the other sires.

Again: we may take Costa, by The Baron, out of Catherine Hayes, who was an especially blood-like mare, and winner of the Oaks, &c. Here the result is a small, neat, well-balanced horse. I should not be at all surprised at Costa some day making a successful hit as a sire.

Although it may be uninteresting to the general reader, yet to the breeder it is far otherwise, if I venture to enter somewhat at length into a discussion of the genealogy of the two famous mares who are the subject of my paper.

So much has been written on the sires, without an equal regard for investigating the histories of their dams, that, at the risk of wearying, I am tempted to spin a short yarn, as I am convinced that on the mare depends, even more than on the horse, the chief hope of raising and perpetuating a successful race.

The direct female line of Pocahontas runs back for more than a century in this wise:—

	Foaled.	1st Foal.	Foals.	Colts.
Pocahontas . . .	1837	1843 dam of	15	9
Marpessa . . .	1830	1837 "	10	4
Clare . . .	1824	1830 "	10	4
Harpalice . . .	1814	1819 "	12	3
Amazon . . .	1799	1807 "	8	3
Fractious . . .	1792	1798 "	15	7
Woodpecker mare .	1785	1791 "	7	1
Everlasting . . .	1775	1781 "	15	8
Hyæna . . .	1762	1770 "	9	5
Miss Belsca . . .	1753	1761 "	12	6
Bartlett-Childers mare .	1741	—	6	2
dam by Honeywood's Arab, grandam a Byerley mare.				

From Pocahontas sprung Cambaules, b. c. by Muley Moloch, or Camel, Dolly Varden, Indiana, Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, Strood, Ayacanora, Knight of Kars, Heroine of Lucknow, Knight of St. Patrick, Automaton, Auricula, and Auracaria.

Of her four celebrated sons we have spoken above. Strood, by Chatham, who was sold for 1,200*l.* as a yearling, is, I believe, a stallion somewhere in Ireland.

Knight of St. Patrick is as yet untried, and his first batch of two-year olds appear this year. Automaton, so highly tried, died. Of the mares, Indiana is the dam of Kentucky, Ticket-of-Leave, Humming-Bird, and Sorceress. Ayacanora is dam of Cachuca, the winner of the Ham Stakes, and of Chattanooga, the winner of the Criterion. Heroine of Lucknow is a young mare in the Burleigh stud. And Auricula and Auracaria are still in training, and are the last of the old mare's family.

By the above it will be seen that the hit in blood was always successful with the Birdcatcher strain, and with Harkaway.

The Camel and Touchstone cross was a failure to a certain degree; but she bred runners to the most different styles of horses; as, for instance, Harkaway, Nutwith, and the Knight of St. George. And had The Knight of St. Patrick been sound in his wind, it is a question if he would not have excelled any one of the whole family.

The dam of Pocahontas was Marpessa, like her a *first foal*.

Here, again, we see how much depended on the mare. She bred three very fast horses to three very different sires—Jeremy Diddler,

by Jerry; Evenus, by Alpheus; and Idas, by Liverpool; besides two by The Saddler of less fame, Lyrceus and Marpessus.

Jeremy Diddler was one of the fastest horses of his time. Evenus won the Cambridgeshire, and Idas the Two Thousand Guineas.

The fillies she bred were Pocahontas and Boarding-School Miss, by Plenipotentiary.

Boarding-School Miss, again, has been most successful at the stud. She bred La Bonne, by Alpheus (the dam of Henham Lass): also that very good mare Typee (the dam of Nukuheva), and Omoo, Fayaway, Rosa Bonheur, and Schoolboy, who was sold last year for 850 guineas as a yearling.

In 1824 Clare was foaled, by Marmion, a son of Whiskey, out of Young Noisette, by Diomed. Whiskey was bred, as all the best horses were, by a combination of Eclipse and Herod blood, being by Saltram, by Eclipse, dam Calash, by Herod. This cross seems to have never failed.

Clare bred Marpessa and Flatterer, Douro and Sycophant. She sprung from Harpalice, by Gohanna, who was by Mercury, by Eclipse; and she bred Clare and Dryad, Faunus and Lurcher. Amazon, by Driver, her dam, bred also Bag-o'-Bones, Scavenger, and Sweep; also Antiope, by Whalebone, who, again, bred Dirce, the dam of Lord Chesterfield's beautiful little mare Lady Wildair.

But we have not done yet with the extraordinarily fine breeding of this line. The next up the genealogical tree is Fractious (1792), by Mercury, another son of Eclipse, dam by Woodpecker (son of Herod), and she was from Everlasting, by Eclipse. Fractious was dam also of Hannibal, winner of the Derby, 1804.

Everlasting (1775) was by Eclipse, dam Hyæna, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus. Thence we trace back to Bartlett's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, &c.

According to present appearances, Everlasting seems to have been handed down to us not only in name but in nature; and the Eclipse of 1762 has a worthy descendant in the Blair Athol of 1864. It has been asserted by many people that Blair Athol did not prove himself able to stay. But how they prove this I am at a loss to imagine, as, with a six weeks' preparation only, he spread-eagled a very high-class lot of horses in the Derby; and repeated the performance with equal ease in the St. Leger, beating a much better class of three-year olds than appear usually. For General Peel, Ely, Cambuscan, and Fille de l'Air are, without doubt, high-class animals.

My space forbids me to enter now at length into the lineage of Queen Mary; but boasting, as it does, of Melbourne, Gladiator, Plenipo, and Whalebone, it is scarcely to be deemed a whit inferior to the pedigree I have gone through above. It is a race remarkable, moreover, for its soundness, and the number of winners it has in each generation produced.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

A DAY WITH FOX-HOUNDS IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.

WE are not now about to attempt a description of a Melton or Pytchley meeting of fox-hunters, neither have we in our mind's eye the glossy coats and symmetrical form of the crack packs of the great shires. A different style of man in rather different costume, and horse of another stamp, are before us, and a very different sort of hound, both in appearance and other qualities. Our field, though short in numbers, containing a larger proportion of genuine fox-hunters than are wont to assemble at Kirby Gate or Crick, although not generally distinguished by the scarlet cloth; in fact, save on high days, the costume of a Welsh fox-hunter is often of a more sombre colour, with long leather gaiters, taking precedence of the neat top boot. The horse is more the stamp of the old English hunter, better adapted to the country than the long striding thorough-bred which we meet with in the grazing districts. Our hounds of the rough and ready sort, of original Welsh extraction, though occasionally crossed with more fashionable blood; but our Ancient Britons take as much pride in preserving the characteristic features of their hounds as in cherishing the language and customs of their forefathers.

At this lawn meet at Llanfyllen Castle, the residence of Mr. Vaughan, a master of English fox-hounds was present, who, after breakfasting, walked down to the green sward below the pleasure-grounds, to take cognizance of the pack, accompanied by his host and brother professor, when Owen, the old huntsman, on hearing the name of the stranger, doffed his cap in token of high respect for an amateur of some celebrity.

'Your hounds look ready for business,' the stranger remarked, 'bright in the eye, and about the mark as to condition—ribs well defined, and muscles clearly developed. They are a likely-looking lot to give a good account of their fox, in any country.'

'And so they can, sir,' Owen said, with his hand raised again to his cap, 'although Mr. Griffiths, Master of the Subscription Pack there, thinks 'em a lot of curs, as can't do nothing well.'

'That's not my opinion,' continued the stranger, 'and judging from appearances, I form a very different estimate of their capabilities.'

'It is very gratifying to us,' Mr. Vaughan said, 'to hear you speak so favourably of our hounds, well knowing they cannot bear a moment's comparison with your own.'

'Over the border, we pay, perhaps, rather too much attention to good looks, clean throats, straight legs, and sound feet; but, notwithstanding this fancy, we English masters don't forget the necessity of paying some attention to noses. The practice, however, of kennel parade, now so prevalent in large establishments during the summer months, presents tempting inducements to huntsmen

‘to breed from a very handsome hound of moderate abilities, in preference to one less favoured by nature as to external appearance, yet possessing the more sterling qualifications. Speed, also, is thought more of in very fashionable localities; in short, pace men seem to consider fox-hounds bred for running, not hunting.’

‘Our hounds can hunt, any ways,’ interposed Owen, touching his cap, ‘and that I hope, sir, you’ll see to-day.’

‘To horse, then,’ exclaimed the stranger: ‘I shall try and keep near them, no very easy matter, I suspect, through these large coverts.’

The field had by this time flocked in from various directions, numbering about fifty horsemen, and the scene was further enlivened by the presence of four ladies. Before the cavalcade was set in motion, George Llewellen said to his sister, ‘I may trust you with Edwin, who knows more of the country than myself, as I rather wish to do a little bit of flirtation with Miss Williams.’

‘Mr. Edward Vaughan is generally my pilot in this part, George.’

‘Then I dare say, Edwin, Mrs. Trevor will not disdain your services as her *avant courier*, although Miss Llewellen may.’ His hot Cambrian blood tingled in the veins of Edwin Meredith, as, smarting under this supposed rebuff, he rode quickly away, to mix in the crowd.

The covert to be drawn first lay about two miles distant from the place of meeting, and as they jogged along, Edwin found himself very unexpectedly in close proximity to Mrs. Trevor, who was generally surrounded by a bevy of admirers wherever she moved, from her peculiar fascination of manner and loveliness of feature and person; but the road being narrow at this point, and scarcely wide enough for two to ride abreast, she had dashed forward to be nearer the hounds, and thus drew up close to Edwin, who was enacting the part of second whipper-in at the tail of the pack. The usual conversation followed upon such meetings about the weather and sport, for Mrs. Trevor entered into the spirit of the chase, with a heartiness delightful to the true sportsman; and then some remarks about the covert they were just approaching.

‘It is, I am told, a very large wood,’ Mrs. Trevor said; ‘and I fear there is little hope of my seeing a run from it.’

‘Why not, Mrs. Trevor, may I ask? for you are generally most fortunate in being well placed; and we know you can keep your place with the hounds, however fast the pace.’

‘You are in a very complimentary mood this morning, Mr. Meredith; but I am not particularly fond of flattering speeches.’

‘Yet you like to hear the truth, as you have before told me, and that I have spoken.’

‘Not exactly. But now I will tell you my difficulty. If I get into this huge wood, not knowing the drives, I may not get out of it again till sunset; and if I remain outside, I may be posted on the wrong side, and never catch sight of the hounds until they have caught their fox. You see I am placed upon “the horns of

‘“a dilemma,” with a very remote prospect of being well placed ;
‘and possibly Mr. Edwin Meredith, who is so well acquainted with
‘the ins and outs of this dense mass of trees, as well as the run of
‘foxes, may proffer his advice upon this trying occasion, since
‘Owen has just commenced trying for his fox.’

‘If Mrs. Trevor will condescend to accept me as her guide
‘through this labyrinth of hazel and oak coppice, I think I may,
‘without great presumption, promise her another view of the hounds
‘before they reach the top of Mathavarn Hill.’

‘Surely not so far as that ?’

‘The last time we drew this wood our fox beat us within a mile
‘of that hill, and, peradventure, we may find the same old gentle-
‘man at home this morning. But, hark ! there is old Trojan’s
‘musical note on the drag—follow me :’ when, dashing along the
drive, he drew up some quarter of a mile further down, where two
trackways met.

‘Here is our post,’ Edwin said, ‘and we shall see our fox cross
‘over one of these two drives ; but now we must remain still and
‘silent.’

The chorus had been gradually swelling towards their right, with
an occasional cheer from old Owen, when the quick eye of Edwin
discerned a fine old dog-fox stealing across the lower trackway.

‘Our old friend, by Jove !’ he exclaimed ; and setting spurs to
his horse, he was quickly on the spot where the fox crossed, and
with a scream, which made Mrs. Trevor’s horse rear almost up-
right, the pack came dashing and crashing through the wood, now in
full cry.

‘Have at him, my lads !’ he again cried, with another scream ;
then down the lower drive he galloped, nearly parallel with the
hounds, Mrs. Trevor close in his wake ; and when they reached a
small wicket-gate at the bottom, the pack just cleared the wood
hedge, and settling the scent, rushed wildly down the hill.

‘A scent, and no mistake,’ exclaimed Edwin, ‘and with one who
‘will lead us a dance. We have good places now, Mrs. Trevor, if
‘we can keep them, and nobody to interfere with us, our friends
‘being on the wrong side, smoking their weeds.’

‘Oh, how charming !’ she said, in high glee : ‘I am so much
‘obliged for your kind pilotage.’

‘Come on, then ; still you may follow me if you please, although
‘you require no leader ; we have a rough country before us, which
‘I know well how to thread.’

They rattled down the hill, crossed the narrow valley below, and
were breasting the opposing steep ascent on the other side ere the
old rusty clock in the village tower had growled forth the hour of
ten.

‘Fast and furious !’ exclaimed Edwin. ‘Now, Mrs. Trevor,
‘pull the rein for a second, to give your horse his wind ; there, that
‘will do ; all right again ; come along.’ And as they took the last

fence together, side by side, into the turnpike road, there were the hounds all abroad.

‘Ah! I see what has happened; the fox has been headed back by something on the road, and doubled through the hedge, the pack, in their impetuosity, dashing forward. Here, here, my lads,’ Edwin cried, holding them quickly some fifty yards down the road, where they again struck the line at the opposite fence, and dashing over it, helter skelter, went away once more like a flash of lightning.

‘Now for the river below; that will be our greatest difficulty; but there is one consolation, the water was rather low when I crossed the bridge this morning, and if the fox takes it at the same point as before, I can pilot you over a ford, without swimming.’

‘I had rather swim than lose my place and be laughed at.’

‘Yes, that I know full well; nobody can question your courage; but there they go, dashing across the meadows, and the ford is right before them. Keep your horse close behind mine when we enter the bed of the river, since a plunge to the right would bring you into deep water. See how gallantly they breast the stream, every tongue going merrily; they have gained the bank; old Trojan feathers out upon the line; the young hounds press forward to his well known, truthful voice, and pressing him with heads up and sterns down are racing for the lead.’

‘Now for our cold bath, Mrs. Trevor!’ When, entering a track where the cattle came down to drink, Edwin led the way through the water, then up to his horse’s girths. A struggle ensued at the opposite bank, which was hollow, when, throwing himself over his horse’s head, to shift the weight from his back, our clever pioneer dragged him up by the bridle on to terra firma. Meanwhile, the lady’s horse plunged violently forward, with his fore legs on the sward and his hind quarters in the water, standing almost perpendicularly, with an inclination to fall backwards.

‘Quick!’ Edwin cried, ‘give me your hand!’ And as he offered his right to the lady, her horse’s mane was tightly grasped in his left, to steady him, and then with a pull from his Herculean frame—for though slight in limb he was robust in body—the horse floundered out upon his side.

‘Thank goodness, you are safe!’ he exclaimed; and, vaulting her upon her saddle, they rode swiftly away. The hounds by this time having gained a few seconds’ start, had shot ahead, and there was hard riding to recover lost ground; but a slight check, occasioned by a flock of sheep, brought them once more together.

‘Now,’ quoth Edwin, on recovering the line, ‘we have at least ten miles before us ere he can reach the rocks on Mathavarn Hill; but at this pace he will scarcely do so; the country is more level hereabouts, with rough, heathery old pastures, over which the scent lies well, from the fox brushing through them. And, look! they are at it again, running almost mute, as if they viewed him!’

'But where is the field?' asked Mrs. Trevor; 'we are quite alone.'

'And likely to remain so,' added Edwin; 'a bad start is bad enough on a good scenting day; but *two* bad starts are, begging your pardon, *le diable* to a fox-hunter. The river has proved the second. The greater number of horsemen riding for the bridge, quite wide of our line, and the bold adventurers perhaps half drowned in crossing the stream.'

'How thankful I ought to feel, and do feel, for your guidance.'

'How proud, rather, I ought to be, for your condescension in selecting such an insignificant person as Edwin Meredith for your pilot, when so many others have been trying for that honour.'

'That *honour*, as you are pleased to term it, shall be yours when we meet in the hunting-field, if you choose to claim it, from this day forward.'

'A thousand thanks for this high privilege: still, we must ride hard to keep with the hounds over this wide common: if they improve the pace, which I expect—for fences stop hounds as well as horses—this old fox will lose his brush. Ah! so it is. See how wide they spread, with scarcely a whimper. This decides his fate: he cannot be far before them; and, barring a change of scent in Garthlewen Wood, he lives not, to fight another day. One more turn in our favour; they dash into that green lane at the end of the common; and now we go again, without let or check, perhaps for another mile; this shows symptoms of failing; our fox has had enough, like ourselves, of fencing. Ah! they throw up at head. Hold hard a moment. Well done, old Trojan! He has it—over the bank into that patch of gorse—the pack wheeling quickly round to him. Hark! what a crash! He is fresh found, by Jove!—every hound at him. Ay, yonder he goes, with the leading couples within twenty yards of his brush. Now they have him! No, hang it! that hedgerow saves him. Quick, Mrs. Trevor, for our last effort!' when, dashing over the fence, Edwin was in a second with the pack, his wild cheer apparently giving fresh speed to the fox, which seemed to gain upon his pursuers across the next field; and at the end of two more, though still in view, he gained the covert's shelter.

'Now for "Fine-ear," in the fairy tale, to detect the precise moment of our changing scents. Yet, listen! they turn towards us instead of plunging deeper into the body of the wood. Yes, nearer and nearer comes the cry. Hush! not another word. We shall see him directly.'

After threading the upper corner of the covert, the gallant old fox again faced the open, within a hundred yards of Edwin's position, under a thick thorn-bush. When fairly away another scream proclaimed his flight, and the hounds burst forth, the dry fence crackling beneath their feet as they topped it almost together in their swoop.

'His brush is on the ground. The time has come for a final struggle: he never reaches the hill.'

'How far distant?' she asked, anxiously; 'my horse is sadly distressed.'

'Does mine look fresher?' he said, laughing.

'No, not much.'

'Come on, then. The fields are larger here, the fences lighter, and beyond these pastures lies some wild moorland at the foot of the hill. Another view, and we have him.'

Through the intervening obstacles they struggled side by side, their horses' speed reduced to a lurching trot, when, as they neared the last bullfinch bounding the moor, Edwin said, 'Don't follow me now; there is a yawning watercourse the other side, and I must ride for a fall to keep near the hounds; but there is no occasion for you to follow my example, since a little lower down you will find a wicket-gate.'

Cheering his horse for the struggle, Edwin went at the fence, allowing him to take it his own way—the best course to adopt with a clever hunter when nearly beaten, but both went down on the other side, the hind legs of the former falling short in the dyke. In this last spring, however, his eyes being always on the hounds, Edwin saw them in view of their game, and the exclamation fell from his lips, ere embracing Mother Earth, 'Whoo-whoop! they have him!'

Mrs. Trevor, too courageous to fear the consequences, disdained to desert her leader, and her horse, now quite beaten, floundered through the hedge into the ditch, throwing his fair yet bold rider over his head.

'You are hurt, I fear,' Edwin said, quickly raising her from the ground.

'A little faint,' she answered; 'nothing more. But where are the hounds?'

'Here. Pray take some of this,' as he held his flask to her lips, 'or you will swoon. They have killed their fox, as I hear old Trojan's growl.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, quite.'

'Then I shall get the brush?'

'Provided,' Edwin said, 'you empty my flask first: not otherwise. Down with the contents, whilst I bring you the trophy, so gallantly won.'

'I feel better now,' she said. 'Pray place me in the saddle.'

'No, not yet. Sit here a few minutes on this boulder stone until I bring the hounds around you. Will you promise not to move till I return?'

'Yes. I suppose I must.'

'Mind you observe your promise. Your horse is safe; he cannot leave you if he would. I must get the brush for you.' And Edwin, springing on his saddle, reached the last scene of the gallant old fox's death struggle, of whom little remained, except the head, in old Trojan's mouth, and the white tip of his brush, sticking

out of Grappler's throat, as Edwin seized him in one hand by the nape of the neck, and with the other rescued the coveted trophy from his jaws. It was quite uninjured. And after rinsing it well in a small rivulet near, he again mounted, calling the pack around him; and in a few minutes they reached the spot where Mrs. Trevor was still sitting, quite recovered from her fall.

'I have been very good in obeying your commands,' she said, with her usual winning smile.

'And, as your reward, I have the honour to present you the finest brush ever worn by fox,' he said, gallantly bending on one knee before her.

'My grateful thanks are due to you, most chivalrous knight, for your pilotage and kind services through this tremendous chase; and this trophy will be doubly prized by me for the donor's sake.'

'Truly happy am I, Mrs. Trevor, to have been able to render you any little assistance; but now, being more than twenty miles from home by road, we must be up and away. But who is this horse-man, riding so fast over the moor?—not one of our field, I'll warrant. Ah! Farmer Richards, how are you?' Edwin said, as that individual drew up before them.

'Quite well, sir, thank ye. Hearing the cry of the hounds, I jumped on the old mare's back; but 'tis all over, I see; you've got him at last.'

'A bit of luck on our side to-day, Richards.'

'It was on his, the last time he travelled this way. He have given you somewhat to do, Master Edwin, however, before you caught him, by the look of your nags. But now, sir, you must take a sup o' buttermilk at our homestead; and my missis can mix a little better cheer for the lady, who looks pale and tired. A bucket of gruel, too, for the horses, will set 'em all right again, before you turn their heads homewards, for 'tis a lonesome way back to Llanfyllin.'

'Thank you, Richards; we will not refuse your friendly offer: but stay a moment: cut me a long stick from that hedgerow.'

And whilst so doing, he said to his fair companion, 'You would have refused his hospitality, I read by your look; but really a little refreshment and rest are necessary to recruit you as well as our horses. We shall not stay long. Now, will you kindly hold this slip of paper on my hat, whilst I write a *billet doux* for old Owen; to place on the top of that stick, which he will see when he reaches this spot, some half-hour hence.'

The words were brief—

'Earned him and eat him.—Gone to
Farmer Richards' for a drink of buttermilk.'

'Capital!' she exclaimed, laughing heartily. 'What fun to have distanced the whole field!'

'Ah! now you look yourself again. Come, give me the honour of your foot for a re-mount.'

Arrived at the farm-house, Mrs. Trevor was most cordially wel-

comed by the buxom farmer's wife, who busied herself in making her honoured guest comfortable, whilst her husband and Edwin were preparing the gruel for the horses, and a shake-down of straw in the barn for the hounds. Half an hour sufficed for the work; and on their return to the house, a couple of chickens and a hock of bacon smoked upon the board.

'Ah! Mrs. Richards,' exclaimed Edwin, 'this is indeed a dainty dish to set before a queen.'

'It is just about our dinner-hour, sir, so you have only got pot-luck.'

'May I never get worse,' Edwin said. 'And now, Richards, for the sup of buttermilk, as I am very thirsty.'

'Here it is, sir,' frothing up a large tumbler of home-brewed ale, 'buttermilk on the top, but something better beneath.'

'Too strong for me, Richards.'

'No, no, sir; you wants something stronger than that wash after your long ride. Perhaps Mrs. Trevor would prefer a glass of sherry.'

'No, Mr. Richards, I had rather take some of that sparkling ale.'

They had scarcely finished their repast, ere a trampling of horses was heard in the yard, and the voice of Mr. Vaughan inquiring if Mr. Edwin Meredith was there.

'Ay, sir, here he is!' cried Edwin, rushing to the door; 'right welcome, most honoured uncle.'

'You young scamp! how dare you give us this slip away from Brentwood, without cheer or holloa!'

'"When a lady's in the case,"—as you know, uncle,—"All other things give place." I was talking with Mrs. Trevor at the time, and forgot all about giving you notice of our *escapade*.'

'Well, you have done well for the hounds; and, I suppose, pretty well for your horse.'

'Not quite; but as I see yours and your fair companion's are not in much better plight, there is some gruel for them, and a hearty welcome for yourselves, from my host Richards.'

'Ah! Master Edwin,' Owen said, now riding up with George Llewellyn and the English M. F. H., 'you served us a shabby trick; but there, perhaps I shouldn't have done so well. Got all the hounds, sir?'

'Yes, all right, Owen; not one missing; and I hope you are now satisfied, sir,' addressing the stranger, 'that our rough-looking pack can run as well as hunt.'

'Perfectly; they have more than realized my expectations.' Meanwhile, Miss Llewellyn had entered the house; and Mrs. Trevor, seeing her soiled habit, exclaimed, 'Why, my dear Winifred, you have been soaked to the skin!'

'Oh, yes! A swim through the river: that's all. I am nearly dry again.'

'Please, miss,' now interposed the housewife, 'to walk up into

'my room;' and when there, she insisted on placing her young charge between the blankets.

'No, no; I must be going home.'

'Not yet, miss; your worthy father would never forgive me if I allowed you to leave my house in this plight; it can't be done, Miss Winifred. I was your nurse once, and must be so again to-day. I will bring you a warm drink of elder wine, and take your things down to the kitchen fire.'

Finding remonstrance useless, the young lady submitted, with rather a bad grace, to her old nurse's commands; and in an hour the whole party, now cheerful and cheery from the farmer's good cheer, were on their homeward track, the brush being tied to the front of Mrs. Trevor's saddle.

'Well, notwithstanding Owen's predictions,' Mr. Vaughan said to the English M.F.H., 'we have had a capital scent to-day, a first-rate run, and a glorious finish; but our old huntsman has a particular dislike to windy weather, which he declares makes the young hounds wild and crazy, and even old Trojan so much agog, that he don't seem to know a fox scent from a fitch's. I cannot better illustrate his hatred of wind than by relating a little incident which occurred on a very boisterous day last week. By the way, you will have observed, from our deficiency in field attendants and a short complement of hounds, that we don't keep more cats than can catch mice. I perform the part of first whipper-in, and my nephew Edwin the second, although occasionally our kennel man follows on foot, to catch up lame or stray hounds. Hunting only two days a week, Owen does not disdain sometimes assisting his master—since we farm rather largely—in the sheepfold as well as in the kennel, and a short time since he was helping the shepherd, with myself, in raising some thatched hurdles to protect the ewes. Our old huntsman disappeared very suddenly from the scene, whilst I was engaged with the shepherd some fifty yards from the spot where he was last seen. "Where is Owen?" I exclaimed on turning round. "Can't tell, sir; but he must be somewhere near." "Owen," I cried out lustily, "where are you?" "Here," answered a faint voice from beneath a fallen hurdle. "Why don't you get up—or are you hurt?" "No, master, I bain't hurt; but as the wind blawed me down, it may blaw me up again, or here I'll bide till it do!" "You cantankerous old sinner," I said, scarcely able to suppress a fit of laughter, "if you don't get up directly I'll stir you pretty quickly with a wipe on that leg sticking out from under the hurdle." The hint produced the desired effect, and having eased him of the superincumbent burthen, he rose lazily from his lair, not, however, without some half-suppressed anathemas against his old enemy the wind. Notwithstanding a few peculiarities, he is an excellent, trustworthy servant, devoted to his hounds and profession, and for this wild country a capital huntsman.'

'No doubt you have good reason to be satisfied with him,' added

‘the English master, ‘but your nephew bids fair to eclipse your old huntsman, from Mrs. Trevor’s account of his handling your pack to-day, without any assistance, and killing his fox in such a masterly manner.’

‘Youth and talents must be served, and I quite agree with you that Edwin is likely to prove a star of some brilliancy should he ever become a Master of Foxhounds. He possesses the two great essentials, not antagonistic, although apparently so—quietude and quickness. When things go well he is remarkably cheery with the hounds; but in difficulties, or bad scenting days, no young fellow possesses more patience. Our Welsh hounds have a peculiarity or distinctiveness from your English high-bred ones, of ‘speaking, as we call it, to a very stale drag.’

‘That has its advantages as well as disadvantages,’ replied the English master. ‘Where foxes are scarce it is a pleasure to know that your game is, or has been, somewhere near; but in large coverts like these, hounds speaking to a stale drag give their fox too timely notice of their approach. He is up, off, and far away, having a good start in advance, perhaps of miles.’

‘Very true,’ Mr. Vaughan said, with a smile; ‘we admit the objection, but then you must remember that our Welsh hounds from this odd habit can and will hunt, and improve upon a very bad scent, which I question if your highly-bred English fox-hounds would condescend even to own.’

‘Well, we won’t dispute that. Your pack have been running instead of hunting to-day, and I should like to know what is the distance from the place of finding to that where they killed the fox.’

‘As the crow flies, at least fourteen miles; we may add four more for deviations, and the time somewhere about two hours and twenty minutes. Not bad work for our rough-and-ready pack.’

‘Nothing could be better; and from the accounts given me by Owen, and the appearance of the old hound, I should like to see some of the Trojan blood in my own kennel.’

‘It has been in our kennel,’ replied Mr. Vaughan, ‘for nearly two centuries, and I think you are perfectly safe in breeding from him.’

‘Many thanks for your kind offer, of which I will certainly avail myself; but is it not rather strange that none of our field, apparently consisting of good sportsmen, should have met us on our return at least before this time?’

‘This is easily explained. The last time we found this fox, after crossing the river, he turned away to the left of the bridge, for another large wood, and thus, you see, the knowing ones have been thrown out, and the ruck done at the game of “Follow my leader.”’

A KILL ON THE GARRY IN FEBRUARY, 1865.

THE shepherd to his hut is gone,
The otter to his hold ;
And every living creature shrinks
Before the misty cold.

The capercailzie drops beneath
His pine-tree perch on high ;
And e'en the eagle dare not keep
His eyrie in the sky.

Full to the brim and seething on
The brawling Garry goes ;
And wildly to its ocean home
The frantic river flows.

But who is he, in human form,
That mocks the bitter day ;
And overhangs the gurgling stream,
As though the month were May ?

A fisher from the west is he,
Plying his rod and line ;
Nor wet nor cold he seems to heed
More than a Memel pine.

A labour 'tis of love to him,
A gladsome toil, I trow ;
As steadily he strives to win
The glorious prize below.

Beside the Garry's rough mid-stream,
Where rolling currents rise ;
Lightly the jagged barb he flings,
Clad in a gay disguise.

Oh ! fatal are the charms that lurk
Beneath those russet wings ;
And many an aching pang, I ween,
That tinselled body brings.

Ay, false and borrowed plumes are they,
Attractive to the eyes ;
'Tis thus the human fool is snared—
As salmon are by flies.

Man is thy maker, painted thing,
And life-like art thou dressed ;
With feathers from the bittern's wing
And golden pheasant's crest.

But now the rod, like tempered steel,
 Is bending to the very reel,
 And all the tackle strains ;
 And, as he scans the angry flood,
 No wonder that the fisher's blood
 Is surging through his veins.

Now, fisher of the west countrie,
 A craftsman true thou need to be,
 And steady hand be thine ;
 For headlong to the falls below,
 The giant fish attempts to go,
 With fifty yards of line.

Down, down he goes ; the tough horsehair
 Is rattling through the rings :
 While bounding on, o'er stock and stone,
 The hardy fisher springs.

' Vain effort that,' the fisher thought,
 But never a word he said ;
 As, struggling to the shallows near,
 The captive fish he led.

Oh ! what a glorious fish he was—
 Just thirty pounds or more ;
 And bright as burnished steel he shone
 On Garry's birch-clad shore.

RING OUZEL.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THE French Sportsmen, like those of England, have this year been condemned to all the horrors of an intermittent winter. We have been favoured through February with a season of 'variations' performed by the weather, with an accompaniment 'of thunder, lightning, hail, and rain,' which has fairly puzzled the barometer, and kept the quicksilver of the thermometer bobbing up and down like a boy's float when he has 'got a bite' from a Prussian carp. Regular hunting—at least anywhere within reach of Paris—has been a 'thing of memory;' and so the French M. F. H.'s have been driven up to Paris in the very height of the Carnival season, to the detriment of their health, nerves, intellects, and bankers' account. Count X——, for instance, was seen still at supper (?) with MM. Y., Z., I., O., U., and other disreputable consonants, and just enough ladies of the *ballet* to make each letter present a diphthong, last Sunday morning at 6.45 A.M., whereas if it had been a thaw he would have been getting out of his bed in order 'to chase the red-deer' and follow the roe !

I need not point out to you that nerve across country—especially nerve to gallop, which is much more trying than jumping—is quite incompatible with *dindon aux truffes à la mi-carême*. (If you have not tried it, come over at

once, and do so. 'David,' of the *Maison Dorée*, whose nose is so red that he might have been the successor to 'John Collins, Head-Waiter at Limmer's, 'corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square,' will get it you at once. You will eat—like it—have some more—and won't you be bad in the morning!)

But this is wandering. I must 'hark to cry.'

Hunting, then, for this month is a blank. I have, however, one exception, a run—nay, *the* run of the season, though not quite orthodox. Count de Trebons, one of the best sportsmen in Normandy, was out quite alone with seven couple of harriers. Drawing a small cover, he came suddenly on a very large, old wild boar. With his small pack he forced him out of cover, ran him for two hours in the open, and then brought him to bay. Now a wild boar at bay is 'very small pumpkins!' The Count had no defensive weapon except a short hunting-knife. Armed with this he rushed in, and struck the quarry in the eye: the blade missed the brain, and the boar came with a terrific rush. The Count stepped aside, and sent the knife straight into the heart of the animal, which weighed 38 st. This is about all the hunting which I have to record.

Shooting, too, is over, though the Emperor does get a 'bye' now and then at St. Cloud. The moment the shooting season here was over the police had their little game, and drew their coverts. Market, shop, restaurant, and even private house, were all tried for what is called in picture exhibitions 'Dead 'Game.' You may hang game in exhibitions if you like—by-the-by, perhaps that is high art—but here you must not hang it in kitchens. After the day of closing the *Chasse* the eye of the law will wink at no high game. They made a great bag, and I dare say the police stations were admirably supplied for some days with *pièces de conviction*. They even seized and confiscated three pheasants which poor old Doctor Véron, the greatest *gourmet* in Paris, had bought and paid for, and meant to keep for a certain banquet to be given in the Salon de Vénus of the Restaurant-Café Riche to certain *artistes*. By spelling the word so, you see I leave the party of the 'epicene, or doubtful 'gender.'

It is curious to see how the taste for 'battue' shooting is extending. I read that the King of Italy, while shooting the small coverts of his farm at Coltano, killed 47 pheasants to his own gun. The whole bag was 125 brace of pheasants.

When the weather will let us, we shall begin to think about racing. The Paris speculators were very sweet on their Lincoln chance; and as for the French horses in training in England, they must be a string of Eclipses if the talk of the Salon des Courses is to be believed.

I regret to say that the Duc de Morny has been very unwell; but he is fast recovering, and wrote down to Jennings, his trainer, to know 'if he could let 'a screw have a loose box for a few days,' as he wanted change of air. The Duc has now 41 horses in training at his different establishments.

Trainers here are beginning to cry out against M. Mathieu de la Drôme, who is our Admiral Fitzroy, and his weather. Like Sterne's stalling, the studs 'can't get out;' and so Chantilly is anxious and irritable.

I hear a great account of a two-year old colt which Thomas Carter has got at Chantilly. This colt is called William, and is by Empire, by Baron, out of a stallion which stands there, out of Junction. Empire is the grandson of a celebrated mare of Lord Seymour's, which, in the 'early period' of the French turf, ridden by Robinson, beat the Duc d'Orléans' Volante, landing as a

tremendous pot for the father of the French turf. William is engaged in the Grand Prix, 1866.

Druse, a three-year old by Cossack, out of Security, is said by his friends to be going to take the next Grand Prix again to Chantilly. As I told his trainer, 'He who lives will see;' but in the mean time I offered to lay him five to four, and give him a start. Strange to say, he did not seem to care about it.

A jockey, English by birth, of course, but French by the 'Statute of Limitations,' has died quite recently at Chantilly. Charles Percival rode at Sablonville in the first race ever publicly run in France. The Count d'Artois was his first master. In 1802 he was 'objected to,' as English, and would have lost a mount at the first Meeting of the Champ-de-Mars, if it had not been for the interference of an officer and a gentleman who had then a good deal of influence in France.

'How long have you been in France?' asked the officer.

'Since '89,' replied Charles.

'Well, then, as you took part in the gaining of our liberty, you are a Frenchman, and may ride.'

Percival rode, and won easily. The officer and gentleman was Napoleon, First Consul.

If Paris sport is dull this current month, Paris life is active enough to satisfy a glutton.

Talking of gluttons, what do you think certain carnivorous individuals are doing here? I will tell you.

We have all heard often enough, especially in seasons like the present one (confound it!), of horses 'eating their heads off.' Well, these experimentalists want to save them the trouble, and propose eating not only the heads, but the legs and body also.

This Hippic Society, which should be called 'The Eat-a-horse behind the 'Saddle Company (Limited),' actually had a dinner last week at the Grand Hôtel. Nothing but horse was served! The *menu*, as far as I can remember was as follows:—

Potage à la Reine. Cotelettes de Hock. Sauce aux Eperons. Legs of Screws served in their boots. Potted Favourite—a 'good thing' boiled over (This was not much relished.) And, lastly, a saddle of horse garnished with girths.

The company agreed that, except in some of the low-priced Paris restaurants, they had never tasted such meat, and they did not separate till a late hour.

The 'Charivari' had a splendid picture of a pair of carriage-horses shying at the entrance to this horse-eating hotel, and a dog, evidently thinking he was being defrauded of his rights, barking at one of the guests returning from his equine banquet.

I may be old-fashioned, but I confess I would rather have a saddle of five-year old Welsh mutton—not too much done—and a few French beans, than a haunch of either of Mr. Henry Chaplin's recent purchases. Apropos of things fit to eat, there is a story going about to-day which amuses me. A committee of Paris butchers was assembled to name the fat ox, which is always paraded in Paris on Shrove Tuesday. The animal was christened, *nem. con.*, Theresa, a famous singer of a *café chantant* here being the god-mother. In their love of the songstress, the worthy butchers had become oblivious of gender,

We have had a visit from Mr. George Payne; he usually comes once a year and the almanac says, 'About this time high whist sets in.' All the friends of that glorious sportsman were charmed to see how well he was looking. There are two or three whist players here who could hold their own at the 'Turf,' but as a rule they want strength of character: and they babble more than is proper during the celebration of that solemn rite. Lord Canterbury, too, has been here, bringing St. James's Street on to the Boulevard, and Mr. Hubert de Burgh, extra Chamberlain to H.I.M. the Emperor, of whom I never heard that he was 'green' in his youth, and presume he reserved that desirable quality for his maturer age, for he looks just as he did when he used to keep stag-hounds at West Drayton.

If my eyes, too, did not deceive me, I also saw a Steward of a Harrow steeplechase here when he ought to have been, to speak like an M.P., 'in another place;' but then, fortunately for his friends, 'Angels' visits' (to Paris) are not 'either few or far between.' Nor have other celebrities—stop, shall I say notorieties?—been wanting to Paris. A second D'Orsay has been here, and may be seen circulating in the streets. 'Why do they call you "Dollar"?' was asked by an acquaintance. 'Short for Adolphus,' replied the ex-book-maker.

Roving along the streets the other day I came on another old acquaintance. An open carriage dashed round a corner, splashing your obedient servant and spoiling his gloves; and I said to myself, 'That "off" horse must have been the "celebrated white-legged stepper of Mr. Craven's famous 1500 guinea team." I inquired, and found that it was so.

Old Merry-legs is in the possession of Baron Rothschild: he is still as eager as ever, 'in going to devour the way,' but he is getting shaky, and I suppose in his turn he will be devoured by the horse-eaters of the Grand Hôtel. There is just now a wonderful picture-sale going on here at the Hôtel Pourtalés. Among other works of art I was astonished to find a frame containing eight splendid fox-hunting scenes. I should think they must be by Alken. The men wear high-collared dress-coats and pinched hats. The horses have very short tails and snaffle bridles; of course they are having a run! They are always to be had on canvas.

Apropos of pictures, the loungers on the Boulevard who are passing by the Rue du Helder may see, if they like, what a 'Prophet,' is like in the flesh, or at least in photography, for a most striking likeness of Argus is exposed to public view.

We have all been skating here. We do it well! men in Russian, Polish, Dutch, Greek, Persian, and even Indian costumes; ladies clad, as to their heads and bodies, in furs and velvets, and as to their legs—of which they seem rather proud than otherwise—in Polish boots. There is sledging too, and sliding, and tumbling down, and even into the water; but I have consulted a friend who 'got very well in,' this year, and he says he would not 'accept' again on any consideration!

When they have done skating they go home to dance! There are balls, everywhere every night. Balls in plain clothes—balls in fancy clothes—I had nearly said balls with no clothes, but that would have been a slight but only a slight, exaggeration. There has been a sort of International Great Prize of Paris (I refer to the 'Detur pulchriori' party, not to the Paris summer meeting) Society here this year, English—who have but a few entries—against the natives. The latter, though they are wonderfully trained and are 'fit' and meant, have no chance. Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere.

The following lines written, on the back of a playing-card, were found by a friend of mine on a whist table at a great ministerial ball :—

‘ Though every art is here employed
To brighten beauty’s smiles,
When tried with nature unalloyed
She’s beaten off by Miles.’

By-the-by, I have a remark to make. In your charming ‘Van,’ of last month, writing of the removal of Tattersall’s, you say that the bust of George IV. ‘seemed to be weeping on account of his deposition.’ Now, I have always considered that as a faithful likeness ; and what more natural than that a bust of the Regent, true to nature, should have ‘a drop in its eye?’

We have several female equestrians and drivers of curious and costly vehicles here, who may be seen every day from four till dark ; they have all come from London. Now, you would not believe it, that the little sea voyage of ‘ninety minutes’ (see advertisement) has entirely changed their personal appearance ! The effect is droll.

‘That’s Y——,’ says a man to his friend. ‘That Y—— ! Why Y—— is ‘quite dark.’ ‘Bet you a napoleon.’ ‘Done ;’ and on they go and meet W——. ‘There’s W—— come over,’ says the backer of the Black. Then there is another dispute ending in a bet on the double event.

The fact is that all these migratory young females dye their hair to a light chestnut, and so are made ‘beautiful for ever,’ or think so. ‘La Mode’ is everything here, and just now there is a run on blonde beauty. Fashion, that stern croupier, has declared the fact.

‘Messieurs, faites votre jeu !’

‘Le jeu est fait——’

‘Rouge gagne et couleur perd.’

Well ! Gibson tints his statues, and the Duke of Brunswick paints his face blue, and dyes his flowing locks to a deep and shining black. Somebody, too, has declared that ‘you may do what you like with your own ;’ so why should not Miss Blanche come out as Miss Black, or *vice versâ* ? but then she should surely publish in ‘Baily’ that she has altered her ‘colours.’

‘OUR VAN.’

THE INVOICE.—February Flittings.—Hunting Men.—Breeding and Breeders.—The Anderson Auction, and Sporting Shaves.

FEBRUARY, of which we are taking leave, has been one of the most unpopular months to those interested in the sports of the field, that has been known for very many years. Racing men, Hunting men, and Coursers have alike felt its deleterious influence. And when we record that even Mr. Frail could not stand against the chilling influence of its frosts, or the depths of its snow, and was compelled to postpone his Spring Meeting, we have said enough to prove how inefficacious are human exertions to contend against the spirits of the storm. Nothing can be more touching than the announcement of the Shrewsbury lessee, that he would be unable to receive his young friends after Liverpool. But as he could not provide them with proper accommodation, it was perhaps better to ask them to defer their visit until November, when his extensive alterations and improvements will have been completed. In truth,

such weather has never been in our recollection ; for when it did not snow, it froze ; and, in addition to this pleasant state of things, Admiral Fitzroy has had three or four regular days to himself. At intervals a thaw has come on just sufficiently disagreeable, and lasting long enough to increase the slippery nature of the roads, and render pedestrian exercise as disagreeable as equestrian. To betting men this temperature has been as trying as to masters of hounds, and others interested in out-door pursuits, while several Clerks of Courses have been driven almost to suicide, by the necessary postponement of their respective steeple-chases. It is true one or two have been brought off within the district of the Central Criminal Court, but they were of minor interest ; and, if report speaks true, a large portion of their frequenters were of that class, which is engaged in a perpetual war against society, and have a morbid fancy for the watches and purses of other people. Therefore the Bookmakers have found it difficult to spend their time ; and with a view to prevent their faculties getting rusty, they have had recourse to billiard-matches and similar recreations. To the Coursers the frost has been a heavy blow and great discouragement ; and all must regret it, for they are not racing out of season, and the labour, expense, and anxiety they undergo in bringing their dogs to the post for the Waterloo Cup, is quite as great as that experienced by the owners of Derby favourites. And as we can readily imagine what the public feeling would be, if from some atmospheric causes Epsom was obliged to be driven over another week, and all bets declared void, overthrowing the labour and calculation of years, so it does seem hard that in a stake of such value as the Waterloo Cup, whereon universal interest is felt, and such enormous sums are depending, that the rule of declaring all bets off, and having a fresh draw, is not altered. Already the question has been mooted ; and we leave it to wiser heads than our own to determine upon the propriety of its adoption. A new Sporting Paper has made its appearance, which seems to have created as great a sensation as 'The Owl' did last Spring, and it is based upon the same model, and only to be published when the proprietor thinks proper. The originator of this addition to the Sporting Press is Doctor Shorthouse, of Carshalton, who burst upon the world in Maccaroni's year, like a blazing comet, and had quite as long a tail. The Doctor's views are a little too decided for us to adopt, but his opening address is a model one of its kind, and perfectly original. The great feature of it is its perspicuity : every word that he pens is driven home like a bolt in an ironclad's side. The mysterious phrases of Carlyle he entirely eschews ; and his frankness is perfectly refreshing in these days of inflated pretensions to superior information, we so often see put forward. The Doctor tells his readers candidly he is not going to be ruined by the speculation, and that he is only trying 'his friends, who have been suggesting to him continually to start a 'paper. Therefore, if they don't support him, and are beat in their trial, the blame of the failure of the "Sporting Times" will rest with them, and not 'with him.' Whether Doctor Shorthouse has been long acquainted with the Newspaper Press, we cannot say ; but in the course of his address to his readers he evinces a minute knowledge of the secrets of the prison-house, such as we should hardly give him credit for possessing. Without going the length of endorsing all his opinions relative to the Royal Stud, we must say for vigour of style, and breadth of colouring, it is the best paper we have met with from his pen ; and his allusions to the Ransom family are especially pleasing and truthful. We believe it has taken so well, as to promise to become an 'institution' among its class. If the hunters have been confined to barracks, during the month, and their owners almost dying to hear the late Lord Forester's favourite

sound of pattens in the streets, the racehorses have been in the same plight, all their exercise having been confined to tumbling about on straw mattresses in the fields adjacent to their training stables. Therefore it will be a long time before they can be got into anything like condition ; and betting on any of the immediate races is trebly hazardous to what it is in some seasons. For the Derby, there have been no changes of any consequence to report. Liddington continues in his place as firm as the Iron Duke opposite Apsley House ; and Breadalbane and Broomielaw, who are only to be seen in their stable by a special ticket, like the House of Lords, remain as per last. This latest novelty has occasioned some surprise, and various jokes have been made about it ; but we are not disposed to take that notice of it, which some have suggested to us ; for we believe it was brought about solely by the manner in which I'Anson, who has now become private Trainer to Mr. Chaplin and Lord Poulett, has been pestered with applications to see them stripped. We know how difficult it is for a trainer to refuse applications of this sort, without seeming boorish ; but armed with this garrison order, he transfers his responsibility to his employer. Besides, all who want to see them gallop can do so by merely going on Langton Wold any morning in the week ; for I'Anson will not let them have many ' hours of idleness ;' and then they can form their opinion of the pair, and act upon it. Bedminster's friends keep cheering him up in the market ; but we are assured that Sir Joseph Hawley, who is spending the winter in the South of Europe, has nothing to do with the movement. Brahma, whom John Osborne swears has the key to the Derby, is being quietly backed for a lot of money ; but however high our opinion of John's judgment may be, we cannot but reflect he is very much interested in both Lambton and The Cure. Yet Brahma's trial with Troubadour was good enough to make his party fond of him ; and if he can only stay the length, he will make the favourites gallop.

If the racing men have been confined to their Clubs, and compelled to amuse themselves with whist, billiards, and picking out handicap winners, instead of revelling up to their knees in slush, and dropping ponies every half-hour to the Ring, their hunting brethren have been much in the same position. And it would seem that if they could not ride, they were determined to dance away their cares ; for Hunt Balls have been all the rage during the month : and if report speaks the truth, that of the South Berks was not the least successful. Of course our advices have not been so numerous as they would have been in more open weather ; but we hear that in the Burton country, a little less music in the field would be desirable ; and if the policy of non-interference was observed by the Noble Master, he would make a better return-list than he has been yet enabled to do. The early-closing movement has also set in here, rather strongly, much to the regret of those who recollect Lord Henry's long afternoons. In Yorkshire, the Bramham Moor had the run of the season, on the 2nd of the month, from Calterton. The time was an hour and ten minutes, and a kill the reward of the hounds, and Treadwell's exertions. Unfortunately, the worthy Master was absent, owing to some mistake in a telegraphic message, and this was the only drawback the Bramham Moor men had to their enjoyment. In other parts of Yorkshire, neither huntsmen, horses, nor hounds have had any opportunity of showing their quality. In the Duke of Grafton's country, young Frank Beers has more than realised the expectations of the Duke, when he made him his huntsman last season ; for he is very patient, suffers his hounds to hunt by themselves, and rides well up to them when they run. In the field he is very cheery, and has that great qualification in a huntsman, viz., a most beautiful voice. That he learned his business well, may be imagined, for he

whipped-in to his father George Beers (then huntsman to Lord Southampton), and than whom no man knew better how to hunt a fox. Moreover, Frank Beers is very popular and civil, which is more than could be said of his dad, who was the most crusty customer that ever went into a hunting-field. Upon one occasion, when huntsman to the Oakley Hounds, we recollect a farmer asked him to draw a spinney, upon his farm, telling him that he would be sure to find a fox there. 'Eugh! just as likely to find a bear,' answered George. 'Well then, if you go there, there will be two bears,' retorted the agriculturist; which so sold the old huntsman, that he shut up for the rest of the day. From the Duke, who has been staying at Nice, with the Duchess, the most satisfactory accounts have been received, and he is quite recovered from the effects of the accident he met with prior to his quitting England.

The melting of the snow, and the consequently increased moisture of the land, has had a favourable effect upon scent in the ploughed countries; for on Monday, Feb. 6th, the Southdown foxhounds had a fine run of two hours and a quarter, killing their fox without the hounds ever having been cast. Although the run was in the shape of the letter S, the fox managed to make a point of nine miles. In Hampshire, the Hambledon have been confined to barracks, for the great portion of the month, having only been out seven days. During that time, in indifferent weather, they had but little sport. On the first of the month, however, they had what may be emphatically termed their run of the season. The meet was Hill Place, an old and favourite fixture, where foxes were wont to abound. After drawing all the fine coverts in that district, until past three o'clock, his Lordship was about to go home in despair; but hating the early-closing movement, he trotted away to Humbourne Wood, where it is worth more than a keeper's place not to find a fox. Thanks to Mr. Pink, the spirited and sporting owner, 'a veteran' was fell in with, the instant the hounds were thrown in. Disdaining to hang about, he set his head straight for Hambledon. Turning short at the village to the left, he went right way for Meonstoke, and passing under Winchester Hill, took them, at an express pace, for Warnford Gorse, where he was run into after going eleven miles straight from point to point in one hour and a half. We regret to learn that in consequence of the scarcity of foxes, and the non-preservation of the country in many parts, Lord Poulett has signified his intention of only hunting next season four days a week. This reduction has been brought about not from any abatement in the Noble Master's zeal to show sport, but solely from his exertions to show sport being so inadequately supported by the owners of coverts—and upon their heads the stain will rest, as well as the fact of the dog pack coming to the hammer at the end of the season. The Hensley have had no lack of foxes; but from circumstances over which the Master has had no control, they have been unlucky in killing, although showing very good sport. Mr. Deacon, we believe, if he continues with the H. H., will be his own huntsman; and by the adoption of this step,—a judicious one on his part—the country will not be again disturbed. The Prince of Wales has added to his popularity in the Isle of Wight by seizing the first opportunity that presented itself after his arrival at Osborne to have a day with Mr. Harvey's Foxhounds; and although the country was very difficult for a stranger to get over, and totally different from anything he had yet encountered, in the words of our own Special Commissioner, 'The Prince, without any humbug, went like a bird all the way, and fortunately had as good a fifty minutes as was ever seen in the island.' This taking to hounds so keenly would show that his Royal Highness has profited by his stay in West Norfolk, and his gallops with Mr. Villebois, whose resignation at the end of the season

has been tendered, and accepted with mutual regret. His successor is Mr. Hammond, junior, who has had 1,200*l.* per annum voted to him for the sinews of war, and guaranteed to hunt the country not less than two days a week. Mr. Villebois' hounds and hunters will come to the hammer in April; and from his reputation as a breeder, his pack will no doubt be coveted, and realize a good price. From there being no accommodation for the hounds at Tattersall's, the Masons have kindly consented to take them in, as well as the horses, at their farm at Hendon, where they will be seen to far better advantage than at the Old Corner, which, we hear, by that time will have been abandoned. Whether it is 'the juice' of The Vine or not, that puts more courage into the breast of the Master of that pack, than in those of his neighbours, we cannot say; but he has certainly had more fun than his contemporaries; for at the commencement of the last week he took his hounds out in the snow eight inches deep, and they never ran better, earthing two foxes, and killing another. On the 23rd instant, also, he had a capital hour and a quarter from Chinham, over a very stiff, ugly country, and ran into him in a farm-yard in Mr. Garth's country, done to a turn. And here we are glad to find that at present there is no chance of Mr. Whieldon 'vacating his seat,' on the plea of his having accepted 'The Craven Hundreds.' Therefore he will still be permitted the privilege of keeping fifty couple of hounds, and fourteen horses, and hunting three or four days a week, for eight hundred per annum. But being surrounded by good fellows, good foxes, and good coverts, he cares naught for the deficiency in his banker's book at the end of the year. Mr. Pitman resigns the South Berks, and we are told is contemplating a trip to the Himalayas, and encountering some more formidable game than pheasants, partridges, and hares. His successor will be Mr. Hargreaves, a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, and who has at least youth on his side.

From Devonshire, the only tidings that have reached us is that the good and great 'John Russell' had a very severe fall at the commencement of the month by his horse turning over on him in a road, nearly grinding him to mortar, and causing his teeth to chatter like a monkey's. As it is, he is getting on well, but slowly, although rather crippled in his gait, and very sore in his chest and right arm. In Bedfordshire, we regret to learn that foxes are not so plentiful as formerly. We are induced to attribute this to the fact that the largest land-owners, or their representatives, are non-hunting men. The Cross Alban's country, the favourite district of the county, is entirely destitute of foxes, although possessing many excellent outlying coverts. In the north part, bordering on the Fitzwilliam country, the Oakley have still something like their old style of sport; the Kimbolton Woods holding on every occasion a flying fox, although pheasants and woodland game are as plentiful as the noble owner could desire; thus showing that his keepers feel the force of the Eastern maxim, 'To hear is to obey.' And if other proprietors, great and small, in this and other districts, could make themselves similarly understood, we should hear of fewer changes and retirements. In Monmouthshire, Major Stretton has had a dinner given to him, at which he made a capital speech, going to the point as straight as he does to his hounds, and soon rendering stronger, the ties which bound him to his subscribers, to whom he promised a ball next summer at Raglan Castle. Charles Payne, according to report, leaves the Pytchley for Sir Watkin, *vice* Walker retired, and such a promotion to an establishment like that of Wynnstay is the highest recognition of his talents.

But the feature of the month may be said to be 'The Anderson Sale,' which exceeded anything of the kind ever seen in the metropolis, or any other capital

in Europe. We say this advisedly ; because, although the disposition of Lord Stamford's hunters was unprecedented in the annals of Leicestershire, they were confined to one stamp of horse. Here, on the contrary, there were three different species, all of commanding excellence, and all fetching adequate prices. The attendance, as may be imagined, was enormous ; and had a photographer wanted the portraits of 'The Dealers of all Nations,' he could easily have obtained them. In Green Street, the crowd was terrific ; and unless people had seen the horses they wished to purchase beforehand, they had no chance of doing it when they came up ; and Richard Tattersall's address was listened to with about the same amount of patience as 'George Barnwell,' played on Boxing Night, to teach young gentlemen, if they are in want of money, they must go to their uncle, was endured by the gods of Drury Lane before the Pantomime. The lion of the day was Marvell, which Phillipps thought would have been just the stamp of horse for Victor Emmanuel to have driven in his carriage his triumphant entry into Rome, when she has become the capital of Italy. But Mr. Bell, a Dover gentleman, prevented, by an outlay of a score, the realization of this happy idea. Lords Cardigan and Suffield had no difficulty in suiting themselves with phaeton horses, that came up to their exclusive notions of excellence ; and the return of the first day's sale was 6,627*l*. On the following day, the venue was changed to Bryanston Street, where the famous hacks came up before Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who improved the occasion by a lecture on the properties, as well as the property of the gentleman deceased ; for he remarked that to constitute a dealer of any repute, very many qualities were essential ; and last, but not least, was integrity. That his address told was evident by the repeated 'hear, hears,' which accompanied his remarks. Of the hacks, we need only say, they were such as John Anderson alone would have in his stable, and only approachable by those who contribute largely to the Income Tax. The great gun was Echo, a grey gelding of doubtful pedigree and country. A prettier little horse either to meet or to follow, one does not often fall in with ; but his middle piece was his weak point. Yet his action was so perfect, that Mr. Bristowe, a Hampshire gentleman who knew him well, was so determined to have him, that he telegraphed to buy him, in the morning, and in the afternoon the electric wires told him he had been secured for him at six hundred guineas, which was almost the top weight of the glorious three days. Mr. Gamble, the stud-groom of the Emperor of the French, transplanted Noble and Maple to Paris ; and we have no doubt that in the Bois de Boulogne they will maintain the character of being thorough 'Andersons,' and worthy of the equipage of the ruler of the destinies of Europe. The return this afternoon was 5,161*l*.

Mapesbury Farm was the Meet on Friday, and the muster of good men and true was scarcely less numerous, for the Hunters were to be dispersed to the highest bidders. Being under the Limited Liability Act, as regards space, we cannot deal with them all, as we should like to have done. Well, 'Tod-Heatleyed,' as regards champagne, the pace as regards bidding, was from end to end a cracker, and business was evidently the order of the day. As a lot it would have been impossible to have found the equal in any capital in Europe, and, in fact, they were 'Andersons' all over. Buccaneer was first favourite, from his true shape, and what people had seen Mr. Sheward do with him with pounds. Ten years he had ridden him, and he never committed an error during the whole of that period, which is more than can be said of three fourths of the horses in the hunting field. After a short 'scurry,' he fell to the nod of Mr. Bristowe's commissioner, and it was jokingly said at the time, that that

gentleman would only order him to the door to look at of a morning and then send him back again. Louth was the perfection of a hunter, and it would be difficult to match Harkover, whose looks justified his reputation. Altogether 'the Anderson Sale' will in all probability be the feature of the year, and as this day's return came to 9,110 guineas, it made the sum total come to 20,898*l.* or 205*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* each. These are figures which will speak for themselves better than any language we have at our command. And we may as well add that Mr. Sheward, who has been lately the *homme d'affaires* of Mr. Anderson, will carry on the business, and with the example of his prototype, with the same certainty of success.

Our Breeding advices this month are quite of a limited character, the fingers of our correspondents having been so benumbed by the cold that they have been unable to contribute their sayings and doings as heretofore. But 'The Special Commissioner' of the 'Sporting Life,' whose advent in the North was awaited with the same interest as that of a new Prophet in the East, has so exhausted the subject, that for fear of wearying our readers we refrain from dwelling too much on it. The only two establishments we ourselves have had an opportunity of inspecting are those of Sheffield Lane and Boythorpe; and to them, therefore, we shall confine our remarks. Taking up our quarters at that stronghold of garotters, which Sheffield may well be termed, we made our points in each direction. Previous, however, to our tour of inspection, we obtained a sight of a couple of these English Thugs, whose race we trust, by the kind assistance of Barons Martin, Bramwell, and Mr. Justice Willes, will shortly become as extinct as the unicorn. Placed in the dock for half-murdering the coal agent of Lord Fitzwilliam, six weeks previously,—and from the sufferings of the poor gentleman, it would have been perhaps more merciful if they had completed their task, Lavater would have at once pronounced them guilty, and have let the law take its course, without delay. Taught as we had been by the Police Reporters of the metropolis to regard a garotter as a species of Mr. Dickens' Bill Sikes, we were quite surprised to find the culprits wiry, active, fresh-looking young men, giving one more the idea of a Putney Novice, or a Hampstead Pet, than that of the unmitigated ruffians they were proved to be. And it is to be hoped that the one who used the knuckle-duster will have proved himself a true prophet, when he told the fence to whom he sold the watch, that he must be careful in removing the number and name, for if he was caught it was a twenty years' job, with a good flogging. The remaining Thug was not captured for a week, and then only after as severe a battle as was ever fought for the championship of England. So right at last prevailed; and for some time, it is to be hoped, the throats of the good folks of Sheffield will no longer be in jeopardy. The Sheffield Lane Paddocks, although they contribute so many yearlings annually to Doncaster, are not so fashionable as those of Rawcliffe. But this is solely from York being a more central place than Sheffield, and for no other cause; as nothing can be better than the accommodation they offer for mares. The distance from Sheffield is but four miles on a rather hilly road, dotted with villas of the St. John's Wood class, and which are a pleasant relief to the eye, after the dirty streets and warehouses of the town. The paddocks being grass on limestone, render them peculiarly healthy for blood-stock; while Frank Croft, who is a contemporary of John Scott and John Osborne, is one of the best servants in the world, with a memory equal to that of his predecessor, Wintringham. Unfortunately he was not at home when we paid our visit; but every opportunity was afforded us of seeing over the boxes; which are really private ones, with yards for retiring rooms to

match. Adventurer was the object of our search, and we did not grudge the time it took us to see him. At the period he was purchased some surprise was expressed at the sum which Mr. Johnston gave for him; but when his inventory is taken, few will be found to deny his being worth every shilling of the money, from his quality, his breeding, his make and shape, and action. While his length is very great, his head is of that beautiful shape, that has been well defined as capable of being put into a quart pot; and he moves as if he was on wires. If any defect could be picked in him, it is that his pasterns are a trifle long. Of course he was not like a horse that had been at the Stud long; but give him two years to frame out, and grow down, and he will become the pillar of Sheffield Lane, as much as his sire is that of Rawcliffe. Warlock, his companion, was full of muscle, and as fresh as paint; and although there are handsomer horses covering, from the way Puritan ran last year, and the good looks of his young things that are coming on, we should not be surprised at his becoming a popular sire, and working his way up in the world.

The Boythorpe Stud Farm, hitherto untrod by 'Specials' or 'Our Own Correspondents,' is also within an hour's drive of Sheffield, and, from its quiet, unpretending nature, it is not surprising it has escaped the attention of those devoted Missionaries of the Turf who are penetrating into all the nooks and corners of the land, where a brood mare is to be seen grazing. Therefore we may be said to have alighted on new ground. In the arrangements here compactness is the order of the day; and the paddocks are so connected together that with a glance, all the mares that are out can be seen by the stud-groom, Bird, who has lived with Mr. Pedley upwards of twenty years. Drumour is The Lord of the Manor, and a worthy one, if opportunities were given him of displaying himself. In height he is close on sixteen hands, and of a rich, bright chesnut colour, with a white star in his forehead. Measuring eight inches and a half round the cannon bone, it is clear he has substance enough to suit any mares; and it was a treat to see him walk in the paddock adjoining his box. He has hardly had a chance given him yet, for he wants to stand by the side of some first-class horse, as he will then have the attention paid to him which he really merits; but at present he is almost shut out of the world; although for getting hunters and hacks he has attained a reputation which will probably stick by him for years—as one of his fillies won two years in succession the Gold Cup at Kettering—for the best filly for hunting purposes bred in the Shires: and as Vortex, Footstool, Normanton, Trumpeter, Ugly Buck, and half a dozen other sires were in the field against him, it is encouraging to his owner; and we have no fear that those who speculate in him with a first-class mare will have any cause for complaint. It was too early to judge of the yearlings, but there was a Rataplan, out of a mare whose name at the moment we cannot call to mind, well worth watching for in September, and if he does not race, it will not be for want of good looks. Troussseau and Mistletoe, two old public favourites, carry their years well, and Actress, and Venom, the dam of Spite, and a very clever short-legged mare, promises to be their legitimate successors both at home and abroad. Altogether a very pleasant couple of hours may be spent at Boythorpe; and although the stud is not large, it is well regulated, and capable of expansion. Orlando, we learn, is to be made a present of to the Royal Stud, so his old age will not be allowed to be disturbed, and he may yet do the Stud some service. Scott, who was formerly with Lord Londesborough at Grimston, and Sir Lydston Newman at Mamhead, has joined the staff of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber. In the formation of a young stud it was impossible for his Grace

to have made a better selection, as Scott is a man of considerable intelligence, and has had a vast amount of experience in the rearing and educating of blood sires and stock from Melbourne to Gemma di Vergy, and he is certain to have things ship-shape. At present, from there being no accommodation at Clumber, Ivan will go to Rufford; but in course of time a *manège*, it is said, will be established upon an adequate scale for the reception of the Stud, which has been lately increased by the purchase of Myrtle, for whom, if there is a good time coming, as some folks will contend, it must be in the paddocks, and not on the race-course. Blair Athol's popularity continues unabated, and the papers teem with the list of his fashionable levées. Next year he goes up to a hundred guineas, and it is thought he will be full at that price before the season ends.

In Ireland the Sporting World has been agitated by the recent trial, in which the Marquis of Drogheda was plaintiff, and the Stewards of Springhill Races defendants. The question at issue was the construction of the conditions of a race, and whether, when mention was made of a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns, with a Prize of a Hundred Pounds, the winner should receive the stakes with the hundred pounds. Lord Drogheda took the English view of the question, and the jury sided with him very properly; and it may be a satisfaction to his Lordship to know that his claim is recognized by the very highest chamber counsel on the English Turf. That so much money should have been wasted on what appears to us to bear but one meaning, is to our notions, inscrutable, and it is to be hoped the Court above, to which an appeal is threatened, will not reverse the verdict. No doubt the Stewards are sore at the decision, but we would ask them, in sober earnestness, if they have ever heard of a Free Handicap. If they have done so, then they cannot but admit that the case of the Springhill Steeple-chase is exactly analogous to it; and if they acquiesce in the result of the trial, and draw up their articles more distinctly, and so let owners know exactly what they may expect to receive if they win, they will do more service to the Turf than protracted legislation; for Ireland cannot afford to lose a single master of race-horses, much less one in the position of the Marquis of Drogheda.

Racing news is not very plentiful; and in the newspaper offices 'pars' are at a premium: so much so that at one establishment, the Editor, it is said, placed detectives at the door, to prevent 'a first-class one' being communicated to the enemy. However, within four-and-twenty hours 'the pirates' got possession of it, and appropriated it to their own purposes. Another fact in connection with journalism we are compelled to notice, and we do so with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction. It would seem from a statement in the 'Morning Herald,' that the nobblers of the Turf, not content with making horses safe, have tried on their games with the writers for the Sporting Press; for 'Harkaway' informs us that an attempt was made to 'get at him' through the instrumentality of 'a tenner,' with reference to certain questions of the day. Happily, the attempt was frustrated, by the writer in question not accepting of the wretched bribe; and he appeals, with great propriety, for protection against a repetition of the insult. We are aware how much it is the fashion with some folks to talk of the corruption of the Sporting Press; but as smoke generally proceeds from fire, so those who make the charge, must of necessity have had some experience of it. And, regarding the tempter to be worse than the tempted, we are induced to pay no attention to a cry, which we believe has its origin simply in suspicious imaginations, which cannot believe in the honest consciousness of any Sporting Writer. The management of the 'Field' has been confided to 'Stonehenge,' whose varied

acquirements, and knowledge of the different species of Sporting, will cause the appointment to be ratified by that best of all tests, viz., public opinion. In the 'Life,' we have a new writer sprung up, who, under the *nom de guerre* of 'Orange Blossom,' has contributed some very pleasant papers, on the Racing in the North; blending with an intimate knowledge of the history of the Turf in Yorkshire, a fresh and original style of composition, that carries one on from the top to the bottom of his column. The Tattersall Banquet will take place about the 11th of April, being the day after the Northampton settlement, which will be carried on in the new room. The idea, which originated with a gentleman well known in racing circles, was no sooner propounded, than it received immediate converts. It was felt that the Duke of Beaufort, as the Patron of the Chase and the Road, was the fittest President, and that Admiral Rous, as the undoubted head of the Turf, should be associated with him. By this junction, the Turf, the Chase, and the Road found the head of their departments in their proper place. The appeal made to them was cordially responded to, and the list of Stewards, if we are not misinformed, will comprise an array of names rarely seen collected together for a similar undertaking. That the Messrs. Tattersall deserve such a tribute of regard from those with whom they are constantly associated, no one can deny; for never has there been a breath on their escutcheon, or a homœopathic slur on their reputation for integrity; although very many thousands annually pass through their hands, from every class and grade of society. The dinner will be held at Willis's Rooms; and Europe will be ransacked for contributions to it. Music and song will relieve the intervals between the speeches, and enable the orators to compose their thoughts between the acts. That Art also may have her claims recognised, Mr. Joy's picture of 'The Old Lawn,' it is believed, will be placed in the ante-room; so that old associations will be revived, at a period when the heart is most open to receive them. Altogether, we anticipate a grand success for it.

Our prediction last year that the next session of the National Hunt Steeple-chases would be held at Wetherby has been verified, and a more happy fixture could not possibly have been secured. The course is famous in Steeple-chase history, and is, without exception, the best that could have been possibly selected for seeing. Last year at Melton they ran away from us, and now they run under our eyes. There will be forty-seven jumps in all, and any man who has any pretension to a red coat ought not to be afraid of them. Inclusive of these there will be two water jumps, protected, as they ought to have been last year at Melton. Fortunately the course requires scarcely any alteration, except for Mr. Angell's coach, for which there is hardly room to turn into the enclosure. This is so far fortunate, inasmuch as it will be an immense saving to the fund as regards expenses; and we are glad to hear that the Wetherby farmers, in their love for the sport, have not endeavoured to make a market of their ground, for they wish to see the ancient days of Jacob Faithful and Box-keeper revived. The Gentleman Rider question, we are sorry to see, has been revived, for it is one that is very delicate to deal with. According to some authorities no one under at least an income of a thousand a year ought to get upon a race-horse. By this rule numbers of gentlemen of unimpeachable character and position would be shut out from indulging in an amusement which has so many attractions. We ourselves would never for one moment sanction the practice of a gentleman sending in a bill for riding for a friend; but still, at the same time, we are of opinion there are certain legitimate expenses which no gentleman would like another to be indebted to him for. To those who happen to be behind the scenes in racing matters as much as ourselves it is

perfectly delicious to hear the calmness and high tone adopted in the discussion of this subject; and all we can say is, if Noblemen and Gentlemen of fortune like to be under obligations to men of equal birth but unequal revenues, they may be so, but we do not envy them the feeling. The Alexandra Park Company have, through their Secretary, apologized for having mistaken the amount of human credulity in the metropolis, which they imagined would have enabled them to carry out their projected programme. From the very first we were opposed to the scheme, as we felt no more races were wanting on the Home Circuit, and we could not see why time-honoured Hampton Court, with all its *specialties*, should be interfered with. One good result, however, will arise from it, viz., that it will be a caution to the Jockey Club not to put their name to a bad Bill.

The new volume of the Stud Book has just made its appearance with every improvement that experience could suggest to its compilers, and when we say that we do not think Mr. Justice Blackburne ever could question its correctness, we have exhausted all our encomiums upon the volume. A new addition to our Clerks of Courses is promised in the person of Mr. French, who has joined the Home Circuit, and who, by going on the square, trusts to be patronized by that portion of the racing community. Nothing can have been more successful than the operation on John Day's eyes; and for the first few days the inquiries after him were so numerous that it is said a slate with a bulletin on it was appended to his door in Albemarle Street. We are sorry to hear that Tom Sayers is in a state of health that gives great cause for anxiety about his recovery, and we are equally glad to learn that he receives constant visits from his old opponent, Heenan, who repudiates his old profession of arms as heartily as Mr. Bright would do, and we have no doubt with far better reason. To Whyte Melville's pleasant volumes we hope to do adequate justice next month; but with the limited space at our command now, it would be tantalizing our readers if we only partially recurred to them.

Mr. Collins, the 'Priam' of the 'Racing Times,' and the author of 'Dick Diminy,' and 'Sackville Chase,' has lately fallen a victim to an overworked brain in his vocation. He was a native of Worcester, a circumstance he never failed to notice in his lays; and he may be described as 'The Topham Bard.' Versatile in his talents, and amiable in his disposition, had he been spared he would have been better known. As a novel-writer, he was eminently sensational. The Cartridge and Breech-loading question still continues to be argued in the 'Field,' and an exposition on their merits is, we learn, the subject of the Bishop of Bond Street's *matinées*, which are daily held at his residence, and where the young idea is taught how to shoot. The Bishop, however, takes care, with his usual good taste, not to interfere with his Reverend Brother in St. James's Square. Mr. Manning has married his daughter to Ford, the jockey, by which act he will be enabled to 'weigh his son-in-law in the balance,' more accurately, and often, than occurs to most parents; and we hope he may always be able to 'pass him.' In recommending Companies to our readers, we are very chary, from being so familiar with the traps that are laid to catch a sunbeam. But looking at the useful object of 'Brill's Brighton Bath Company,' the respectability of the directors, and the popularity of the establishment, we venture to deviate from our general rule, and remark that those who wish 'to dip into the sea of speculation,' are not likely to be in danger of getting out of their depth.





J. H. Russell

Prof. Christie

Prof. Christie

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CAPTAIN CHRISTIE.

RESUMING, with the recurrence of the Racing Season, our Portraits of those Sportsmen who have distinguished themselves on the Turf, few will gainsay the right of the gentleman on the other page to be hung as it were on our walls.

Captain Christie is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Christie, who resided at Quenly Hall, Leicestershire, and had one of the finest studs of hunters known in that county. Captain Christie was educated at Eton, and afterwards entered the Grenadier Guards, with which corps he proceeded to the Crimea on the outbreak of the war with Russia, and was present at the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, wherein the household troops proved to the satisfaction of the world that a long peace had neither rusted their discipline, nor impaired their hereditary courage. Ill health compelling the subject of our notice to return to England, he entered upon the Turf, to which he had been always devoted, with a degree of ardour seldom exceeded, and by the aid of a cool brain, and unprejudiced consideration of public performances, his calculations were generally carried out to a successful conclusion. Still it cannot be denied that Captain Christie's rôle in the drama of the Turf was a peculiar one, and he may be said to have confided himself to one caste of characters, viz. 'half-milers.' And for these animals the Captain, with whom Fordham must be honourably associated, seemed to have taken out a patent, for there is scarcely a race-course in the country but what is familiar with his white cap and jacket. Like other great actors when they venture out of their path, and enter in a new line of business, Captain Christie generally failed; and beyond getting third with Horror for the Derby, and winning the Queen's Vase at Ascot with him, he did little or no good over a mile with any of his team. Selecting Wadlow for his trainer, Captain Christie first troubled the Ring with Brandy Ball and Spice-box, whose repeated successes in 'short cuts,' caused their names to rank among the most popular animals of their year. When they had played their part, the Captain introduced the magnificent Lady Clifden to the notice of the public, and with her, whose speed was so terrific that Sporting Writers always applied the adjective 'flying' to her, he

carried off the Portland Plate at Doncaster, the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and a host of minor races, being on every occasion backed by the public with unflinching confidence, because, as Tom Oliver would say, it was well known that owner, mare, and jockey were all of the same mind. And at the disposal of his stud last year her Ladyship was purchased by Mr. Jackson, for the Fairfield Haras, for 750 guineas. Concurrent with Lady Clifden, the Captain had also another flier in Miss Julia, by Harkaway, who at half a mile could scarcely be handicapped to be beaten, and who, with Fordham in his 'waiter colours,' used to sweep 'Plate after Plate' in succession off the Chester and other provincial courses. And she has well earned the honourable repose she is now enjoying in the Neasham Paddocks. So well satisfied was Captain Christie with Lady Clifden, that he was induced to give Mr. Hinde 5,000 guineas for her brother, Lord Clifden, but shortly afterwards he resold him to Lord St. Vincent, and thus was deprived of the distinction of running second for the Derby, and being gazetted a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger. Prescription was another filly which, as will be seen by the Calendar, very often gave the Ring a severe dose; and Grappler, the last two-year old he had, and which ran Victorious to a head at Wolverhampton, was sold to Mr. Weatherby for 650 guineas, which was a conclusive proof that his form was far beyond that of a Plater. At Steeple Chasing, also, the Captain has ventured to play, and besides winning once at Shrewsbury, he ran second with The Dane for the Grand National at Liverpool. In putting horses together he has but few equals; and he and the Hon. Col. Forester, who was much associated with him, may be considered the best amateur handicappers of the present day. In other sports, especially fishing, cricket, and rackets, Captain Christie is a thorough proficient, and in their pursuit he is as popular as he was on the Turf.

Captain Christie, we should add, was married last summer to the only daughter of Mr. Christie Falconer, and, consequent on this step, he disposed of his horses, after a career which his comrades may well pronounce to be 'too short for friendship, not for fame.'

SERVITUDE AND ITS FEES.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

'Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore *metallis*
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternum.'—HOR., *Lib. i., Ep. x.*

WHEN a prince and a duke propose to eradicate a grievance, they usually succeed in doing it. A good name is a very excellent thing, as poets have sung and divines have preached; but, for practical use in this world's business, it is none the worse for having a handle attached to it. We are a great rank-loving people: 'There's a 'divinity doth hedge a king,' which in a smaller degree has descended

to the baronetage itself; and Sir Smith has a much better chance of getting his own way than plain John, with whatever vigour he may put his shoulder to the wheel.

This being the case, it was a gratifying circumstance to many persons engaged in a sort of understood warfare with domestic tyranny, to find that the subject was likely to be vigorously taken in hand, and the stable swept with no impotent arm or stunted broom. We have been accustomed to regard with some suspicion the 'bacon-fed knaves' who make up what is called the respectable classes of this favoured country. Respectable! if the word can be applied to the wholesale but unrecognized method of taxation which goes by the name of commercial enterprise, or profit and loss, in which all the profit is one way and the loss the other: if respectability means the bribery of your domestic servants; a premium to your groom for the wasteful expenditure of your hay, oats, and straw; a ten-pound note to your butler under the consideration that twenty may be added on to you; and perquisites, which spread themselves ludicrously enough over lard, sugar, lace, candles, gloves, butcher's meat, myrrh, aloes, cassia, and every conceivable condiment or article of luxury or convenience received and accounted for by a generous return to the persons who purloin them; then, indeed, our middle classes, as they call themselves, do rejoice in a respectability which, happily, has no parallel in a vicious and degenerate aristocracy—an aristocracy which is engaged in no virtuous occupations on Newmarket Heath, or at the Arlington, Mr. Baily: which occasionally presents us with a black sheep from its fold, but which, in a general way, answers its purpose remarkably well. This is a very bad world that we live in, and there are many bad people afloat on its surface. The swells are bad enough, and my literary and professional brethren scarcely to be trusted out of sight; but for a good wholesale robbery (lawyers always excepted) under the guise of mutual accommodation, commend me to my butcher and baker.

It has been our habit in these pages rather to attribute all the dishonesty in the world to the legs, touts, professional betting men, prophets, and tipsters, or whatever they call themselves. Hundreds of times we have invoked thunderbolts, terrestrial and celestial, on the devoted heads of men who have quitted the *honest* labours of the shopocracy, the boards of the tailors, shoemakers, bakers, and candlestick-makers for the dishonourable acquisitions of the Turf. We repudiate this language; we were wrong: they have 'come out from 'the unclean thing' into a comparatively vigorous and wholesome atmosphere, where robbery is no longer a certainty, and where at least there is the prospect of being found out. They have left the fastnesses and strongholds of wrong, where the game was all on one side, where their victims were at their mercy, where they played with a close hand against that of an open adversary, to come among men, who, if they put their hands into the pockets of other people, occasionally give you a chance at their own.

This Hydra-headed monster has been, or is likely to be, partially

scotched by the ducal Hercules and the young Prince, who will assuredly do good service if they should succeed. But as it is our intention by-and-by to revert to our servants, more especially those connected with the sports of the field, and the custom of fees in general, and those fees in particular, we can only here say that it takes two rascals at least to enter into a dishonest covenant, and that the servant appears to have shared the plunder and the obloquy of the late *dénouement*.

Whatever doubt there might have been previously as to this species of robbery, there can be none now: for the feeble attempts at explanation which have appeared in the papers, and the general silence of the most *respectable* tradesmen in the metropolis, have only added to the impudent attempts of bottle-nosed butlers and pampered flunkies to defend the system, or deny the impeachment, in strengthening conviction. What a miserable state of affairs when a man's own household is his greatest enemy!—when the social Judas sells his own master! And what a continual feast must be provided for John Thomas when he reflects that that especial joint has been already taxed by the lady below stairs: that the bottle of sherry or of claret which his master is enjoying has already paid an impost to himself: that mistress's bonnet has been mulcted by the abigail to the extent of a new collar and cuffs, or a neat little Irish lace cap; and that the harness in which his master will appear at the door of Her Majesty's Theatre, or the saddle on which he has disported himself in Rotten Row, have undergone a like preparation before they could be considered in form for the equipage of a thorough gentleman.

We remember that, many years ago, there might be seen in most houses of note, and, indeed, in many others, retainers of venerable appearance, knowing all the 'amis de la maison,' and known by them. Tidy, well-looking, quietly-dressed matrons, who were the especial care of the lady of the house, and who seem to have nursed everybody in it from the portly-looking gentleman with the pepper-and-salt hair, and the Parliamentary Reports under his arm, to Master Charles, who is labouring to understand the tactics of the Public School Commission. Is there any more of this race to be met with? We should like to know. Because we regard it as a good and healthy stock from which modern valets and butlers should be formed. 'My father's own man' is going rapidly out; and it does not appear to us quite plain what 'our father' will have to do, if his man should go out first of the two. Those of the lot who remain are, of course, *in statu quo*: those who are not of the lot would look for a per centage upon the governor himself; and we have no doubt that there are undertakers who would not hesitate to offer it.

Some melancholy letters have attracted our attention, detailing the hardships of servants from the decadence of that old-fashioned liberality so deservedly popular amongst them. When a man, brought up through the intermediate stages of crow-frightener, stable-boy, buttons, general servant, footman, and butler, receives

only the pay of an educated gentleman, an occasional guest at his master's table, he naturally looks for a handsome addition to his yearly income. Formerly, we have said, fees were in fashion—deservedly so: there was not a servant between Pall-Mall and Bryanstone Square who had not somehow or other contributed to our wants for many seasons. These labourers were worthy of their hire. There was a degree of respect to be felt for these men and women, who smiled or bowed graciously when they opened the door. Conversation before them was not oppressive, and you could almost feel that the gentleman who handed your plate and listened gravely to your last made *impromptu*, was entitled to do so as one of the family. Could you allow Christmas, or midsummer, or the end of the season to come without letting him feel that you appreciated the many little attentions you had received at his hands, not for this season, or last season, but for many years past?

It does not seem to us that we can regard with like feelings the usual run of servants of the present day. The man or woman who engages himself or herself in the service of a baronet with five thousand a year, determined upon waiting only for an opportunity of taking service with a viscount of ten, is not the person whom we should desire to reward with additional fees for doing his master's work at the back of our chair. We have no wish to prejudice the present which is well earned and properly deserved by the servant who is portioned off to us in a country house, to *valet* us for a week or ten days. There is a positive service, which is most undoubtedly to be paid for, inasmuch as we should either afford a valet of our own or be content to act liberally by those who perform those onerous duties for us. The man who grudges this is a snob, and the man who shirks it is a robber. This is a totally different affair. No man can expect his friend's servants to provide his bath, unpack and pack up his portmanteau, brush his clothes, and clean his boots, with the comfortable assurance that it is part of his friend's duty to provide such accommodation. Happily these things are sufficiently provided for by a sort of unwritten law, by a social understanding; and the man who breaks through or evades such rules saps the foundations of domestic comfort, lays up for himself the convenience of self-servitude, and the reputation of a screw.

What an awful amount of nonsense and snobbism has been expended upon this subject! Who, in the name of fortune, ever conceives the possibility of two gentlemen laying their heads together to compound some sort of scale by which wages shall be regulated in proportion to the liberality of their guests? Was there ever such a notion? And yet a week or two ago the newspapers were full of such suggestions. Heaven only knows in what brains they were concocted; whether with a view to fulfilment, or only with that *cacoethes scribendi* which must write something when it has nothing to say. No! no! We wonder to which of our friends we could most safely suggest this course, and to which we could first apply

with a proposal to reduce sixty pounds a year to forty, with the amicable understanding that the odd twenty should be supplied by his friends. That proverbially honest race of men, too, the British flunkey, would be as prone to give an unreserved account of his fees as the British nobleman to exact it. We have heard of monstrous beasts in the Acclimatization Society, but such a monstrous beast as that might deserve, indeed, a cage to himself, and then to be made soup of for the servants' hall.

But there is one class of servants pre-eminently free from the censures which we have bestowed upon them in the earlier part of this article; we mean those who are connected with us in the sports of the field. To say that they are free from all infirmities common to their class would be absurd in the extreme. Their characteristics are, however, so distinct from those of others, that it may not be uninteresting to devote a few minutes to a consideration of their case.

They interest us particularly here as grand recipients of fees. Above all men are they swallowers of that loose cash, in the shape of half-sovereigns, sovereigns, and five-pound notes, without which locomotion in this country is a snare and a delusion. At the top of the tree stands the keeper—the head keeper of a grand preserving establishment. We take into no account the man who walks over the stubbles, perhaps carrying a second gun, but more frequently a dog-whip, and some couples, and who is burthened, or burthens his attendant, with some ten or twelve brace of birds, until the only inconvenience he has, besides his boots, can be dispensed with at the tenant's cottage. He counts his gains by shillings. We are well content to disburse them, as long as he abstains from the unmerited abuse of our favourite dog, or when intrusted with his master's kennel for our use, gives us a fair opportunity of an occasional rise. We have known them so bad, so regardless of the reputation of the kennel, that they have taken care that the coveys shall remain intact. The best way, under these circumstances, is resolutely to shoulder the gun, and at a convenient opportunity to sit down and smoke until a change can be effected.

A warm corner does not fall to the lot of every man: nor can it. Perhaps the handsomest payer is best entitled to the privilege. This has an immense advantage, as it promotes a great circulation of the Queen's image, and a sharp competition among the subscribers. The only disadvantage of which it can be productive is the possible disappointment of the badly-placed, and a consequent diminution of the customary *douceur*. The characteristic, however, of the human mind is for prospective advantages; and, having an eye to future favours, on the whole the keeper is not a loser. He has wares to sell like other people, and the best bidder may reasonably expect the front seat. Custom, if nothing else, entitles that man to a handsome consideration. The joys of the field, under any terms, are meant to be expensive; the only thing to be considered by those who have an ample fortune is the position in which, by over-

liberality, they place those who are not equally blest. In a sermon, those who know best say that the shafts of eloquence should be directed to the lowest heads; and perhaps the same argument, with some modification, should be urged in favour of the minor enjoyments of recreation.

There was a fashion existent, we will not say in many, but in one or two houses, but which we have never personally experienced, to which we take exception. It was, however, dependent upon the excessive expenditure of powder and shot, in consequence of the quantity of game. Before the invention of breech-loaders, it seemed impossible to travel to a gentleman's house with an amount of ammunition which looked more like laying siege to a castle than shooting a preserve. Your shot-belt was, of course, handed over to the tender mercies of the keeper, who, to save you inconvenience, supplied your necessities from sundry belts and pouches, artfully concealed about the small boys who accompanied him. It seems hard to expect your host to furnish food for powder, and powder and shot too: and to put your bag and the ammunition into a debtor and creditor account is too mercantile a view of the business to be acceptable to a gentleman. We have seen—rarely, it is true—such a lamentable performance that the account would be most unevenly balanced as against the keeper. However, the case to which we refer is the following:—

On the dressing-table of a gentleman who had been shooting in some well-stocked preserves, on the morning of his departure, was a small bill, presented by the keeper, containing the following items:

To powder, to shot, wads, and caps, two days————

To keeper————

It was liberally responded to; as the charge for the separate items demonstrated, beyond all doubt, that the gentleman had had two such days' sport as seldom falls to the lot of any individual, and have only been equalled by the Prince de Condé's in the Forest of Chantilly. If such a thing could be done now, the use of the breech-loader has at all events prevented its necessity. Any number of cartridges may be taken into the country, or forwarded by rail: and the hire of a donkey to carry them may be calculated beforehand. The *douceur* to the keeper may then be regulated by the circumstances of the individual or the example of other potentates. We have known a gentleman—at least he travels under that denomination—so utterly flabbergasted at the end of a week by the multifarious obligations so manifestly incumbent upon him, that, by way of equalizing matters and preventing undue jealousy, he left house, servants, preserves, and keepers, without giving anything at all.

One thing must be said for almost all servants connected with the sports of the field: their behaviour and civility entitle them to all praise. And of all men perhaps the keepers in large establishments are the most to be commended in this respect. Whether it be the constant association with those of the higher classes, or a peculiarity

which the Latin grammar declares to belong only to the learning faithfully the ingenuous sciences (and what they may be the Public School Commissioners again can only decide), it is impossible to say : but there is, either in the subject of their conversation or their manner of performing their duties, a superiority, which makes the fees appear smaller, and the pleasure of parting greater, than at other times.

The estimation in which a good day's sport may be held is arbitrary, and may possibly be paid for by that scale. Our own view of the question is that it is worth a dozen good dinners, and should demand a proportionate remuneration. There is something tangible in a good mount : although we are willing to confess that in the cheerful reminiscence men are apt to forget that the horse did not belong to the stud groom : and that the intention of gentlemen, obliging their friends, is not to keep a livery stable for the benefit of their servants. The good wholesome thud of a pheasant as he falls from among the pines is a positive investment : and although few men would like to go out alone for their own amusement in a well-preserved plantation, it is worth something to have been a participator in such sport. We do not know at what the possessor may value a successful shot at a woodcock in thick cover, but the dinner must be a remarkably good one that could possibly compete with it in our estimation. As to a tough beefsteak and a bit of fish—*faugh!*

There is a great gratification of personal vanity, too, in the sports of the field, which most men value highly : and all who feed it seem to deserve something at our hands. We have known a mount or two serve for a winter's conversation ; one run to have gone through the next summer ; and a brilliant performance among the covers to have established a reputation, which scarcely merited much panegyric, excepting as a claimant of others' prowess. On these accounts, and some others, we express no surprise that the world should have gone on seeing other persons' servants, notwithstanding all that has been said against it. It is a mistake to regard it at all as a payment ; it is rather a recognition of past services, good-humouredly rendered, and an earnest of what may be expected on future occasions. It never can be entirely restricted ; abstractedly it is optional, practically it is compulsory ; and the only thing that can be said about it is that millionaires should not spoil the market for poorer men. Not that we mean to accuse millionaires of such a solecism in general, who are known rather to button their pockets the more tightly the more they have in them.

We have said, and we believe with some truth, that the servants who are engaged with us in our recreations are usually more well-disposed, and certainly more companionable than others, from a greater amount of intelligence, and a more intimate association with our occupations. We are able to enter into some sort of interest with the business of the keeper, the stud-groom, or the huntsman, which fails utterly when applied to the valet, the butler,

or the cook. Of course circumstances produce and modify this sentiment; but they exist, and we only state them as a fact, and adduce them as a reason or apology for custom. We have heard of gentlemen who could consult their valet on the colour of a waistcoat or the cut of a coat; who entered into the details of the pantry department with the gusto of a retired Bottlenose; and who conceived it to be his duty to witness the operations of his cook—who was not good-looking, and fully to be trusted with the preparation of ‘rognons à la Champagne.’ These are exceptions, and are likely to remain so. Our own taste, when it takes us out of our own circle, leads us kennel-wise or stable-wise, as the case may be. We are sure we should be no hero to our valet; nor possibly to our butler: but we hope that we might be regarded in a more favourable light in the stubbles or the saddle.

One class of servants, who are usually masters, I omit to mention. The jockeys of the Turf are so much to be pitied for the position which they hold—their gains are so large, their educational advantages generally so small—that theirs is indeed the most anomalous condition of servitude in life. They are so spoilt by some masters, who seem to fear that their integrity will stand neither rebuke nor command; they are so sought by men who ought to know better, of all classes, and with such evil intentions of fraud or of vanity (for with a certain class to know this jockey by his Christian name, to walk familiarly with that on a race-course, and to breakfast or dine with a third, is a mark of the highest distinction); and they are so clearly by nature no worse nor better than other people, that, like Berwick-upon-Tweed or the salamander, it is difficult to know where to put them. As they have nothing to do with the present discussion, and receive only fees from their professed employers in addition to their regular wages, we may well leave them to some future opportunity of discussing their merits. There is a glorious mystery which shields a jockey from the rough affronts of the outer world. Those whom we have the honour to know with a sort of distant bowing acquaintance are civil, well-behaved men, and quite the least expensive of our *domestic* ties: those whom we do not know are simple bears, who never vouchsafe us an answer to the most ordinary question, and who look as though they believed that the whole world had combined to rob them. They are a curious race of persons, and deserve a chapter to themselves.

‘Graisser la patte’ is a French idiom of marvellous force, and thoroughly appreciated, if not understood, by domestics of all countries. The palm cannot be anointed with a more holy ointment in their eyes than the ‘golden.’ It is no use to disguise the fact that they are bad in England, singularly bad. Those that are good are priceless; but we seem always to be dealing on this side of the channel in extremes. We have the best horses in the world, and the worst. An English gentleman is a gentleman of the highest type, but a British blackguard exceeds even an American rowdy in severity. So it is with our servants; they emigrate, they plunder,

they conspire against us with butchers and bakers ; they better themselves without getting beyond bad ; they quarrel ; they have followers ; they shake our silver spoons into the dust-bin ; they tumble downstairs with our best crockery ; they insist upon going to evening service just when we want to dine ; they get drunk ; they lame our favourite hack ; they are never up with our second horse at the proper moment ; they determine upon scarlet fever when our houses are filled with agreeable people, who hurry away at a moment's notice ; they upset our dog-carts, and go to the hospital at our expense ; they have no more idea of making a salad, a claret cup, or a bed, than the man in the moon : and when you have kindly made up your mind to put up with these inconveniences in consideration of their personal appearance, the magnificence of their calves, or the delicacy of their waists, they evince the blackness of their ingratitude by a month's warning in the middle of the season. Yet out of every thousand there is one gem to be found. He wants good wages, because he knows he is worth them, his perquisites, certain comforts, civility, and his own way ; he wants to be treated like a servant, not like a galley-slave ; and to have a certain definite sphere of duty, which he will perform admirably. He is quite certain to marry my lady's maid, if there is one, and he will want a public-house when he has done so : you had better let him have one, if you have such a thing on your estate ; and he will still brew your beer, or make your wife's bonnets, or come in when you've a houseful of company ; will vote for you when you want his assistance in that way, and prove a stanch supporter of the Queen, the Church, and the Squire, unless he comes to grief from delirium tremens. We know one or two such additions to a man's house, and we intend to continue that pernicious custom of tipping them to the fullest extent of our power.

The fact is that men should look after their servants themselves ; and if we may be guilty of such a solecism as speaking the truth, we are satisfied that the idleness and the self-indulgence of masters has made servants what they are. We complain, not without reason, but with a reason against ourselves. There was a time when men looked after their own households. It was to them a *golden age*. This is an age of brass (some who read this article may probably think so) ; but it is an image which we worship, and whose faults we refuse to see. There is a strong outcry, as usual with a little boy who has only just discovered that his finger has been cut half an hour ago ; but the remedy is in the hands of the masters themselves. If the world wishes to control its tradespeople, and to improve the morality of its servants, it has the power of doing so in high places, and whole strata of society will follow its example. It is the only thing they want. As to the old story, the *vexata quæstio* of fees to servants, domestic or otherwise, the world will do as it likes ; every man will be a law to himself—quite right that he should be. But when we come to the relative merits of an article which we can manufacture for ourselves, good, bad, or indifferent, it is the duty of

Princes and Dukes to see that their suggestions are carried into effect, and we hope in the present case they will be so. With the utmost supervision, we are too much in the hands of our tradespeople, and the laxity of the present age is a simple premium upon dishonesty.

'Happy those times
When lords were styled Fathers of Families,
And not imperious masters! When they numbered
Their servants almost equal to their sons,
Or one degree beneath them!'

The present is an illegitimate race in the main, and in speaking of them we think we may quote from the same author a not inappropriate line—

'Others there are,
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and, when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage.'—SHAKESPEARE.

This is the description of the majority, whom, as we cannot extirpate them, we shall do well to reform.

'OUR BECKFORD OF THE WEST.'

HUNTING is not an exception to that transition state which distinguishes the present age. Generations have passed, and are passing away, and though desires are not novel in their objects, nor the spirit of gallantry diminished, yet the external has been modified in obedience to the caprice of an altered taste, without in any way detracting from the absorbing quality of the pursuit. We are not about to lecture upon the march of civilization, neither shall we adopt the language of dyspeptic utilitarians, with active brains and inactive middle pieces, who lay down codes for human action in their unwholesome studies, and prescribe the perfect duties of man towards his neighbour, without having any practical knowledge of their fellow-creatures, or sympathy with their brethren in the daily walks of life. 'Everything is vanity,' saith the preacher; and the example, with folly in addition, is usually furnished in the person and in the lucubrations of the very preacher himself.

The days of Tom Moody and Will Cooper, with the Corbet Trojan and the Cheshire Bluecap, have been succeeded by Frank Goodall and Charles Payne, with the Belyoir Rallywood and the Drake Hector; the peep o' day work has been exchanged for an eleven, sharp, which allows time for men to come twenty miles on the road, and a hundred or more by the rail, to the meet; and the 'slack wrapper and slippers at dinner in the squire's "den"' have been superseded, to say the least, by a more decorous costume in the dining-room, where silver voices and seducing smiles—we go not further—crown the boisterous and harsher pleasures of the morning. So much for the social past.

Hounds have experienced a similar force of change. They may possess in perfection

'The shoulders clean,
The round cat foot, straight form, and wide-spread thighs,
So well proportioned, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself, can't blame the choice;'

but the acquisition of unrivalled symmetry, at all cost, has deteriorated the faculty of the 'busy nose,' that

'The steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive.'

And, 'Heavens! what melodious strains!' is an exclamation that has long ceased to be apposite when no strains are to be heard. In curt terms, the hounds of the day race simply and solely—are deficient in nose, and run mute. We shall have more to say on this point. And now for the fox.

He is still the same identical Charley as of old, with the same political tendencies, but with more honesty than his compeer. One runs bravely for his life, the other clings like grim death to the covert, to die ingloriously amidst general execration from friend and foe. Superior cultivation has made the honest one shift his quarters and change 'the benches.' He has no longer a succession of ragged glades to range through, and wild tracts to skulk over. The patchy copse wood, interspersed with broom and gorse, is shredded out and fenced—the small gorses are trim and of no extent—he goes forth late, and comes home early, and finds no comfort except in the large woodland and moorland districts, where he has some hope of peace and security. Formerly he was found at sunrise, heard his foes opening on his drag, and, having received the hint, got away at once with a fair start and equal chance. He is not disturbed now; he may take his morning snooze, curled up, without apprehension, but late in the day he is suddenly awakened from his Lucretian dreams, finds himself in the middle of twenty couple of 24-inch hounds, and is away—away for his life, with the odds sadly against him, staking his only dependence of safety upon the deficient faculty of the hound. At eleven, with his breakfast imperfectly digested, a thirty minutes' burst settles him; and it is only after two o'clock, when well prepared, that he has power to make a good fight against the pace and perseverance of a stern chase. He is overmatched by size and pace, and to those combined powers alone he succumbs. In spite of traps, and the craft and assaults of his enemies, he has multiplied in his generation. This cannot well be gainsaid when it is remembered that in the days of Hugo Meynell, and Corbet of Sundorne, thirty brace and upwards were held to be the results of a successful season, whereas in some well-preserved countries nearly that number of masks may be counted on the kennel-door at the termination of cub-hunting. This fact partially disproves the charge of foxes having numerically diminished. That same unhappy charge, however, remains substantially correct in those districts where the malignity of the vulpecide has its full sway. Is it not written in the

Banyan Commination, 'Execrabilis,—qui vulpi vitam eripiat frande
'et tendicula.'

The supply has followed the demand where the economy of the hunting-field has been carried out systematically—where compensation has been made for damages, and care taken to avert the wanton havoc which a vixen is certain to make in the neighbouring hen-roost when she has laid up her cubs. This requisite care can only be supplied by those who have patiently watched, and made themselves acquainted with the habits of the animal, and are conversant with those niceties of the wild nature which will enable them to forestal the impulsive desire to destroy, and by assiduous attention bring up the cubs in safety with the least damage to the neighbourhood. Let it be said, at once, that the necessities of the modern system of hunting require the rearing and feeding of foxes. This fact has been well and broadly stated by Mr. Mills in 'The Field,' and the question canvassed by him with perspicuity and judgment. Game preservation is accompanied by a series of precautions not always acceptable to the fox-hunter; keepers follow prescribed rules; and if shooting be so changed in its details as to require a 'Reform Bill,' not less does hunting in its variation of character feel the want of a diversity of treatment to insure its well-being and continuance.

▷ Fox rearing cannot be carried out successfully without false earths. It is the essential article of the system; and these earths must be constructed upon a plan which insures secrecy, warmth, and dryness. There may be many more or less well adapted for the purpose, but by very far the best is that which was contrived by the late Paul Treby of Goodamoor, than whom there never was a more true and loyal sportsman. He was the 'Fox-hunter, rough and ready,' of the old 'Sporting Magazine' in the days of 'Nimrod,' Lord Harley, and Surtees, and has been eulogized justly in the 'Dartmoor Days'* of the Rev. E. W. Davies. He is there described as on his way over Dartmoor Forest to feed a litter of cubs amongst the Tors; and it may perhaps be permitted, in the appropriate pages of 'Baily,' to give to such a devoted comrade in the noble science, a brief quotation from that graceful poem in *Eternam honorem et memoriam* :—

'The rider, as he nears the scene,
Appears of rough and ready mien;
His flowing locks might just betray
Faint touches of incipient grey,
While freely in the summer wind
They float in tresses far behind.

* In outward form he might have been
The Mohican of that wild scene;
Rough hewn he seemed, and free to roam
The guardian of his forest home.
How great the joy, as nigh he drew,
To grasp the hand no treachery knew,

* 'Dartmoor Days; or, Scenes in the Forest.' By the Rev. E. W. Davies.

A hand that in the sight of heav'n
Without his heart was never given.

'And memory recalls with pain
The form they ne'er may see again;
'Tis gone—the fine patrician face
That charmed the board and cheered the chase;
No more the hearty words are flung
With vigour from his classic tongue;
And old Dartmoor, in accents wild,
Will long lament her much-loved child.
Braced by a pure and mountain air,
She reared him with a mother's care;
And gently, on her rugged breast,
She soothed him when he sank to rest.'

'Sit tibi terra levis.'—

The Treby earth is made in the shape of the letter Y, or rather of a Greek upsilon (Υ), and should be placed on the sunny side of a hill in a plantation, or covert of mingled gorse and broom: The entrances should diverge from the straight line—that is to say; have a turn down hill, in order to prevent the wind and water from entering in stormy weather, and be concealed by thorn-bushes. The three passages should be over a foot deep, with the main one longer than the others, and covered in with tiles. In the centre is the lodging-room. This must be kept especially dry and thoroughly drained, since a fox will not kennel in any place not free from moisture. He may be found in osier-beds, amidst rushes and other wet resorts, but if his kennel were examined it would be found to be situated on a small knoll or at the foot of an alder-bush, high and dry, sheltered, and without a particle of damp herbage. Years ago, when with the Vine, in the palmy and well-remembered days of an M. F. H., we recollect an osier-bed, surrounded by water, near Hurtsbourne Park, which invariably held a good fox, and on a non-hunting day we went to find out where and in what corner of this overflowing morass the gallant fellow was wont to harbour. Somewhere towards the centre, in a quasi island, which it seemed almost impossible for him to get at without a ducking, this 'Hermit of the dale' had most comfortable quarters amidst the reeds and long sedges, perfectly dry; and his 'Angelina, ever dear,' had a litter there in the following spring, without any fear of her little family drowning. Old and young have long since gone the way of all flesh; for

'Fox—wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long'—

especially with a fellow like Jack Russell after him. Apart from the central lodging-room should be a niche with a wooden shaft or chimney, down which the food may be thrown; the lid on the top must be on a level with the ground, padlocked, and with a turf to conceal it. It must be observed that if the food was thrown out on the ground carelessly, curs would find it out, and the foxes, being disturbed, would quit the covert, and no longer use the earth:

Cubs, when young, may at first feed underground; the old foxes, however, rarely eat in the day time, and at night take but the food from the earth, devour it outside, and invariably bury the remainder. This has been proved by bones of birds and rabbits that have been thrown down the shaft lying about on the bank outside the earth. Rabbits form the staple commodity of their kitchen; then birds; and of all the feathered larder, they the most relish pigeons. Ducks and fowls seem to be on a par with the peculiarity of eating the breasts of each before attacking the legs. In fact, they might be said to be very delicate in their *cuisine* if it were not for their predilection for excessive putridity. Like aldermen, they eat their game extremely high, but, unlike them, abjure everything tainted with salt or spice. The food should be given in the evening, and on particular days, which they soon learn to know, and come with punctuality from a distance for the expected meal. When cubs are young they may be fed three times a week with sops soaked in milk, which they eat freely, then twice a week; and when full grown, about October, one day is sufficient: but the day should never be changed, nor the food given irregularly in time. The advantage of this shall be shown presently.

It might be supposed that in localities where these precautions are adopted, an attack on the poultry yard would be prevented; such, however, is not the case. When a vixen has laid up her cubs, her devouring thirst for blood—warm blood—is insatiate. Abandoning all other food, she will enter a hen-roost or make an onslaught upon a flock of geese, kill bird after bird, take a bite at the neck, and, with a mouthful of the breast sufficient to make the blood run freely, she will lap up the warm stream, and then leave it to feast upon another. We have had a long experience in these matters, and, as a rule, the wholesale destruction of which the farmer, or the wife of the farmer, so loudly complains, takes place at this particular juncture, for which there is no remedy except by remuneration, and to this the farmer is fairly entitled.

The daring and appetites of the vixen are remarkable on these occasions. We will give an instance. A farmer's wife one morning brought a mangled duck that told its own tale, for the neck and breast had undergone the usual operation for blood. On observing that had the ducks been carefully housed the misfortune would not have happened, the woman replied that the ducks had been shut up in an outhouse in which there was a small open window more than six feet from the ground, and that the fox had managed to bring out the ducks—for he had handled more than one of them—through this small space. The farm was not far from a false earth, where a noted vixen was rearing her young ones, and was being plentifully fed. Our trusty fox-keeper was placed on the watch. Early the next morning the vixen returned, leaped clean upon the window-ledge, and was amongst the bevy of quacking ducks. After a moment her brush was first seen protruding from the aperture, and then, turning in an incredibly small space, with a duck in her mouth, down she

came with her booty. She must have leaped up over six feet, twisting in the jump, with the duck in her mouth, and then come out 'back-sifore,' as they say in the west. Unless the feat had been witnessed, it would have been deemed impossible, and the farmer's wife have been accused of deceit and extortion. It is this thirst for warm blood that makes the vixen follow the ewes during lambing time. They never touch the lamb but devour the reeking after-birth. The real sheep-stealer and lamb-killer is the custodian sheep-dog, and the blame is laid upon the fox. Once more we quote the 'Foxhunter, 'rough and ready,' in the poem of Mr. Davies, and a more solid authority cannot be given :—

'Foul slander that, as ever came
In malice from the throat of Fame;
Think you, said he, in this wild spot,
Where human aid avails them not,
Where, heather born, no ear is nigh
To note their feeble infant cry;
Where shelter in the fern and rocks
Is shared alike by lambs and fox;
If once a fox by hunger led,
The blood of lambs had fiercely shed,
That e'er again that fox would stay
His havoc on the helpless prey?
Ah, no! the beast would soon be found
The terror of the country round;
The slayer would destroy by scores,
His victims on the lonely moors;
And every farmer then might fear
The devastation far and near.'

All that we know on the subject of fox-rearing and feeding was derived from the gallant and worthy Paul Treby, as the amount of knowledge we may possess of the noble science was learnt from the not less gallant and worthy, and far more renowned John Russell.

In a former paper was described a peculiar trap adapted for securing a fox without injury; and the plan originally devised for mischief was cleverly converted by John Blatchford, a skilful fox-keeper, into a means for obviating the misery of a blank day. He was a sharp fellow, and all the sharper for not being able to read or write. In the centre of a large plantation abounding with gorse, Paul Treby had superintended the construction of a large earth, and it was on that occasion that Blatchford so fashioned and adapted the principle of the trap as to secure a fox in the earth at any time. An iron plate of the width of the main entrance was fixed and balanced between two pieces of wood at the mouth of the hole, and the plate or shoe, upon the principle of the old-fashioned stirrup used by ladies, was made moveable upon a hinge. A short chain with a padlock kept it firmly fixed down at the lower end, in order that the fox might enter without hindrance, and the whole was covered over and imbedded in earth. The foxes, accustomed to the inclined plane from the time they were cubs, took no notice of it. The feeding was regular at stated times, and the food was brought to the earth every Saturday night. So well were the old foxes habituated

to this arrangement that they came from afar for their weekly allowance, and the earth never failed of being used. Thus, in case the distant country had been drawn blank, on Monday the hounds were brought to Newton plantation for the chance of their two o'clock fox. On the Saturday night the plate had been unpadlocked and nicely balanced, the earth loosened and hollowed out on the inner side, and the two upper entrances stopped. When the fox went in the shoe or plate tipped up behind him, the lower end was caught fast in a groove, and he was safe. When wanted, the earth was unstopped, a terrier was put in at the lower end, a cheer, and he was away. He always showed a good run, invariably going right away for Dartmoor—eight miles. It is not possible to say whether he would have become wise by experience, for in those days no fox ever lived before Russell to tell a second tale. The secret of the Blatchford trap has never before been divulged. Many knew that there was a mystery, yet they never could understand the certainty of a find in Newton plantation, and the equal certainty of a good run. Even the racy and witty John Bulteel, who always affirmed, in his post-prandial raillery, that Jack Blatchford had worn away his vitals—he was very thin—from lying down night after night with a fox in his arms, failed to reach the truth. He was too acute a sportsman to place credit in the story of a bag, and dear old Paul Treby held his own counsel and shook his head.

We have mentioned the name of Mr. Russell. Of this singular and egregious sportsman, whose name is public property as the synonym for hunting excellence, it is difficult to do even common justice. His status in the hunting world is beyond doubt and cavil, and has been firmly established, as a master of hounds and as a huntsman, by long and unvaried success, for nearly ten years over the quarter of a century. As such reputation has graduated during that period from the positive to the comparative and superlative degree, the question of desert may be considered to be settled. His great and peculiar merit consists in possessing an equal knowledge of the nature and habits of a fox as of that of the hound; and having been associated with, if not trained up by, Mr. Templer, of Stover, whose mastery over the wild animal, in teaching him to hunt hare and rabbit, has been related in No. 47 of 'Baily,' it is not surprising that he has attained his present notoriety of pre-eminence. Space will only permit a few brief notices of him, who is spoken of in the *Van* of 'Baily,' as the 'good and great John Russell.'

On the breaking-up of the establishment of Mr. Templer, of Stover, the large pack went to Lord Portman, and the smaller one, with the 'Let 'em alones,' were distributed throughout Devonshire. Sir Henry Carew, Sir Arthur Chichester, Mr. Worth, and others, had obtained large drafts; and Mr. Templer reserved a few of the best for his friend and pupil. These were the first hounds that Mr. Russell ever possessed; and with them, having no special district, he hunted fox wherever he could find one. The fixtures were irregular, depending upon a probable find; but if intelligence was

authentic, distance mattered little, and Russell was sent for to kill a fox, as a parson is sometimes required to lay a ghost. If the ghost shared a similar fate, he did not appear again. This certainty of a kill insured preservation, for the farmers never resorted to unfair means within twenty miles of the kennel. The following is a sampler petition from one who lived on the borders of the forest :

'SIR JOHN RUSSEL,

'I am your humbl servant George Molton. I shold thank you
'If you plase to com to bentwitching And Hunt them foxes for I
'lorst 2 lambs, 1 Monday night 21st Februry. And the other on
'Saturday night 4th March.

'Your humbel Servant,
'GEORGE MOLTON.'

Mr. Arthur Harris, of Hayne, had at that time a pack of high-bred harriers, with which he occasionally hunted fox on Dartmoor ; and knowing the value of the Templer hounds, with their prevailing Beaufort strain, he enlisted the services of his friend Russell to procure every hound to be had that was bred at Stover. It was also agreed between them that the hounds bred by each under twenty inches and a half should go to Mr. Harris, and those above that standard should belong to Mr. Russell. This arrangement lasted for a certain time ; but with packs of equal merit—and these were composed, for the most part, of brothers and sisters—the sport is not always even ; it depends upon the second-named element of the 'arma virumque ;' and Mr. Harris frequently deserted his own hounds for those of his friend, with a fixture perhaps thirty or forty miles distant. Milestones do not exist for youth, and hack legs are not taken into account. On one occasion, having had a fast chase from the Springetts with Mr. Russell, with an eleven-o'-clock fox, killing at Five Oaks, near Okehampton, other hounds were heard running hard in the distant moorlands. These were the Hayne hounds, coming towards Five Oaks, and carrying the line of a chance fox which they had found, from Bratton Clovelly towards Sourton Tor. The two masters got up at the cross-roads near Prewley Moor—the hounds were at fault. Russell caught hold of them, held them well forward—for the huntsman was going back heel, like all west-country dolts—recovered the line, and had a rattler, with a kill near Lidford. This settled the question. Mr. Harris, then and there, proposed to join packs with Russell. The offer was accepted. The hounds, after eating their fox, were brought on to Five Oaks ; and from seventy couple were drafted down to thirty-eight. It was the affair of a moment. The pick went to Iddesleigh, and the drafts returned to Hayne. These were sought for on all hands, from the predominance of the Templer blood ; Mr. Tout, of Burrington, had the choice, and he never regretted, we believe, making that acquisition to his kennel. The best of the Hayne lot that went to Mr. Russell were bred from the Belvoir Rosamond, by Rockwood ; Governess,

from Sir Tatton Sykes, by Climbank, by Comrade, by Splendour ; and Madcap and Madrigal from George Templer. This was the origin of that pack of dwarf foxhounds that first tended to make the name of Russell famous throughout the hunting community of England. In the first season of the joint mastership, with only a thin sprinkling of foxes, out of thirty-two found in coverts, twenty-eight were killed, after runs more or less good : two were earthed, and two were lost. In fact, Russell had the inveterate habit—a happy one—of never missing, and always handling his fox, till the country people would not believe in the possibility of his ever losing one by fair means. This fructified largely to the good cause ; for the small farmers and their wives preserved strictly ; and the shilling of Jack Russell for hot-stopping to the excellent bucolic, and the Sunday Testament, with a red shawl from his brother master to the gudewife—on the spot, shilling and shawl, before the face of all men and women—did more essential service than the *promised* tens and twenties of pounds from the more powerful establishments. Even at this distant day, a shilling token may be seen hanging round the neck of a flaxen-headed grandchild, and the faded shawl and well-thumbed Testament, with the 'casus belli' written on the fly-leaf, are preserved in remembrance of the time when 'Mr. Russell came 'down to Hollacombe brake to chiacck that there owld fox of ourn.'

The country that Mr. Russell hunted in in 1827, '28, '29 and '30, extended from Torrington to beyond Bodmin, from one covert extremity to the other extending over seventy miles, with kennels at Idlesleigh, Hayne, Tetcott, and Pencarrow. The distances ridden by men, occasionally, in those days were startling. Mr. Harris once went from Pentillie Castle to the north of Devon, and returning—116 miles—besides going through a slashing run ; and Mr. Russell repeatedly came from Idlesleigh to Dunmeer Wood, near Bodmin—47 miles—on the Monday morning. Hacks, deserving of the name, were at a premium. Melmoth, Landsend by Reveller, out of Lucinda by Orville, Lalage by Anacreon, of Mr. Trelawny, Georgiana by Young Gohanna, Gazelle, Ladybird, and Lucciola, by Anacreon, of Mr. Harris, and Jerry by Gainsborough, of Mr. Phillipps—would have fetched long prices in the present time, for they could go and stay, up hill and down dale, safe as cats over the most nefarious of Devonshire roads, till doomsday. No one, however, went the distances constantly, week after week, all weathers permitting, like Mr. Trelawny, the present M. F. H. He never was absent from Chapman's Well in the Tetcott country, and the 37 miles from Plymouth and back were performed regularly to meet 'the Man.' The prime cut from the skins of these road-riders would make good saddle-leathers.

Mr. Russell hunted his more distant country, a fortnight at a time, ever with an unvaried success that made his popularity and reputation as an M. F. H. and huntsman circulate through castle, hall, and cottage as a proverb. When the Hayne and Pencarrow, fortnights occurred, all the houses in the neighbourhood were filled to

overflowing—parties were invited for the especial time—not a stable was to be had in the neighbouring towns, and the country assumed an appearance of general festivity. These progresses had more the character of hunting ovations than that of ordinary fixtures. Neither let it be supposed that 'the triumph all and joy' was confined to the higher classes. Every small farmer who had a moor pony, for miles round 'the wrekin,' was sure to be at his post; the labourers took their holiday—work was suspended—a request was made generally that the meets might not be appointed on a market-day, and on one occasion a sale of stock in the immediate neighbourhood was put off by printed notice until after the Russell fortnight. The last event may be said to be a proof metallic that worthy Daniel Ward the auctioneer—himself a thorough and hard-riding sportsman—felt a conviction that a sale held within a few miles of a Russell fixture would be contrary to the interests of his client. Chapman's Well, it is true, was shorn of the specialities of Shearsby Inn or Gaddesby toll-bar, but the shortcomings of fashion were amply compensated by the wild and healthy freshness of the hunting element; whilst for the 'capôtes de Madame Decos tant coquets,' with the well-appointed pony phaeton, might be seen a congregation of some of the handsomest lasses for which old Devonshire is proverbial, all in their Sunday best, to see 'Mr. Russell a fox-hunting,'—possible maids, willing widows, and proper wives—rare materials—'Bella roba da mangiar', e che ci vuol' di piu'?

About five years since, the north of Devon country being vacant, and Lord Portsmouth having driven many of his foxes into that border district, Mr. Russell, with five couple and a half of hounds, undertook, singly and unassisted, to drive them back. In thirty days' hunting with this scratch lot he killed over ten brace of foxes with capital runs, and only missed five. Again people came from all parts to join in the doings with the eleven hounds, and to hear once more the well-known scream.

There must be ingredients of unwonted superiority in the composition of this consummate sportsman to have given him that imperial position which he occupies by common consent in the hunting-field. If this confession of merit came from one class in particular it might be attributed to partiality and favouritism, but from the ducal Meltonian and the best judge of hounds in England (Lord Portsmouth) to the Master of a wayfaring subscription pack—from the owner of blue mottles and illegitimate staggers down to the overseer with the parish trencher pack—one and all concur in an unanimity of opinion on the unrivalled ability of Russell. Neither let it be supposed that, if not gifted with multitudinous acres, or having had the luck to discover a Magenta dye, that the small hounds of his palmy days in 1828 were slack in their appointments either in the kennel or in the field. The discipline of his hounds was complete, their condition excellent, and their handiness in drawing was a marvel, instances of which shall be given at a future time. In covert their brilliancy and dash were the theme of general

praise, and they had the most musical of tongues—an accessory equally imperative and delightful, which they derived from their Templer and Beaufort strain. To his other attributes Mr. Russell added that of an unvaried urbanity and good temper. A cheery word and a ready hand won the goodwill of the farmer, from whom he never received a cross hint about riding over wheat, and other trifles; and when weather was adverse, or untoward contrarieties intervened, a fund of humour and an amiable hilarity dispelled the lowering of impending gloom. 'If there be one quality more precious than another in the hunting-field it is a kind disposition and the soft word that turneth away wrath. How rare is a good prophet there to be found from whose mouth floweth milk and honey. Let Masters of Hounds following the Russell example live and learn to amend their ways. It is easy to preach, is it not?—'Et tu quoque, O Brute! Eheu!'

When Michael Angelo was called upon to build the temple of St. Peter at Rome, on ascending the hill above Florence, at his departure, he turned towards the Duomo, the splendid work of Brunelleschi, and exclaimed, 'Come te se posso, meglio di te mai!' So likewise it may be said of Russell, that, possibly, there may be found sportsmen equally good and true, but a better or more consummate one there never was known to be. May his shadow never be less! Here's to thee, glorious Jack Russell, *αἶψά αὐδρῶν*, in a bumper of silky '47.

'And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a han' o' thine,
And we'll tak' a right guid wallie-waught,
For Auld Lang Syne.'

THE BEST HORSE THAT EVER LOOKED 'THROUGH A BRIDLE.

'By 'ARGUS.'

HORNCastle FAIR is, *par excellence*, the greatest mart for horses of all descriptions, with the exception of those intended for racing purposes, that is to be found in England. It is consequently the resort of all our chief dealers, and never missed by those of France and Germany. Thousands change hands, and for a week the town is as lively as Doncaster or Chester during the race time. It is from this fair have proceeded those magnificent carriage-horses which duchesses rejoice in, and for which John Anderson used to obtain such fabulous cheques. From here have come those long and low dark-brown hacks which Mr. Rice has educated with so much care, and which he assures young cornets will get them an heiress in three weeks, if they will but walk them in the Row between twelve and two. From here have proceeded those glorious hunters, to whom, after having had patrician manners imparted to them by a Mason, a Darby, a Sheward, a Chapman, or a Murray, are seen parading before the hunting-boxes at Melton, between the months of November and March. Hundreds and hundreds of good horses have been brought up here

by the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire farmers, and readily changed hands; but none of them, I imagine, ever came up to the form of the one whose history I am about to narrate, and whom I may emphatically describe as the best horse that ever looked through a bridle.

Well, then; to Horncastle Fair, in 1836, a Mr. Jackson, living in the neighbourhood of Thirsk, brought for sale a mealy-brown colt by Lottery. He was leggy and narrow, short in his quarters, and his general appearance led to the idea that he would very probably go back to the place from whence he came. One stout, farmer-looking man, however, with a ruddy complexion, ditto hair, and whiskers beginning to be slightly foxy, dressed in a grey frieze suit, at length cast his eye upon him, and asked if his friend might be allowed to throw his leg across him. Permission was of course granted; and scarcely were they clear of the town, when John Elmore—for it was no other than the great hunter-dealer—seeing a nice post and rails, said, ‘Put him over there, Newcomb.’ The person thus addressed did as he was desired; and he soon discovered that, although the colt was as green as grass, in the figurative but forcible language of a sporting nobleman, he ‘could jump from H—to Hackney.’ Upon their return to the fair, John Elmore, after some haggling, bought for 120*l.* what afterwards turned out to be the best horse that ever looked through a bridle. In due course the colt was brought to Mr. Elmore’s pretty farm at Uxendon, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where his education over a country was commenced; and he took a great deal of making. At that period, on the north-west side of Notting Hill—a spot now covered with squares and residences, and well termed Asia Minor, from the number of old Indians who there reside—was situated the Hippodrome race and steeple-chase course. A little further on, near Kensall New Town, but equally covered at the present time with brick and mortar, lay Paddy Jackson’s hunting-grounds. At these two places of sport daily matches were run, both over the flat and over the country; and, as a proof of the frequency of their occurrence, I may state that, in the course of one season, Mr. Stevenson’s chesnut gelding, True Blue, by Jujube, earned for his owner 150*l.* in stakes of one, two, and three pounds! Wherever fun was going on, of course John Elmore was to be found; but the running of his brown colt was far from satisfactory, his best performance being a dead-heat in a steeple-chase match with Mr. Walker’s Columbine. The latter was a strong chesnut mare, and a good hunter, and, when Lottery began to make a noise in the world, was sold, upon the strength of this performance, to the Marquis of Waterford for 300*l.* Lottery also ran at Finchley without success, falling when making one of his extravagant jumps into a lane. But there was a good time coming for all parties concerned in him, as we shall see. Some four miles across the country from Uxendon was Mr. John Tilbury’s farm, the Dove House, near Pinner, where the youthful James Mason then lived. It was a pretty line for a lark, with the

little Kenton brook meandering half way, to be jumped ; and Jem Mason, when schooling some of Tilbury's new purchases, was constantly going over to neighbour Elmore. Whether the pretty eyes of Miss Elmore had anything to do with these frequent visits, subsequent events seem to render more than probable. John Elmore was not slow in perceiving the merits of the young horse-man ; and at that time he was in sad want of a jockey. His eldest son, Henry, was hard enough, but a very poor performer in the saddle : his son George, afterwards a first-rate man, was scarcely out of the nursery ; and old Dan Seffert's hands were still perfection, but his nerves were considerably the worse for years and gin and water. In addition to Lottery, John Elmore was possessed of a yellow bay horse, called The Yellow Dwarf, a long-necked, weak beast, and a determined puller. This horse had the reputation of being the biggest jumper in England, and, as such, was brought to the cover side in Leicestershire to be shown to the Marquis of Waterford, when the following conversation took place.—‘ Well, what do you want for him ? ’—‘ Three hundred guineas, my Lord. ’ ‘ Well, jump him over that gate. ’—‘ I wouldn't do it for five hundred guineas, my Lord. ’ ‘ Oh ! you are a coward ; get off. ’ So the Marquis rode him over the gate himself, bought him, and entered him for the Aylesbury Steeple-chase. There the horse tried to fly a double, and laid for dead ; and after two more attempts, at Leamington and Northampton, the Marquis got sick of the beast, and The Yellow Dwarf came into John Elmore's possession. Satisfied there was more than met the general eye about the Dwarf, Jem Mason had a powerful curb-bridle made purposely for him, and in that tackle he pretty well swept the Home circuit, winning at St. Albans, Ware, and twice at Jackson's Ground. All this time Jem was completing the education of the young brown horse, the key to whose mouth he soon found, and he always afterwards rode him in a double-reined snaffle and martingale, a bridle that suited him exactly. And many a time and oft might the pair have been seen starting from Uxendon Farm for a lark, to Finchley in the one direction, or to Poll Hill in the other, with John Elmore galloping upon his pony down the lanes, hallooing and cheering them on, or sometimes screaming out, ‘ Ah, you're becoming a regular tailor ! ’

In the mean time, and during the preceding twelve months, Lottery had thickened and furnished considerably ; but, although he had carried Mason brilliantly with Mr. Anderson's stag-hounds, he was not considered a very stout horse as a hunter. His first performance in the steeple-chase line, with Jem upon his back, was in 1838, at St. Albans, where it was a pity to have run him, for the horse was dead amiss ; indeed, a fortnight before he was all but dead, but John Elmore always would have a run for his money, and so there was no keeping him in the stable. The line was a light one, and Bill Bean, upon Mr. Anderson's beautiful chesnut mare, Laura, made strong running for The Performer ; and at the finish, Lottery, Midnight, and The Performer charged the last fence abreast ; but in

the run-in want of condition told its tale. After the race, Jem asserted that his horse could beat any of that lot if he was only well. His words were verified in less than two months ; for, upon the breaking up of a hard frost, the Metropolitan Steeple-chase came off at Barnet. The ground was as deep as that country alone can be. It is needless to describe the race ; so I will only say that The Performer fell dead-beat at the last fence ; and Lottery won so ridiculously easy that, after passing between the winning flags, Jem galloped on and jumped the bullock-rails, upon the hill where the fair is held, on his way to the weighing-place. Jem afterwards wound up the season by winning with Lottery the Daventry Steeple-chase, beating Capt. Becher upon the celebrated Vivian, and several others.

The next year, 1839, Lottery was sent to Mr. George Dockeray, at Epsom, to be trained for the Grand National Steeple-chase at Liverpool ; and that experienced trainer soon had to report that none of his thorough-bred ones could get away from him. And one anecdote about him, which I have never seen in print, I must be excused for giving :—

At Liverpool, the night before the race, Josh Anderson, the singer, got on upon good terms, in a somewhat singular manner. He had sung to the company at 'The Waterloo,' in his very best style, 'Farewell, my trim-built wherry ;' but, upon being encored, he refused to sing again unless some one would lay him the odds of 100*l.* to 10*l.* against Lottery, which, for the sake of another song, he was accommodated with. At the end of the first two miles, fronting the Grand Stand, when they came to the five-foot stone wall, very few were left in. Charity, who was leading, refused it ; and Railroad went close up to it, making a buck-jump, and striking it with his hind-legs, cleared it beautifully. Lottery and The Nun followed, the former taking a tremendous flying jump, enough to have cleared a fair brook on either side. The Nun was scarcely so fortunate, she nearly unshipping her rider, Allan McDonogh. At the finish, as soon as Mason thought fit to set his horse going, the race was never in doubt. So fresh, indeed, was Lottery, that over the hurdles placed across the run home, he cleared the enormous distance of 33 feet ! Seventy-four was second ; Pauline third, and True Blue fourth—the two last-named being the great champions of the Hippodrome and Jackson's Ground, where twelve months previously they could have given Lottery almost any weight.

During the course of the same season, Lottery won at Maidstone, Cheltenham, and Stratford-on-Avon ; and, although he was not successful at Leamington, his performance was an extraordinary one, as I shall show. The ground was very heavy, and Lottery made all the running, and the further he went, the further the others were beaten. Unfortunately, two fields from home, Mason went the wrong side of a flag, and had to retrace his steps, and then was only beaten by a head ; and all admitted that, had he to have gone a little further, he must have won.

His next great performance was at Dunchurch, when Lord Chesterfield and a large party who were hunting from the Dun Cow, were present. Among others came Ginger Stubbs upon a wonderful jumper, The Alhambra. 'I wants five shillin,' says the countryman at the gate of the winning field. 'May I jump it?' says Ginger. 'Ees,' says the yokel, little thinking that he would be taken at his word. Ginger backed his horse across the road, and nipped over the gate, to the great astonishment of the spectators. Dealing only with the salient points of each contest, I should remark that from the winning field Lottery and The Nun alone were in sight. The latter, the property of Lord Macdonald, was a thorough-bred mare by Catton, the winner of several flat races and steeple-chases, and was ridden by William M'Donogh, *alias* The Blazer, *alias* Ould Muck, and who was, next to Tom Ferguson, the best horseman in Ireland. The winning field was deep ridge and furrow, and Jem Mason's quick eye to a country told him that by jumping some high post and rails, two fields distant, he should be enabled to ride straight up the ridge. This he did, and as M'Donogh did not like to follow with The Nun, who was rather a slovenly fencer, the mare had to come floundering across the ridge and furrow in the last field, and was beaten in a canter. At the further end of the course was a ploughed field, which Mason trotted over. After the race Allan M'Donogh, who had ridden one of his own horses in it, said, 'Indeed Lottery must be the best horse in the world, for he could trot faster than any of the rest of us could gallop.'

Lottery, for the next year's Liverpool, it will be recollected, had a host of friends, but he was not destined to repeat his victory; but under the circumstances of the case, if he was beaten, he was not disgraced. It would seem that Mr. Power, who rode his own horse Valentine in the race, had betted a large sum that he would be first over the stone wall, which had been lowered ten inches since the previous year. He consequently took the field along at such a pace that they all came blown to it, and four of the best horses, including Lottery and The Nun, tumbled over it together, and were at once out of the race. The Nun never recovered this accident, and Lottery was a good deal shaken. During the season 1839-1840 Lottery had won The Metropolitan, Dunchurch, Leamington, Northampton, Cheltenham (carrying 17 lb. extra, over a light country and stone walls), and Stratford-on-Avon Steeple-chases. And poor Mrs. Elmore used to say that she was quite ashamed of going about and carrying away the money from every place.

So high, in fact, did Lottery's name now stand, that in a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, got up at Horncastle, the conditions expressly stated that it was open for all horses except Mr. Elmore's Lottery. These repeated successes led to the imposition of heavy penalties upon Lottery, and the commencement of the handicap system in steeple-chasing—so much, that in the next two seasons he was only enabled to score as many wins, viz., at Newport Pagnell,

where, however, he beat the celebrated Gay Lad, and at Romford. The old horse was beginning to show weakness, but John Elmore was determined that he should leave off a winner, and effected his purpose at Windsor, on the 8th of April, 1844. After this he was ridden as a hack by Mr. George Dockeray, with whom he was a prodigious favourite; and he ultimately ended his days in the cart team of Mr. Henry Hall, of Neasdon, a neighbour of Mr. Elmore's, to whom he had lent him.

And so ended 'the best horse that ever looked through a bridle,' combining as he did speed, stoutness, ability to go through dirt, and to carry weight, extraordinary power of jumping, and quickness over his fences, and in getting off again when over. His skin is preserved by Mr. Edmund Tattersall, and the recollection of his feats by every sportsman who was fortunate enough to witness them. 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

THE DUC DE MORNAY.

FRANCE, political, social, agricultural, and, before and above all, sporting, has gone into mourning for a great loss.

Not many weeks ago we planned to give our readers a fresh portrait in our Gallery of Living Sportsmen. The arrangements were made for what was considered naturally a flattering compliment—a portrait and a biographical sketch equally from life. '*But then comes death*;' and so we are reduced to the faint repetition of effaced outlines, and to the cold record of departed worth. The Duc de Morny, the best sportsman in France, has 'gone hence' since we last appeared. We may leave the other sections of society affected by his death to mourn his loss, joining with them in the grief for one so well known to us and to our readers, and chiefly in 'Baily' write in praise of the Duc de Morny from a sporting point of view. I say chiefly, not entirely, for how pass over the grandest records of a life?—bravery, fidelity, courage, tact, and its effects, conciliation and general popularity? When we write of sportsmen we wish always to make them the best sportsmen; but we also wish to show, which is as evident as a Leicestershire steeple, that the best men out hunting have been often the best men in politics and diplomacy, in arts, in arms. Mr. Whyte Melville has said there must be something of a poet in any one who goes well across a country. Something of a poet, something of a statesman, something of a diplomatist, and much of a gentleman, is, we think, to be found in every true lover of pure field sports. The subject of our sketch combined all these qualities.

Charles Augustus Louis Joseph, Duc de Morny, was born in Paris 23rd October, 1811, and was educated both for 'arts and 'arms.' If we are not deceived, he succeeded at a very early age in those 'arts' which are as seldom learned as taught in colleges or lycées, but which, when learned in youth, make success much easier, life much pleasanter.

Then came the soldier's career, a campaign in Africa, where M. de Morny was extremely distinguished. He was severely wounded under the walls of Constantine, and saved his general's life; was gazetted, in fact, for 'distinguished service.' Then he left the army, and then the intrepid pluck which later caused the Duc to back many a horse carried him through the speculations of peace, the difficulties of revolution, and then placed him in a position so remarkable, that it belongs more to history than to 'Baily.' Great appreciation of circumstance, great confidence in self, cool courage, above all, faith in his mission, success, and the final result, a great position in a great empire, which he had assisted to raise.

So much, at least, we must say before we can begin the mere sporting memoirs of the Duc de Morny.

The history of sport and sportsmen is nothing without comparison with the past. Sport and sportsmen in England have their traditions, their family records, and their published annals. In endeavouring, therefore, to write this brief 'Sporting Memoir' of the late Duc de Morny, we must ask indulgence for want of details by pleading the want of 'authorities,' while we must not forget to point out how very recent the date of any sporting career in France must necessarily be. Sport is still in its infancy in France. Only a very few years since hunting was a thing of 'piqueurs' and long-winding and long-winded horns. Shooting is a still more recent importation, I mean shooting *à l'Anglaise*. Racing is older, but that which is now an institution, was, within the memory of men who yet assert their claim to a share in the dissipations of youth, a mere amusement of the few.

Like many other improvements, real racing dates from the dawn of that second empire to the erection of which the subject of our memoir lent such an able hand. From very early youth M. de Morny showed his love for racing and shared in the amusement when it was in a very crude state.

To steeple-chasing he was ever partial, riding his own and other people's horses; though few 'good things' are remembered as being 'brought off.' The Duc, by no means a fine horseman, yet rode with that determined boldness and entire coolness which have served him since in 'difficulties' even worse to get over than the biggest 'obstacles' ever composed on a French steeple-chase course. He was, in the zenith of life and pluck, riding steeple-chases in those old times when Captain William Peel, on Culverthorpe, was astonishing sporting France by the way he rode *over*, and poor Sir William Don—I had nearly written 'Billy'—by the way he rode *at* fences of all descriptions. The Duc was a good second in one of the first great cross country events contested at the Croix de Berny.

This seems to have been the beginning of what for years we must consider a most unlucky racing career. As Lord George Bentinck devoted years of his valuable life without once carrying off the great objects of his ambition, so Captain de Morny raced on for season

after season, always finding that he had an antagonist whose horse, to use the expression of an old trainer, 'if he did not go faster arrived 'there first.'

An intimate friend of the Duc d'Orleans and of that father of the French turf, Lord Henry Seymour, he was admitted, not into a confederacy, but allowed to train his horses in the stable of the latter. Success does not seem to have followed this promotion. Then the Duc tried several trainers on his own account, who came in the following order of succession, each, I regret to say, omitting to bring that 'luck,' which, in racing stables at least, is equal to, if not better, than 'riches.'

Hurst was the first private trainer whom M. de Morny employed in real earnest. The result was, I fear, some 'good seconds' and a great many 'not placed.' To Hurst succeeded I'Anson, but, as it seems, with no change of that bad fortune which followed M. de Morny, just as for years it followed Lord Glasgow. Then Smith, known in Paris as 'Running Rein' Smith, took up the running, and with the same result. We are now coming down to days in the memory of racing men still living, and we know that sometimes that career is brief. Up to this time M. de Morny had had but few horses of any note. Diamant was a sweet horse, and promised great things, but his temper got so bad that, to use the expression of his trainer, 'He hated us, and we hated him, so we sent him 'steeple-chasing, confound him!'

Good fortune, we have heard, palls on a man. We do not know, and so cannot say, but certainly misfortune does.

'You have no chance, de Morny,' said a friend. 'Yes,' replied the Duc, 'I have, only unhappily it is mischance.' So he changed his trainer.

Luck dawned with Jennings. Noëlie, Partisan, Gedeon—who was really a good horse, but broke down at Chantilly one day when the money was rather 'piled' on him—and other useful animals, came to the rescue. And although the Duc never succeeded in carrying off a great prize—mind, we do not say a great stake with bets—we are enabled to give rather a startling fact as the result of the change of luck and trainer. In 1863 the stable of M. de Morny was credited by the Wetherby of Paris exactly 70,000 francs (2,800*l.*); in 1864 the balance to the good was 240,000 francs (9,600*l.*), no bad 'win' for a stable which had had no great celebrity, and had not carried off one of the great stakes of the year.

At the conclusion of last season the Duc de Morny was in a vein of luck which, if it had continued another year, would have erased many thousands now written to the 'bad' in the ledgers of M. Grandhomme, that most courteous of racing authorities. It was reserved for the Duc, Jennings, and Perle, to 'bring off' a good thing in Paris, about which they wagered 40 to 1. We heard the mare backed, and not having backed her ourselves, remember it well.

The Duc started two horses, Grande Mademoiselle and Perle.

‘Have you a chance?’ asked a friend of Jennings as he went out with his horses.

‘Chance! sure!’ replied the trainer, and the friend, backing the wrong horse and seeing the De Morny colours in front, went his way rejoicing. He did not rejoice next day when he learned the truth at Mr. Jones’s on the Boulevard.

The stud is to be sold by auction on the 8th April. I have a letter before me now which says, ‘Never stud promised better: not only are the aged horses good, but the two and threes magnificent. We anticipated a great season.’

The Duc backed his horses liberally when he had a chance, and stood Bayard for last year’s Cambridgeshire for a large stake, taking 4,000*l.* to 40*l.* in one bet, and continuing for some hours of ‘telegaph.’ Out of the seven entries which by his death ‘lapse’ in the Grand Prix de Paris, M. de Morny fancied two very much, they were Moniteur and Plutus. When they ran he always backed them, and on one occasion at least he stood them each 100*l.*

The Duc de Morny purchased West Australian; and his breeding establishment is one of the glories of France. He trained at Chantilly, and had a superb breeding and supplemental training establishment at La Morlaye. There, as the readers of ‘Baily’ know, was to be seen some of the best blood in Europe.

The Duc had also property at Deauville, by Trouville—the Brighton of Paris, lately created by the Duc and an English confederate. At Deauville the Duc naturally established races.

This season was to have seen the first race for a two-year old stake, to have been called the ‘Premier Pas.’ The stewards were very anxious to change the name of the race to the ‘De Morny Stakes,’ but feared to aggravate the grief of Madame de Morny by thus so early parading the name. This came to the Duchess’s knowledge, and she at once said that it was flattering to her husband’s memory, and therefore to her.

We have thus concluded our brief sketch of an honourable racing career, but M. de Morny was not only a sportsman but a farmer. He bred stock, fattened beasts, and had his fair share of the modern established prizes—the ‘orders’ and ‘decorations’ of agricultural life.

Socially he was charming. It is a brief but expressive epithet—‘charming.’

The wit which struck that archcritic Talleyrand, when he saw de Morny as a boy, ‘grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength.’ The intellect which had during the day ruled over the stormy passions of a parliament, could unbend to fascination in a boudoir, and descend to witty talk at a club.

The Duc was essentially a club man—a member of ‘L’Union,’ ‘The Jockey Club,’ the ‘Cercle Impérial,’ the ‘Chemins de Fer’ (of which he was president), &c. The ‘Jockey Club’ was perhaps his ‘weakness.’ Busy from morning to night with angry politicians, eager suitors, daring speculators, anxious trainers, yet there were always a few minutes for the ‘club’ before dinner, and

a longer time after the theatre—there the acute man of business became the pleasant companion, talking to everybody, and amusing everybody. I should mention, too, that every shade of political opinion is to be found in that Jockey Club—with every shade the Duc was popular.

Of the theatre the Duc was a great patron, as well, indeed, he might be, for he was both a composer and an author. Several of his pieces had great success, and the box, pit, and gallery of the 'Bouffes' used to echo season after season over the drolleries of one of his operettas. It is not for us in 'Baily' to speak of more serious writings, but they are not wanting.

The Duc, too, was a great linguist, speaking all used and useful tongues with more than ordinary fluency. When we add that he was a 'noble' smoker, and would have been highly weighted in a whist handicap, if the best players of Paris, London, and Vienna had been entered, we think we have said nearly enough to establish the fact that the late lamented President of the Corps Législatif was not only a great politician but a talented man, not only a talented man, but a 'good fellow and cheery companion.' Can

‘Storied urn or animated bust,’

according to the creed of the nineteenth century, record greater virtues than those set forth by that last expression?

The Duc de Morny, while on a mission to Russia, married (in 1856) a daughter of the house of Trubeskoï, whom he leaves, a beautiful widow with four children.

A singularly pleasing-looking man, about the middle height, with a clear countenance and high open brow, dressed very simply, but with garments of an English and indeed 'Poolesque' cut, his hat rather on one side, on his lips a smile, in them a long cigar, now talking to a trainer, now bowing to a lady, now whispering (perhaps a 'good thing') to a statesman, might be seen on every French race-course of note. That, strangers were told, was 'the Duc de 'Morny, our great racing man, owner of the favourite.'

We see him now, 'in fancy,' catching with eager eye his own string, led by the boys over whom Jennings was in command, and scanning with true racing suspicion the 'animals' of others.

We have the scene before us now. The crowded tribunes of the picturesque race-course of the Bois de Boulogne—the eddying 'ring' in which international 'talent' tries to outdo itself and do one another—the ladies in full dress, nay fancy dress, crowding the grass round which are being walked the starters for the 'French Cesarewitch.' 'Those are the Duke's,' observed a friend to the writer. 'There he stands, too. I'll go and ask him if he has a chance.'

Presently he came back. 'What's the last good thing?' we inquired. 'Well, the Duc says he shall win.' He did with *Perle*, a good stake. It is but five months ago, and it must have been nearly the last race he ever saw. He was then looking very well, and, considering the wear and tear of such a life as his, much younger than his age. Soon after that he began to complain. Pains in the

side, which prevented his sleeping, he mentioned to a friend of ours some months ago. It was the beginning of the end—that end we know. All racing France and England must regret the loss of one who was not only a great supporter of their favourite pastime, but one of the great agents of that reconciliation between the two countries which brought about ‘international sport.’

But he is lost to us. Dead! dead, too, in the prime of life, and in the fulness of intellect.

The Parliament, the Court, the Salon, the Covert, and the Race-course will often pause in their business or their pleasure, and, missing a master mind, give a sigh of regret for the conciliating, yet strictly legal judgment, the fascinating wit, the merry rejoinder, the sound opinion, and, above all, for that constant and kind courtesy which ever distinguished Auguste Duc de Morny.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR the next fortnight, daily, after the death of the grand mouflon, Pendril and Tennyson mounted the slopes of Le Niolo with the regularity of the sun. The rocky chain of La Cagnone, the summits of Monte Renoso and Monte Nino, as well as the numerous hollow gorges with which their sides are furrowed, were explored by the hunters with indefatigable zeal and industry; and almost every day a mouflon or two, and sometimes even more, fell to their guns or succumbed to Wildfire’s superior pace and power. But, as the strongest appetite will turn from the dish that is too often repeated, so, lest the reader should feel certain qualms of disgust at the amount of mouflon blood shed by the hunters, and denounce them as butchers, he will be spared a more minute description of that sport, at least for the present.

Up to this period, about the middle of October, the work and enjoyment of the chase among the dogs had devolved chiefly on Wildfire alone; for, with the exception of the disastrous affair with the mouflon in the valley of rocks, and the glorious day with the otter in the Tavignano, Charon had literally done nothing. Hitherto Brando had dissuaded Pendril from striking his tent and descending, for the purpose of hunting the boar, into the deep chesnut forests with which the mountains are girdled, as with a belt, on all sides. The condition of the mouflon, however, was now beginning to fail. During the early part of each night, strange cries, like the moanings of a perturbed spirit, were heard on the hill-side; and so fierce were the battles of the male mouflon that, according to Brando, it was no uncommon occurrence, at this season of the year, to find them so disabled by these encounters as to render them an easy prey to the goatherds and their dogs. Then, on the other hand, the chesnuts had been falling for a month past, and the boars were now improving daily on the sweet feast so abundantly provided for them by the surrounding woods. Accordingly, when Pendril proposed that on

the following day they should abandon their present nomad life, and settle for a while in the small village of Evisa, and thence pursue the game said to be so abundant in that district, the change met with unqualified approval from all the party. Even Brando, who, from his long and intimate acquaintance with the mouflon, had so far adopted their habits as to be only perfectly happy when he was scaling some mountain peak or serrated ridge in pursuit of that animal, acknowledged that a boar's head or chine would now be a far more acceptable present to the monks of St. Martino than the best mouflon the hills could produce.

Crossing Le Niolo in a north-westerly direction, and passing the lonely source of the river Sagone, a journey of ten hours, under the guidance of Brando, brought the hunters to Evisa, a small rude village on the brink of the forest of Aitoue. Here, however, there was no smiling hostess to welcome the travellers to her comfortable hotel; nor could they discover even a café into which they could walk and obtain rest and refreshment for a single night. But, on the other hand, the villagers came forward and absolutely vied with each other for the honour of accommodating the strangers. One family stood at the door of their little mansion, and absolutely invited Pendril to enter and take possession, while they proposed returning to the hut in the forest, in which they had squatted during the chesnut harvest. Another, named Renucci, consisting of a man and his two sons, friends of Brando's, seized the braconnier by each arm, and would have detained him forcibly in their stronghold; but that hero had good reason, as Pendril soon discovered, for declining the hospitality thus pressed upon him. A vendetta feud had been raging between this family and another residing in the neighbouring hamlet of Soccia; blood had been shed in streams, and several lives sacrificed on both sides; but still, with small hope of peace for either party, so long as the sufferers from the original insult chose to consider themselves as not yet sufficiently avenged.

The house itself, a massive, semicircular building, the windows of which had been blocked up with masonry, looked more like a martello tower than an ordinary human habitation, and bore so many recent marks of rough usage in and around its lintel, that it scarcely needed the practised eye of Brando to detect its suspicious character.

'No, no,' said the braconnier, shaking his head significantly; 'we keep our bullets for wild boar, and are not prepared for garrison duty just yet; the chase requires good rest at night; and that, it strikes me, it may be somewhat difficult to obtain under your roof.'

But this pointed allusion to the dangers that beset their house served only to draw out and exhibit in its true light the undying spirit of revenge by which these men were governed.

'If we offer you hospitality, Brando, by heavens you shall have it; and if you and your friends occupy this house, those who would disturb it had better stay at home to look after their own, for at Soccia we mean to be before daybreak.'

'And a pack of hell-hounds will be more welcome in that village

'than your people,' said Brando, whose blood was beginning to surge at prospect of the deadly fray so near at hand. 'Well, I hope you'll make short work of it: thrash them well, and then be better friends.'

'Never,' growled the vendetta chief, with a hideous Corsican curse, and an expression of countenance worthy of a panther; 'never. So long as a single member of that race breathes, there can be no peace between us. No, no,' he continued, 'the wound is now too deep to be healed by aught save steel and fire.'

While this conversation was going on between Brando and his friends, a small troop of gens-d'armes, suddenly emerging from the forest, entered the village within a few yards of them, and marching directly up, came to a halt in front of the house before which the hunters stood.

The leader, raising his hand to his cocked-hat, saluted Pendril and his party with marked courtesy; but, instantly turning towards the elder of the Renucci, he demanded, in an impatient tone, that all the inmates of his house should at once present themselves at the street-door, in order that the building might be searched for arms, proscribed by law.

A momentary gleam of defiance shot across the proud Corsican's face; but the rapid reflection that resistance would be useless coming to his aid, and being at the same time conscious that every stiletto and musket he possessed were securely hidden away in the unsearchable depths of the forest of Aitone, he assumed an air of utter indifference and made way for the intruder.

'Enter by all means, captain,' said he, 'if you doubt our loyalty: there are no locks to impede your search, nor men to resist it.'

Half a dozen troopers, at the command of their leader, then entered the house, and, after ransacking every nook and corner of it for the space of twenty minutes, returned with blank faces, minus their expected booty.

'Not even a bullet-mould nor a copper-cap in the barrack,' said the foremost of the cocked-hat detectives.

'Is it possible?' replied the captain, who could ill conceal the disappointment he felt at the result of this domiciliary visit; 'then our information has been strangely incorrect.'

'Doubtless,' said the vendetta chief, with an air of injured innocence; 'informers are first cousins to the father of lies, and have the same respect for truth as the devil himself. No wonder you have been deceived, captain.'

The captain, however, who had already obtained abundant proof that the Renucci family had been long engaged in a deadly feud with the Filippini at Soccia, was not to be outwitted so easily.

'If there be any deception in the matter,' said he, 'it is you who have played the conjuror.' And turning to his men, he commanded them to arrest the father and his two sons, and to bear them off to the castle at Corte for farther examination.

The Renucci, it was evident, were little prepared for this order; and, as it was executed with that rapidity characteristic of French soldiers, the men were seized and pinioned before they could offer

the slightest resistance, and marched off, like prisoners of war, to the military capital. Before, however, they left the ground, the vendetta chief appealed to Brando, and again proposed that the hunters should occupy his house during their stay at Evisa: an offer for which, under the altered circumstances of the case, the braconnier now expressed his unbounded thanks, and proceeded at once to take possession without farther ceremony.

‘That’s the only way,’ said Tennyson, addressing Pendril, ‘to put an extinguisher on these flames: it requires an iron heel to stamp them out, or they burn and smoulder for years in the very vitals of the community. Aye, Vesuvius itself has scarcely wrought greater destruction among its foolhardy neighbours than those feuds have wrought for the inhabitants of this little island. The suppression of arms is next to impossible in this mountain region; but the parties known to be engaged in these internecine frays could always be reached by the strong arm of the law, and detained in custody until they learned to live at peace with their neighbours. The slightest provocation is sufficient for starting the ball: a sneer, a practical joke, and even a trifling jest, have not unfrequently led to broils of life-long duration; and any act, assuming the form of an insult to honour, especially if a woman be the subject of it, is invariably followed by counter-acts of reprisal and revenge, pitiless and fatal as those of a wounded tiger. Every man, woman, and child throughout the commune of Evisa, like true Corsicans, will hate the despotic government which thus interferes to protect them even against their own wishes; but none, who reflect on the amount of crime and bloodshed caused by these vendetta feuds, will doubt that, in seizing the principals, the government very wisely exercises its parental authority, and takes the best means of suppressing an enormous social evil for the benefit of the whole community.’

The next morning after this event the hunters, now reduced to their original number of four by the departure of Piero in charge of the general’s tent, breakfasted at break of day; and cheerily sounded the vast French horn with which Tennyson waked up the sluggards of the village, and roused the slumbering echoes of the woods hard by. That horn, by-the-by, forms no mean accessory to the business of the forest-chasse; and no Frenchman can be considered an accomplished chasseur who does not understand the different signals given forth by its brazen tongue. The quality of the game afoot, whether it be wolf, boar, stag, fallow-deer, roebuck, fox, badger, or hare, is announced by a distinctive note; and every chasseur who hears it, from the very depths perhaps of some mighty forest, can immediately tell whether hounds are running their legitimate game or not; and thus forewarned he is able, if near, to encourage or rate them forthwith; to aid the chase or stop the riot. Then, if hounds run heel, change their game, break cover, or kill, no matter how extensive the forest or labyrinthine its avenues, no matter how scattered the *field* may be, the horns proclaim the various movements with no uncertain sound, and the chasseurs shape their course accordingly.

'That sound is very grateful to Charon's ears,' said Pendril, as he observed the delight with which the hound lifted up his head and joined in the wild harmony; 'he evidently fancies himself back again in Brittany, and perhaps recalls some of those glorious days he saw in the forest of Conveau, with his late noble master, Charles de St. Prix, than whom a more energetic, indefatigable, and accomplished chasseur the world never produced.'

Tennyson had been playing that lively air '*Le point du jour*,' as it is given by Tellier, in his admirable collection of hunting-songs, entitled '*Chansonnier du Chasseur*,' a work indispensable to those who would study the language of the French horn.

'Hounds are like men in many ways,' said Will; 'they always love the game at which they were first entered. You may steady them on fresh game, it's true, but, for all that, they never forget their first love.'

'Quite right, Will; and yet I have known masters of fox-hounds perverse enough to enter their puppies on hare, under the impression, forsooth, that they learn to stoop better on the less-marked scent of that animal than on the more powerful taint of their natural game. This I believe to be a great mistake, to say nothing of the punishment the poor brutes undergo before they can be brought to unlearn the first lesson of their life, and abandon a habit which they were first taught to indulge. Hear what Beckford says on the point: "You had better enter them at their own game, it will save you much trouble afterwards; it is certainly most reasonable to use them to that which it is intended they should hunt."'

'That's good doctrine, sir, without doubt; and if that's from "*Thoughts on Hunting*," no wonder my old father, who lived with Lord Vernon, used to call that book the Archbishop's Bible; for his Grace had great knowledge of hounds, and Beckford was his daily text-book.'

The hound's look of intense delight, as he listened to the familiar notes of Tennyson's horn, would have been a fine subject for a sculptor's chisel; and had Chantrey, with his admiration for hounds and strong love of nature, been there to catch it, the grand figure of the Brittany boar-hound would have descended to posterity as the masterpiece of the great sculptor.

For the grand proportions and variety of its timber, as well as for the wild and magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded, the forest of Aitone, which the hunters are now on the point of drawing, will bear comparison with the noblest in Europe. Up to the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea, the ilex, the oak, the pine, the chesnut and the beech-tree, cover in stately form the whole surface of the country; and although the ground from which they rise appears to be arid and sterile to the last degree, yet it throws up its produce with a lavish hand, and proves to be a soil highly conducive to the growth of the finest forest-trees. Indeed, the vegetable wealth of Corsica, considering the extent of the island, is not to be surpassed on this side the Atlantic.

Here and there, however, in hollow and rugged glens, the timber

of which has either been felled by man's hand or has failed in growth, a dense jungle of arbutus, ilex, and holly forms a fine cover for the boars which abound in the forest. From these strongholds, like a set of banditti, they issue forth at nightfall and commit grievous ravages on the neighbouring crops. During the chesnut season, especially when the trees are shedding the fruit, on which the Corsican peasant depends, as the natives of more favoured districts depend on bread corn, the boars not only take the lion's share of the spoil in the night, but even in the daytime continue to hunt up the farinaceous food with the most persistent avidity.

At such periods it occasionally happens that a monster solitaire becomes the terror of the forest. The fumes arising from the fermentation created by the chesnuts on which he has so greedily feasted, affect his brain, and the wild beast, already the fiercest of its kind, becomes, in the language of the peasantry, literally 'mad' 'drunk.' Woe betide the traveller who is unlucky enough to cross the path of such a brute in his cups! If he be not well armed and well able to use his arms, he will be ripped up with as little ceremony as a hare is paunched by a huntsman. Nor does the solitaire wait to be attacked if he is intruded upon at such a time; the sight of a man near his feeding-ground is alone sufficient to induce a charge; and his temper, never a smooth one, is then so infuriated that the battle he provokes is soon brought to an end by a bloody victory on one side or the other. If the peasant, with his long knife, claim it, the result is a feast and a jollification throughout the whole commune. But if, on the other hand, the tusks prevail, which not unfrequently proves to be the case, such a raid is organized as makes the forest ring with applause; and the fierce spirit of vengeance aroused in the Corsican heart is thus not only fairly appeased, but a stock of bacon, of the very first quality, is secured for the wants of the coming winter; a result of no little importance and comfort to the hardy and ill-provided mountaineers.

If the object of the hunters had not been already made known to the inhabitants of Evisa, the invitation expressed by the notes of Tennyson's horn would have given them the clearest information on the subject. On all sides the peasantry, more or less injured by their bristly enemy, flocked to the sound; not the summons of the fiery cross, when borne by Duncraggan's orphan heir, could have been responded to with greater alacrity, when

' Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.'

But instead of the broad claymore or the long guerrilla musket of more modern days, the carrying of which was now so strictly prohibited by the French government, every peasant bore in his belt a hunting-knife, which, in close encounter, he well knows how to wield with sharp and unerring precision.

Of dogs, too, a motley lot of grim nondescript mastiffs accompanied their masters; and, from their fierce demonstration towards Charon and Wildfire, Pendril expected every moment to see a general fight. Brando, however, acting as umpire, managed to keep

the peace by giving the growlers a few hearty kicks with his iron-shod sabot, hitting them under the jaw with a force that made them stagger from stem to stern. And instead of boiling over with wrath, as your true Briton would have done, the good-natured Corsicans absolutely roared with laughter at the shock and discomfiture inflicted on the dogs by this novel but rough process,

'Gently, gently,' said Pendril, by way of remonstrance; 'don't be quite so hard upon them, Brando, for they'll want every tooth in their head before the day's work is done.'

'True, but the brutes that are now so ready to squabble will then be the shyest to fight,' said the braconnier, nothing daunted by the reproof; 'a bully's best weapon is his tongue.'

But now, ere the wild and thrilling sport which the hunters obtained in the forest of Aitone be described, it will be necessary to revert to Temple, and make his adventures in the Val-del-Orco the subject of the following chapter.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC GAMES.

It is satisfactory to find that, in spite of the alleged deterioration in our horses, there is no corresponding retrogression on the part of our men, and that the gentlemen of England are more than ever prepared to hold their own in feats of bodily skill, activity, and endurance. During the last few years, the muscularity of Christendom has vastly improved, and, instead of aspiring to trousers of *outré* pattern, or the inordinate consumption of tobacco, the descendants of the fine old English gentleman are more worthily employed in tests of physical endurance and pluck. Cricket and rowing have always had a place in the affections of Young England, but it is only recently that general attention has been turned to running and walking as a healthy and exciting sport. Not many years ago a taste for pedestrianism involved the society of men of a most untempting and 'spongey' order, but *nous avons changé tout cela*, and it is now a common thing to find gentlemen practising for running matches; and athletic sports have been adopted by rowing and cricket clubs as an excellent amusement for their members during the winter, while several amateur clubs have been established both in London and the provinces for this especial purpose. Foremost in the good cause were Oxford and Cambridge, and, at both seats of learning, the colleges and university have for some time established athletic sports, culminating last year in a grand inter-university match meeting, at which the cracks of Oxford and Cambridge met in friendly rivalry. The meeting, which was last year held at Oxford, was a great success, and was this season repeated at Cambridge. The races were nearly the same as in last year's programme, with the exception of the hurdle race, 200 yds., and steeple chase, about two miles, which were omitted this time, a two-mile flat race being substituted, as well as throwing the shell and throwing the cricket-ball, both of which are novelties. We left Shoreditch last Saturday at 8 A.M., with promise of a fine, bright day, though the snow in the ditches and ice in several ponds showed the severity of the recent weather. On arriving at Fenner's Ground, we found that the programme commenced with putting the weight, in which Cambridge was successful, Mr. Elliot scoring 33'10½; Mr. Booth, also of Cambridge, being second. The Oxford style of putting the shell is with both

hands, swinging the whole body, the Cambridge men throwing overhanded with one hand, something like throwing up a cricket-ball. The two ways were tried in turn, but Mr. Elliot had the best of it each time, Cambridge thus winning the first event. Next came the mile race, one of the chief events of the day. The Oxford representatives were the Earl of Jersey, Mr. H. Moor, and E. B. Michell, well known as a sculler. Of the Earl of Jersey great things were expected, he having won the mile race against all comers at Oxford. Messrs. Webster and Cheetham represented Cambridge, the former being certainly first favourite, having beaten all his opponents at this distance, and in surprising time, 4'32. On getting to the post, they started very evenly, and had to go four times round to complete the distance. In the first lap, Cheetham made running, the rest well up, but in the second lap Michell took the lead, Cheetham second, Webster and the Earl of Jersey close up, running in beautiful form. Soon after the half-mile, Webster rushed to the front; but at the further corner, the Earl of Jersey, with a magnificent spurt, went ahead. Webster, however, was not to be denied, and at three quarters of a mile was again in front, Earl Jersey close behind him, and the others slightly in the rear; this continued until 150 yds. from home, when Webster spurning, got further ahead. Earl Jersey answered with a splendid effort, and drew up, but the Cambridge man going away again won this great race in 4'43½, which, considering that they ran on turf, and that it had begun to rain, is wonderful time. For the 100 yds. race, Mr. Jollye, of Merton, Morgan, of Magdalen Hall, represented Oxford; the Hon. F. G. Pelham, Trinity, and P. M. Thornton, Jesus, for Cambridge. After one or two false starts, they got off very badly, Mr. Pelham having decidedly the worst of it, and, at fifty yards, he appeared out of the race, but gradually drawing up, he closed upon the leader, and the referee decided it a dead heat between him and Mr. Jollye, though it appeared to us that Mr. Pelham had won. This was afterwards run off, when, Mr. Pelham again starting very slowly, the Oxford man went away and won easily. Mr. Pelham had, we think, the speed of any of his competitors, and, with practice, will be quite A 1 at this distance, which depends more upon getting away than anything else. The high jump was looked upon as a certainty for Oxford, and such it proved, Mr. Gooch, of Merton, last year's winner, getting over 5'5 in the most perfect style; Mr. G. M. Osborn, of Trinity, Cambridge, being second also, as last year; though we observe that he jumped this time 5'4½ against 5'4 last year. Curiously enough, this was the only event in which the winners were the same as in 1864. Mr. Gooch, having won with 5'5, jumped 5'6 to show what he could do, and was deservedly applauded.

Throwing the ball was considered as safe for Oxford, Mr. Gillett, of Exeter, having recently thrown the wonderful distance of 107 yds., but Cambridge scored both first and second, Mr. Gray, of Trinity Hall, throwing 104 yds. all but an inch, and Mr. Osborne, of John's, 102 yds.; Mr. Gillett only reached 98 yds. The hurdle race, 120 yds., brought Mr. Milvain, Trinity Hall, and L. Tiffany, Emmanuel, for Cambridge; and D. Morgan, Magdalen Hall, and Price, of Oriel, for Oxford. After a false start, in which Morgan fell, they got well away, Morgan slightly leading, but falling again, the Cambridge men went on in the order named, taking their fences in perfect style in spite of the ground, which continual snow had now made quite slippery. Mr. Price was well up, but could not overhaul the Cambridge pair. The quarter mile race had Mr. Knight, Magdalen, and W. F. Maitland, Christ Church, for Oxford, and the Hon. F. Pelham and Mr. Cheetham, Trinity Hall (substituted for Mr. Thornton), for Cambridge. Knight made the running, Mr. Pelham second, and at

300 yds. Mr. Knight was well ahead, and generally considered to be winning easily; but Mr. Pelham put on a splendid spurt, and caught him 50 yds. from home, and keeping up the steam went in a fine winner in 55½ secs., in spite of the bad ground. Knight, after being passed, fell from exhaustion, but pluckily resumed the race, and went the distance. The long jump was, as last year, won by Mr. Gooch, 18 ft. 5 in., Mr. Elliott, of Trinity, Cambridge, being second, 18 ft. The day's sport concluded with the two mile race, in which Mr. A. H. Johnson, Exeter, the Earl of Jersey, and A. King, Merton, did duty for Oxford, R. E. Webster and R. C. Garnett, of Trinity, for Cambridge. Mr. Cheetham, the third Cambridge representative, did not start. This was, *par excellence*, the event of the day, and those who waited in the snow to witness it were well rewarded for their perseverance. King took the lead, Garnett, Webster and Johnson following, and Earl Jersey bringing up the rear; and this order was maintained for more than half a mile, when King and Garnett, who were racing for the lead, came against each other, and Garnett fell, but was up again directly and resumed his place, shortly afterwards challenging King for the lead, which he kept to the close of the third lap (three quarters of a mile), when King led again, but was soon passed by Garnett and Johnson, who, during the whole of this round, kept up a succession of magnificent spurts, each alternately leading by a few feet, Webster in the mean time being close up, running steadily, Earl Jersey a little in the rear, going with an even pace which he maintained to the finish. At the end of the first mile Johnson and Garnett were nearly level, Webster within 6 yds. of them, and the others rather behind. Johnson and Garnett now raced and alternately led, Webster keeping well up, and Earl Jersey with a fine spurt drawing close to the leaders. During the next lap Johnson led by a few feet, Garnett and Webster from time to time coming up to him and at the end of the sixth lap (1 mile and a half), he led by a bare yard from Garnett, who spurted up and they fouled, Garnett again coming to grief; but he was away again immediately, and had taken a slight lead at the close of the seventh lap. Now came the tug of war: Garnett, Johnson, and Webster alternately led until within 200 yds. of the goal, when Webster with his marvellous rush went ahead and won the great race of the day in 10.39. Johnson, after a gallant struggle, took second place from Garnett, Earl Jersey a short distance behind. This would be a good performance for a fine day, but considering that there was a strong wind and sleet all day, making the turf very sloppy, it was a grand feat indeed. Mr. King retired after about half the distance, having only started to force the pace for Oxford, and we had, therefore, less opportunity for observing him; but of the quartette who went the distance, we may safely say that any one of them would be a formidable opponent in any company. The winner's performance is quite unprecedented, having won a mile and a two mile race the same day and against different men, excepting Earl Jersey, who also ran in both races. The spurt which Webster puts on at the finish is something wonderful, appearing more like a sprint than the close of a severe, long race. Johnson and Garnett are fine runners, but both (especially the latter) appeared to make too much use of themselves in the first mile. Earl Jersey has a very pretty style, going with the regularity of a machine, and apparently possesses great endurance; but he allowed the others to get too far away to be able to overhaul them, though he seemed to have plenty of steel left at the finish.

This last victory made Cambridge 6 against Oxford 3, and Webster and his competitors were received with immense enthusiasm. We were sorry that it

was such a wretched day, especially on account of the ladies, most of whom defied the elements and remained to the close of the proceedings in the most courageous manner, though the wind very ungallantly drove the sleet into their fair faces. With this unavoidable exception the joint committee have every cause to congratulate themselves on the success of the day's sports, and we only hope that they will have as good a meeting next spring.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

I CANNOT begin my monthly review of Paris sporting and social doings without alluding to the death of the Duc de Morny, the Bentinck or Payne of our turf; but I will merely register the fact that a great gentleman and good sportsman is gone from among us, and add that he is as much regretted in society as on the turf—

‘Fungarque munus.’

I shall have paid the empty tribute which is due to the departed Duke from any French writer on sporting subjects.

The month of March in France is not fertile of sport—this year it is not fertile of ‘good things’ of any description, for a more empty, barren, unpromising thirty-one days (Dear me! are there 31 days? François, the Almanac) I have never passed. March came in like a lion and is going out like a cold lamb and without salad, or, indeed, any other vegetation. Hunting has been a mere ‘nominal quotation,’ but the Prince Napoleon has had a woodland run or two, and M. Paul Caillard a really good gallop on the 14th: finding in a big wood, they forced their fox into the open, and having a good holding scent, kept so close to him that he dared not enter another covert.

A real run in the open here is quite as great a curiosity as an angel's visit; but on this occasion the fox was pressed out of his country and finally killed handsomely in the open.

There was an episode in this ‘wicked hunt’ rare in France—some severe fencing, culminating in an average brook! M. Caillard on Biribi, winner of several steeple-chases, charged it like a man, and got over like a swallow: a friend did ditto, and his horse also got over, but in that fashion known in your shires as ‘on his hands and knees.’ Then came Viscount de Blanc: he went at it like a man also, but his horse was evidently afflicted with hydrophobia—horse changed his leg—rider moved his hands—an attempted refusal—a compromise—a sensation header, and the net, if not next, result, the dampest and dirtiest Viscount on record.

The 18 couple of hounds which killed this really wild woodland fox were those bought by M. Caillard from Mr. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote.

We have had several steeple-chase meetings close to Paris, Vincennes for instance, and La Marche. The sporting or business results of these misspent Sundays—I repeat it, misspent Sundays, for they are but cock-tail performances—you will know by the Sunday papers. As spectacles they are curious! La Marche, indeed, is the tournament of traviatas—a sort of salutory Hampton.

During a somewhat long and chequered career I do not think it ever was my lot to see so many fine ladies, in so many fine clothes, riding in so many fine carriages, as I have seen on recent Sunday evenings tearing down the Champs Elysées.

Mlle. Lois appears on Sunday the 1st, in, let us say, ostrich feathers and diamonds. Signora Aspasia goes home in awful tantrums (I pity the *Monsieur Pericles* of the moment), and next week she appears in bird-of-paradise feathers and pearls. There are 'matches for great stakes' run during the steeple-chase season of Paris, and some men (and sometimes, I suspect, some milliners) are heavy losers.

As to the sport, I confess I do not appreciate it!

To canter a fair hunter round either of the courses is a tonic I should like to take twice a day—but for fences to test hunters' powers, you might as well ride round the Duke of Wellington's riding-school or take a gallop in a circus on a highly-trained steed. Two elements (let alone the weather) are necessary to steeple-chases—fences and horses to jump over them, and as yet France has really neither. Riding a galloping thoroughbred over fences that break like reeds, is, I confess, as dull an amusement to me as going to church in the country on a Sunday afternoon, when the clergyman only puts on half his steam and the children don't sing because the lord of the manor was there in the morning.

I write this about French steeple-chases in no unkindly spirit, but simply that I do not like to see sporting France squandering its money on petty 'jumping matches.'

Why not get up one good real International Steeple-chase Meeting?—nay, I will go so far as to name the proper English 'Commissioner,'—Mr. Angell, who makes good rules and speaks good French; and let the sportsmen of France see how their brother cavaliers of England sail, glide, or blunder over a real hunting country: such a country, with very little fictitious ornament, might be found in France, and, indeed, not very far from Paris.

Our regular racing season is rapidly approaching: I have very good grounds for stating that it promises to be a 'clinker!' Before next month I shall have visited the stables of Chantilly and other places, and shall endeavour to find out 'anything worthy the attention of the curious.' As yet horses are backward in condition, and speculation about them would be conducted more in the dark than usual—which I for one think hardly necessary.

Poor Jules Gerard, it seems, was after all not lost in crossing a river, but deliberately murdered and plundered by his native escort. The Duc de Brabant, writing over to friends in Paris, speaks of having had very fair sport in Ceylon and India.

We all read here with great regret that Mr. George Payne had met with an accident, and the list of gentlemen sportsmen who have 'gone racing,' which appears in the letters of 'Argus,' 'Augur,' 'Hotspur' and Co., are studied with keen interest to discover if he is back again at the post.

We have had visits this month from some of your best Turf speculators, which I attribute to that Free-trade in Racing and Sporting Treaty which was signed, sealed, and delivered when Mr. Henry Savile and 'Ranger' won the first Grand Prix. The 'Cobden of the Turf' is a new title to which, I think, that gallant ex-captain is well entitled. England is bound to win the Grand Prix this year, else, I give her fair warning, there will be no hoking France even in a double bridle!

I think I need scarcely tell you that the shooting season is over.

'Shooting season, indeed!' cries indignant British sportsman, throwing down 'Baily'; 'why this fellow knows nothing. We are eating plovers' eggs' (and quite right too, but this I say in a parenthesis).

But here comes the very fact on which I want to speak.

To glide from plovers' eggs to truffles is as easy and natural as it is pleasant and wholesome. Now here in Paris, where the shooting season is over, and the very 'dead game' in the markets confiscated and eaten (I have no doubt with great satisfaction) by the police weeks and weeks ago, we can yet buy as many truffled partridges as we like. When I dine out, which I usually do once a day, I quite blush when the servant tenders this game out of season, but I confess I usually say—'Well, as it is here, I thank you! I will—'

But it should not be here. Moral—If you eat partridge in March you can't shoot him in September.

You know this is Lent, and so we are all good, which is synonymous with 'dull.' Still there is, to use the expression of a tearing swell of my acquaintance, Le Vicomte Vapartout, 'some good little things going on.'

The Dramatic Artists' Ball at the Opéra Comique, for example, was a crumb of comfort in this season of repentance. It was observed by an 'intelligent foreigner,' that the ladies wore less clothes and more jewels than he had ever seen, except in the costume of the 'most natural' Indian native princesses.

I admit that many of our princesses look very well—'La Belle Hélène,' for instance. Then there was a 'bright particular star,' who threatens you with a visit—Madame Duverger, of the Porte St. Martin—who, on this great field day, was in 'full dress and wearing her decorations'—the celebrated Demidoff diamonds. Then we had a private ball of the semi-select world, given by one Mdlle. Cora,—music, light, flowers, princes, dukes, barons, knights, and squires. The *locus in quo*, a splendid suite of rooms. ;

And such is life in Paris.

By the way, it is a great error—now only retained by subalterns in the Guards and senior members of the 'Travellers'—that Paris is any better or worse than London. Of the virtue I can say but little, but the vice, and especially the minor vices, are just the same. Pompey and Cæsar are very much alike, especially both of them. We have our casinos or music halls—where Theresa does now what Sam Hall and those 'Lively Fleas' did when we were all boys—our peculiar amusements and our particular balls. But let not British youth rush over here in expectation of finding any 'pleasant vice' in which he cannot indulge in St. James's Street or its immediate neighbourhood. But I find I am growing moral, and so I shall soon be dull, therefore must change my theme.

We are going to have again this year 'International Cricket Matches.' I have not seen any list of the elevens which are coming over, but I know that Sir Robert Clifton, Bart., M.P., and his eleven of Nottingham (who gave such cricketing and social satisfaction here last season) are among the number. Canine amateurs are also hereby advised that a Franco-English display of dogs is to take place before the *Canicula*, when it would be perhaps dangerous.

Writing of dogs, what do your readers think of a dog-collar—gold, lined with violet velvet studded with brilliants, fastened by a diamond clasp, from which depends a diamond chain terminating in a diamond ball about as big as an acorn, which encloses a pearl, as much hid as if in its 'native oyster,' worth 3,000 francs—the whole dog-collar being worth some thousands of pounds sterling!!

I am not telling a romance, but a story of every-day (?) life. The dog and its collar belong to the beautiful Duchess of O——e. 'Is your servant a

'dog?' they used to ask. One would almost wish to be so, if such jewels were in the family and you were in the 'tail.'

On Thursday we had the final bal masqué of the season. It was like all bals masqués, and, like the lady's dress celebrated by Talleyrand, of course

'Began too late and ended too soon.'

When I say 'soon,' I mean soon in the day, for it really finished at 7 A.M. on Friday. They are not very amusing, after all, these 'bals de l'opéra.' The light is obscured by dust, the music by noise, and the people by disguise; but everybody knows what a bal masqué is. The disguise, however, does sometimes lead to diversion. Last Thursday night, Monsieur and Madame A—— gave a little dinner to their intimate friends Monsieur and Madame B——, 'friends indeed of the most intimate.' Now, Mesdames A—— and B—— are both charming. MM. A—— and B—— have been married these three years. The B——'s went home at eleven, Madame suffering from headache. When they were gone, Madame A—— had the *migraine*, and 'retired herself' also to bed. Mark, this was at 11 P.M. Now, at 4 A.M. there was an alarm of fire at the 'Restaurant Trop-tard,' and a sudden rush out of the 'cabinets,' where people were privately supping, having put off their masks and dominoes. The doors of cabinets No. 2 and No. 14, opposite, opened at the same moment, and enter on the scene. How shall I describe it to your modest readers?—though perhaps it was an accident. I will do it first algebraically. Well $A + B$, and $B + A$: M. A—— and Madame B—— were in No. 2, M. B—— and Madame A—— in No. 14. Perhaps there was not a row!

By-the-by, I must not forget to register in this paper the very little sympathy expressed in Paris for M. Vaillant, and the deep regret felt for L'Africain; or to record the rejoicings of sporting France over the victory of Alcibiade, which reflects a glory on French breeding. Mr. Angell, I hear, wishes to purchase the 'own brother' to the last Liverpool winner.

Our theatrical record for this month contains little new. A comedy and a farce—'Les Vieux Garçons,' and 'Les Tocrisses de l'Amour'—are having a run of deserved success; and if any reader of 'Baily' can tear himself away from the joys of spring meetings, early London balls, and late Leicestershire hunting, he will be amused for some hours at the 'Gymnase' and the 'Palais Royal.'

There has been, too, a new Italian opera, 'La Duchessa di San Guiliano,' of which your readers are like to hear again.

Before I close my monthly record, I must tell you the last piece of 'fashionable intelligence.' The members of the Jockey Club, assisted by a few members of another Paris club, entertained the 'demi-monde' of Paris at a ball and supper in the classic halls which take their title from the three brothers of Marseilles who first imported into Paris Provençal cooking. At a late hour last night, the salons of the 'Trois Frères' were seen by the outsiders to be brilliantly illuminated. Within, all was harmony, gaiety, fine dresses, good music, and finally supper. Over the Sardanapalian scene let us draw the curtain. As for the company, the 'best men' and the prettiest women. Politeness forbids me to mention names; as for the jewels, they, like many other wonders of this world, must be seen to be believed, and as for the costumes, I will be silent,

'For fear the press

Should spoil with parts of speech the parts of dress.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—March Memoranda.—Hunting Histories.—Liverpool Linnings.
—Mamhead Mew-sings.—Royal Recollections.—Breeding Bulletins, and
Sporting Shaves.

MARCH has been one of the most trying months we have had for a number of years, trying to the system as well as the senses of sportsmen of every degree ; so that the proverb of its coming in like a lion and departing like a lamb can scarcely be said to be verified, inasmuch as the latter animal may be said to have been swallowed up in the former, for all we saw of it ourselves was in a culinary point of view. The east wind, in fact, seems to have had its influence on the tempers of sportsmen as well as on writers, and sensational articles have been the order of the month. 'Le Sport' has challenged 'The Sporting Life' to prove or retract its charges against the pot-valiant owner of L'Africaine for his proceedings at Derby, and nothing loth, the Twin Brothers—'Hotspur' and 'Augur'—accept the challenge, and declare themselves willing to do battle for the liberty of the Press. Our able Paris Contemporary must, however, suffer us to correct an error into which he has fallen in describing 'Hotspur' to be a member of the family of Percy, and thereby closely connected with the late Duke of Northumberland. No doubt the mistake arose from the writer fancying the intrepid journalist, who uses that *nom de plume*, was sprung in direct line from Hotspur, Earl Percy. Such, however, is not the case, for had it been so, he certainly would have been present at the funeral instead of inspecting a stud at Epsom ; and we believe we are violating no private confidence, when we state that he has derived no benefit from the deceased Duke, and that his name does not figure in any testamentary disposition of the excellent Nobleman in question. Owners also have been raging about their horses being made favourites by the public merely from public running, and may be said to have had 'the pen of ready writers,' which have made backers equally wild, and throughout the month they have been playing at cross purposes. In fact, during all March, we have scarcely come across a sportsman in a good temper ; either he had backed Breadalbane for the wrong race, or had jumped on to Chattanooga too early, or had waited too long in shunting 'that Rifle fifty,' or had fourteen hunters and half a dozen hacks eating their heads off at Market Harborough. But a change, we hope, will come o'er the spirit of their dream, and with genial weather, genial faces may again greet us. In the racing world exclusively, Breadalbane has been the hero of the month, and, although he has never been stripped in public, he is quite as well known as his elder brother. A perfect brigade of touts take up their position of a morning on Langton Wold, and the old Commander-in-chief and his Legions are left comparatively neglected for 'the Cadet,' who has not yet flashed his sword or earned his spurs. We care not to repeat all the thousand and one rumours about his doings with Blair Athol before the latter went to Fairfield, for we might be reproached for them afterwards, but we believe there can be no doubt he is a genuine good horse. Already we fear the public have burnt their fingers with him for the Two Thousand ; but we confess we have very little feeling for them, because 'if fools will rush in, where angels fear to tread,' the result needs no predicting. Liddington, the Southern crack, has stood his ground well, and if Mr. Merry chose to force him, he could have him first favourite in an instant ; but he is laying off at present, and we do not believe he would even care if the Duke passed him in the market, for he knows he

can bring him again when he likes. Not all the ingenious reasoning employed in certain quarters can make the world believe Chattanooga is sound; and although he is galloped between a couple of roarers, so that the touts have a band of music whichever side they stand by him, we fear it will be the old story over again, that the layers know more than the backers. Archimedes, by those who have the privilege of the *entree* to his box, is stated to be thickening every day, and in his gallops at Enville with Cambuscan, he makes as good progress as his backers could wish. But whether he will pass the Doctor at Newmarket remains to be seen. Had the new gallops been completed in time, we believe Lord Stamford would have remained at home, but requiring more scope of ground for his horses at this season, he has sent a large number of them back to Newmarket, to the great satisfaction of the natives, with whom he always has been first favourite since he came there. Admiral Rous has ably supported the Marquis of Drogheda in his action against the Spring Hill Stewards, and it is satisfactory to think that our views, as expressed in our last, have been maintained by the high Turf authority in question. A new race-course in the neighbourhood of Clewer is about to be made for the amusement of the Household Brigade, and the conduct of it is not unlikely to be conferred on Mr. John Frail, who must be admitted to possess all the personal and mental advantages requisite for a post which would bring him in constant intercourse with the Court and the Camp. So much for the aspect of men, manners, and things in general, during the month; and we will now take a Parthian glance at what in bitter mockery have been termed Spring Gatherings, the frequenters of which must by this time be pretty well qualified to accompany Sherard Osborne in his new Arctic Expedition.

Liverpool must have 'the patent of precedence' given to it on account of its seniority and standing. Three years back, and Aintree was said to be on its last legs, and the days of Topham were numbered. Noblemen and Gentlemen, it was stated, would no more subscribe to the Grand National than they would take shares in a hazard bank, and the writers, in the then desperate state of affairs, had to fall back upon the age of Lottery and Mason, Chandler and Captain Little, and Abd-el-Kader and Green. But there was a degree of vitality in the sport which prevented its extinguishment, and a few Noblemen and Gentlemen taking it in hand, and applying what may be termed, without any very great stretch of fancy, the means of restoring suspended animation, the Grand National was saved, and by careful and constant watching, it may be said to become as healthy and flourishing as before. Our journey to Aintree from Euston Square in the five o'clock express the previous night was anything but rapid, and calculated to leave a strong impression on our minds as to the absolute necessity for Her Majesty's Letter to the Chairmen of the various Companies, relative to the provision to be made for communicating between the guards and the engine driver. Usually, the run from London to Rugby by the fast train is as straight as a merchantman's passage with a trade wind in her favour; but now, on reaching Leighton Buzzard, the coupling chains of our carriage gave way, and for near three-quarters of an hour we were shut up at the station without being able to look at the excellent accommodation that is provided there for the followers of the Baron. But that was not all, for on our putting into Stafford for refreshments, we were informed that a despatch had been received with the pleasant intelligence that 'a goods in front' had broken down, and we should have to be carried round by way of Shrewsbury, a proceeding which put off our arrival until 12.40 instead of 10.30, when Liverpool had retired to rest, and expected the world to do the same. That the town was full, we are in a positive position to state, as, under the charge of an experienced

cabman, we canvassed every hotel in the hope of securing rest and inner comforts as if we had been the Agent of a new Directory. From all we received the same assurance, that a 'flea park' was not to be obtained for love or money; and had the proprietors adopted the same plan as Mr. Webster of the Adelphi in the Strand, and hoisted a signal that they were full, they could have saved ourselves and many other martyrs much discomfort. As a last resource, our guide assured us that by taking the two o'clock boat across the Mersey, we might have a homosopathic chance of obtaining a roosting place for the few remaining hours of the night, which was cold enough to stop all circulation of the blood; and, although the pierman, to whom we had related our misfortunes, prepared a can of that beverage, which cheers but not inebriates, we confess, the iron skewer with which he stirred it up, prevented our joining our comrades in misfortune, and who, as the early closing Haymarket movement had set in, were sent, like naughty boys, supperless to bed. Fortunately, the Mersey is not so difficult to cross as the Potomac, and at a very small hour the passage was made. The morning broke fine but the wind was a nipper, and people in vain tried to persuade themselves that they did not care about it. At the Railway Station the usual scenes of violence presented themselves, and all entrance to a carriage was prevented except at a risk to life and limbs which would have made a Director of the Accidental Assurance Company rather nervous. Next to a Derby or Leger Day, we never saw so great a crowd in any stand, and access to it was as difficult as to the station. Mr. Topham was flattened almost to the consistence of a pancake in taking the tickets at the door, and Fuller Andrews had also a very rough time of it. One Aintree list of fashionables is so like another, that it might almost be stereotyped, but many an old familiar face was absent from causes over which the wearer had no control. All minor events were of course submerged in 'The National,' and rarely was public opinion so divided about it. *Tot homines, quot sententie* might be said to have been its motto, and so far it was complimentary to the Handicapper. Staunton, we found, was all the rage in the Ring, and even Mr. Allan McDonough was converted to his chance, agreeing with ourselves that his Ascot Stakes speed would make him go faster than any of the rest; and as a lad of his own, who had been riding him in his work for two months, could not get him down, there was no chance of his falling. The Croome mares looked well, but their owner, although he declared to win with Emblematic, professed his entire ignorance of which was the best of the pair. Taking the lot generally, they were very moderate, and yet three or four were in very good condition, especially Alcibiade, who went as well as his sire, Cossack, was wont to do in our hot youth. Still there was a prejudice against him because he was to be ridden by a Gentleman instead of a professional, and this kept him at the price at which he started. Arbury showed rather early for a dead 'un, and was followed into the course by Captain Hunt, with a face and neck-cloth which would have made the fortune of a London mute; and it was jokingly said at the time he was chief mourner. Tony Lumpkin lacked the white saddle he was ridden in at Punchestown, and seemed quite out of place on such a course. Lightheart looked well and went well, but tired in the ploughed land. Jerry's absenteeism was a heavy blow and great discouragement to Newmarket, but he hit his leg twice, and his owner being determined the other 'legs' should not hurt anybody else, used his pen with the utmost promptitude. Hall Court was scarcely ever mentioned, for he was only regarded as a hunter, and Princess Dagmar sweated as if she had been in a Turkish Bath. Such acres of paper have been consumed in describing the race, that there is no necessity for our remarking more than at Beecher's

Brook, the second time round, Arbury, whom Charley Boyce had restored to life in wonderful quick time after starting, jumped on to his toes and relieved the anxieties of his enemies by coming down a burster, and giving his rider a burster which he did not get over the whole afternoon. From the bend home, 'The Captains' had it all to themselves, and they ran locked together as they might have done at Newmarket in a Match on the Abingdon Mile. Hall Court at one time had decidedly the best of it, and had Captain Tempest only drawn his horse before he came to the last hurdle and assisted him over it, he could not have lost; but from a weakness, excusable at the time, he could do nothing to help him; and after as pretty a race as was ever seen, Captain Coventry, whose patience was never exhausted, measuring his distance well, caught him on the post, and won by a good head. Let me down, cried Mr. Angell, who was on the Trainers' Stand, and awfully excited, and fighting his way through the crowd, receiving the congratulations of his friends, in less time than we can describe it in, he found himself at the bottom of the stairs, saw his jockey in the scale, and by Mr. Justice Johnson was proclaimed the winner of the Grand National. To neither owner or rider could any distinction have been so welcome, and, as we remarked at the time, Baden was avenged. For many reasons, the result of the race was beneficial to the sport, for the more often a Gentleman succeeds in a Steeple Chase, the greater encouragement is given to the order to take part in it; and Captain Coventry, who is the first officer that has won it since Captain Little on Chandler, may be proud of having dissipated the idea of a gentleman being unable to win a Grand National. For our own parts, we have always been of opinion that a gentleman can do, what a working man can accomplish, if he will only apply himself to the task with equal assiduity, and this very race is the strongest exemplification of the axiom. To the Ring the issue of the race was very serious, as he was about the very worst horse they had in their books, which will account for the cheering only proceeding from 'the Harbrough side of the country.' Had the head been reversed, the noise would have been heard in Liverpool; for the lungs of the bookmakers with whom we made acquaintance for the first time this season, we found were in the highest state of preservation, and not above half a dozen had written his name down, and then only for a comparative trifle, although it was said he had done a good thing at home with Church Militant. From the sound of corks in the weighing room, one would have imagined the Champagne Stakes had been run for instead of the Steeple Chase. But we fear the learned Judge, who, with a wise experience of race-course wine, gave the preference to a bottle of Croxteth home-brewed, must have been rather disappointed, for if it was not sweet wort, it must have been own brother to it.

Doncaster was very slow, and we believe very few people in the place were aware any racing was going on. The handsome Subscription Room which, in September, was unbearable with the hum of voices and the noise of corks exploding, was now as silent as a Presbyterian Conventicle, and when a Special Commissioner entered to make a report, he found Mr. Saxon in an arm-chair, the monarch of all he surveyed. The racing, however, was by no means bad, and Joseph Dawson was, as usual, quite at home in the Hopeful, in which his splendid little Vidette kept the whole lot of youngsters on the *qui vive* on each afternoon. So we imagine the flag was hoisted at Alvedeston, and Diss, when the news arrived, for his half-brothers and sisters swarm in those districts like rabbits in a warren. By the way Dunkeld won the Handicap, it would seem Mr. Angell was a better 'Judge' than Mr. Robinson of the capabilities of a horse, for he won a nice little stake over him, and inflicted a heavy blow and

great discouragement on the London division, who all 'plumped' for the Ear of Surrey. We were not at Warwick, and for our providential escape from all its horrors, we have reason to be grateful, as a friend of ours, who had only just returned from St. Petersburg, and was tempted by a return ticket to see the Handicap run for, assured us he wished himself back again on the banks of the Neva. Warwick always reminds us of a Registration Court, from the number of objections that are made there; and this year the assessors had as busy a time of it as ever, the great Hall Court case, which had been so long in abeyance, having been just disposed of. The sport was fair, but not to be compared with that in some years; still Mr. Merry, who was as active and bustling as Charles Mathews in a farce, cannot be answerable for the freaks of the Ice King. Could he have commanded the weather, we should no doubt have had it as mild as Madeira, and then his Stand would have been better filled. The Holywell Stable secured the chief stakes on the first and second day, and Lord Coventry had the pleasure of seeing his old favourite Emblem beat the Liverpool winner in a canter, which would go far to prove there was something wrong in the Aintree race. Datchett saw a review day of the Household Brigade, and the Prince of Wales was present on one of the days, and took great interest in the riding of his friends. A local penny-a-liner gave out that the Prince was robbed of his watch, and forthwith the canard ran the round of the papers, accompanied by fierce denunciations against the Chief of the Constabulary for having none of his force present. It is needless to say the whole statement was a farce, although Captain Hardinge, one of the Equerries, was robbed of his watch. This no doubt led to the circulation of the rumour; but when we consider the sensitive state of the Sovereign, and the little encouragement she gives to the Turf, it surely would have been more prudent to have withheld the circulation of a report which might be the means of causing the Prince to withhold his patronage from similar meetings.

The Hunting season, now fast ebbing away, has been one of the worst on record: dry weather for the first half of the winter, when good scenting days were few and far between, caused the hardest riders to fear both for themselves and their horses, if any fence larger than a hurdle came in view. The second part of the season has scarcely been more favourable, as snow and frost have held their carnival until the most patient owner of a stud, cigar in mouth and hands in pockets, has gazed at his horses and wondered how much each day has cost him: even as we write it seems likely the soldiers will have to postpone their Rugby festival, and this with April (supposed in ancient times to be all sunshine and showers) staring us in the face. They do say that some desponding sportsmen are thinking of engaging passages next November for 'selves and horses in the P. and O. boats, and thereby swelling 'The Calpe Hunt' to 'Pythley Wednesday' dimensions. Be this as it may, it really seems worth while to consult Admiral Fitzroy before indulging in five hundred guinea whims for next season, unless, as the sailors are beginning to think, he is the cause himself of all the bad weather. In selecting the grass countries for some head of the poll, and the confidence with which 'the scarlet swells' come long distances to his meets is a pretty good proof of the sport he almost daily has shown. The run of the season was undoubtedly on the 7th March, when racing and hunting were in such profusion during their fast 40 minutes in the morning and their 2 hours 40 minutes with a kill in the afternoon, that well might Lord Gardner say it was the best day's sport he ever saw in his life, and Frank Goodall, in his quaint way, pronounce it 'a re-markable gallop.' Mr. Tailby is most fortunate in such a huntsman as Goodall, for he lets hounds work their fox as long as they can, and after that he can kill him for them.

The Pytchley are doing well in Mr. A. Thompson's hands, but it causes a sigh of regret to think Charles Payne is going to bid adieu to those happy hunting grounds which he so many years was the ornament of, both as a huntsman and as a horseman. The friendly jealousies between 'The Major' and himself will end for ever, and he will no longer wonder, in some 'Waterloo' quick thing, how 'the Major' is going to manage that 'big one,' which he himself knows so well, and has turned a little to the right to get the pull over that said hard-riding opponent. But this is, to make a Covent Garden joke, a very 'Payne-ful' subject, and will end by wishing him health and happiness, good runs and satisfactory finishes with Sir Watkin. One of the Pytchley crack days was under his guidance when, on the 8th March, they saw a fox from Walcot spinning through Misterton, Shawell Wood, and Stamford Hall, killing him in 1 hour 5 minutes, within half a mile of Crick village, in the open. The way the hounds took the line of the fox right through a herd of deer was charming to a sportsman's eye. The Duke of Rutland has had a fair season, but we fear the Quorn have scarcely come up to their average. We do not hear any very good news of the Warwickshire; but the Atherstone have had several good days; one of their best days finding at Newbold, they ran a ring to Harboro' Magna, changed foxes over the Avon to Wolston very fast, and whipped off at dark as the fox was again leaving Lynes Spinney. Before a run from Wolvey Gorse, a rather amusing incident occurred. A question arising as to the probabilities of a fox in that diminutive cover, a gallant captain volunteered a bet of half a crown against a find, when an old woman, the preserver of the cover, immediately took it, saying, 'I have lived here twenty year, and I must 'knew more about they foxes than yew dew.' As she said this a fox, worthy of the preserver, and none less gallant than the captain, broke cover, when a good gallop ensued. (We understand the bet was paid in a florin, and on inquiry we learn sixpence is still due.)

The Duke of Grafton and his clever pack have had pretty good sport, and Mr. Lowndes, with his Crealow and Winslow days, when the fox took a line equalling the cream of Leicestershire, has done well. We do not hear a great deal of Sir J. Trollope, but believe he has had a fair season.

The Duke of Beaufort began on the 22nd of February, and has had far above average sport since, including a very fast 30 minutes on the 28th from Ash's covers to ground at Abil Farm. On the 2nd instant, after a hunting run of 1 hour and 10 minutes in the morning, with a kill, they found in Sopworth Brake, and ran fast to Alderton Grove, and, though eventually losing their fox late in the evening, the horses had a dusting they will not easily forget; and perhaps the freshest at the end was a piebald once well known with Mr. Drake's hounds, and more lately famous in the Shires. On the 3rd instant they had a brilliant 30 minutes from Cleve Hangings to Catcombe Wood, over some of the best of the country. On the 11th, which was a very bad scenting day, the hounds showed some rare hunting from Knockdown *via* Sopworth and Luckington, across the park, and skirting Bodkin Hazel, on to the Monument covers, where they were stopped late in the evening. On the 13th, from Newnton they paid a satisfactory visit to the V. W. H. country, *not* by invitation, but by reason of a good fox choosing that fine line, through Oaksey Wood to Flistridge. Mr. Wilson courteously allowed a second draw in his country, which resulted in a good run round Minety to ground close to Charlton Park. Their average of sport has been extraordinary, scarcely a day occurring without producing a run which at least might be recalled to mind with pleasure. And if we ask the reason why, we

can point not to any exceeding luck in the way of weather, but to the condition of the hounds, the zeal of the servants, and, most of all, to the discipline of the field, on which the Noble Master cannot be too highly complimented. Their score at this date (22nd March) was 71 brace.

Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds have killed about 50 brace—not bad sport, considering the numerous interruptions of the elements, and the absence of their excellent Huntsman, old Harry Ayris, who has not yet been able to mount a pony since his accident at the beginning of the season; but he was out in a carriage on the 16th instant, and predicted in the morning 'a real hunting day.' His words came true, for, finding in Bushey Grove, the hounds ran into their fox after a very fast 30 minutes at Purton. They had another capital 18 minutes to ground in the evening, in which the hounds had all the best of the horses—in fact, they were not cast once during the day. William Stansbury, who was for some seasons at Badminton, is supplying Ayris's place, and, aided by Colonel Berkeley, who rides as well as ever, does his best to show sport.

In Yorkshire the Bedale hounds have had a poor season. Mr. Duncombe, however, is still hopeful and game to the last, but he is not well supported. Old George Beers has made a bad start as a huntsman in Yorkshire, and we fancy when he took Mr. Duncombe's place he thought the Bedale men were as of old, good sportsmen, and he must have been disgusted when he found they had turned Game-dealers and Ironmongers. The Bramham Moor cannot swagger much; but they have done pretty well since the frost, and they certainly have up to Christmas killed their foxes very creditably. Lord Middleton has suffered terribly from storms, and last week was stopped hunting by snow. The York and Ainsty have had a good hunting run or two since the frost; one very grand journey from Brafferton Spring, by Boroughbridge to Grafton Whin, where they got on to a fresh fox, and lost near Goldborough: and they also had a smart 20 minutes from Askham Bog to Catterton. Mr. Robinson, who broke his leg early in the winter, going well, though unable to press his foot on the stirrup. Yorkshire is glad to see Lord Londesborough hunting, and we do not think his keepers will again dare to trifle with his orders for the strict preservation of foxes. His tenants, we are given to understand, hope to see less game on their farms; and if he allows certain 'guns' who hate a fox to shoot at 'Hornsey Wood' in the summer, and come to Yorkshire to be 'jumped on' in the winter, all parties will be pleased.

Lord Malden has done better in the old Berkeley country than any one since the days of Mr. Harvey Combe. On the 14th his hounds had a quick thing from Newberries Gorse, slipping away from the field, and killing their fox at the back of Watford Town in 40 minutes. When even passing remarks, we may observe fortune has been fickle, and with seemingly equal advantage, packs have not had equal sport. Mr. Tailby stands at the Goddard Morgan was able to live with them. On the 15th, in a bitter cold east wind, Mr. Arkwright had a fine day's sport in Essex. His second fox, found a little before three o'clock in the afternoon, took him over the cream of the Roothings (the best plough country in England) for 50 minutes, best pace, followed by an hour's good hunting, the gallant fox eventually beating him at dark. On the same day (15th) Squire Lowndes had a tremendously fast half-hour, to ground, from High Havens, over the Winslow country, all grass. Thus it would appear that both plough and grass equally carried a scent on that day.

On the 16th the H. H. had a good run in Hampshire. The east wind has

now so dried up the ground that we must not expect to hear of any more good scents.

In spite of much frost and a most doubtful state of things altogether (it being falsely reported the Grand Military Races were to have been run at Warwick) their first day came off on the 24th, over the old and lonely course near Rugby. The Royals and fourteenth were tolerably confident, but it was their fate to be beaten by an animal scarcely mentioned or ever thought of. The race was run at an exceedingly slow pace; everyone had orders to wait, and they obeyed to the letter; how else could a horse, who refused four times, and ran all round a field in one refusal, have won, and easily too? The winner is an exceedingly good-looking wiry horse, by Kingfisher out of Mis-Coming. He was hunted up to a fortnight before the race, and his owner and rider rode him with one hand (having disabled the other at Birmingham), or the refusals would most likely not have occurred. Both horse and owner deserve much credit, and Mr. Stevenson may well now 'chuckle' over his brother officers, as they chaffed him on his chance of winning, and thought it impossible. The Grand National for hunters was most cleverly won in the last few strides by the St. Lawrence gelding, having an able helpmate in Mr. T. Percival, who is fast getting to the top of the tree as a brilliant horseman. Charity Boy receiving 7lbs. from the well-known Old Bounce, beat him at last, easily, for the Veterans. The Farmers' Race, in which a great number started, produced a very pretty race, and fell to the lot of Mr. Daniels, with a very clever animal, Basilisk, who seemed to find great favour in Mr. Darby's eyes directly after the race. The day was tolerably fine, but very cold, and at the last, after a few sleety showers, a strong snow storm came on. Thus ended the first day, and we hear the second is postponed, and will hardly be run in time to find its way into 'The Van.' Only one accident occurred; a horse which many thought too infirm to start, broke his leg in The Veterans.

Stud Farms are all alive, and proprietors busy in receiving nominations, and perusing the returns of 'births, deaths, and marriages in high life.' In our last the Northern Studs had full justice done to them, so now, by way of a change, we will report progress of the Great Western Stud at Mamhead, for an establishment made up of three sires and thirty-three mares, may well come under that designation. It was some four years since we visited the Far West, and then the Mamhead Stud was in its infancy, with Gemma for its sole support. The boxes and paddocks were then in an incomplete state, the former being overshadowed with trees so old that they threatened to overwhelm them. Now there was a totally different state of affairs, the boxes and yards adjoining being roomy and snug, and having immediate access to the range of paddocks for the mares and foals to roam in. The stock generally were in the prime condition; and Massie, the stud groom, who was for so many years with Mr. Jacques, had everything in order like a barrack yard. So much for the premises, and now for their tenants. Gemma di Vergy struck us as being much lighter than when we last saw him, which perhaps may be attributed to the three hours' walking exercise which he has every day. But if he is not so lusty as he was, his yearlings have certainly benefited by the change in his condition, as they are not only on a larger scale than before, but have twice the bone and substance about them they have ever yet displayed; and, as an example, we will quote the fillies by him out of Wild Rose, Sneer, and Medal, all of which will be difficult to beat during the season. His colt out of Hurry Scurry also would take an immense deal of picking to pieces. Florican, a filly by Newminster out of a Slane mare, is a perfect gem in her way, and will compete with any of

the Newminsters that have yet come before Mr. Tattersall, and he will have no occasion to dwell on her merits. The half-sister to My Fancy, and well named My Love, is a filly which, the more we looked at, the more loth we were to quit. A Weatherbit, she has speed written in her face, and, with her fine propelling powers, she ought to stay over any distance of ground. The colt by Voltigeur out of Prioress betrays the result of a cross between two such large framed animals. And if the Longbow colt, which has size enough for a Young Melbourne, does not race, it will not be for lack of physical powers. So much so, that if he does not carry the top weights in a handicap, he looks capable of doing it in the hunting field.

Dupe is a strikingly handsome horse, and when he is known to be by Pantaloon out of Decoy, and not by Flatcatcher, as is generally supposed, he will be much more patronised, for both his yearlings and foals would do credit to a Sire of much higher pretensions. Standing exactly sixteen hands, of a hard bay, with a white streak down his face, he girths six feet eight, so little more could be required of him. Half-brother to Phyrne as well as to Van Amburgh, no objection can be entertained as to his blood; and if the rest of his stock are like that colt out of Lady Blanche, breeders will soon find out they will not be deceived in sending to him. As yet we believe only two of his get have been trained, and they have both won. Crater we had not come across since he had been put out of training, and as we were in his box, our opinion was unchanged to what it was when he was in the full swing of his career on the Turf, viz., that, with the exception of Trumpeter, who is on a trifle larger scale, Orlando never got a handsomer horse. Many were the offers for him before he retired, but Sir Lydston was right in getting the first run, for he will have plenty of custom when owners of mares see him and his young things. With the Gladiator strain in his veins, he should nick well with speedy mares. It is said he will go to Plymouth to the Show, where a Hundred Pound Prize will be given for entire horses, and if this be the case, it will take a very first-class animal to beat him. It will be seen that Mamhead is a perfect nursery of Pantaloon blood; and when we see how many winners come of it, we are not surprised at the owner's partiality for it. Among the foals that had been dropped were a King Tom colt out of Botany, which might be pronounced a model of its kind; and a very muscular little fellow by Crater out of Wild Rose. A colt also by Vengeance out of Scalade was singularly promising. As for the place itself, to describe it as it deserves to be, would require the pen of a Disraeli or a Bulwer, for in the whole South of England it is not to be matched for its scenery, its old and rare trees, including the largest corks and cedars to be met with in the country, as well as for its exquisite little church in the Park, which, fenced round by a neat laurel hedge, has long been a favourite resting-place, with those victims to consumption, who have made a pilgrimage to its shrine, while trying to evade their fate at Torquay. And as we gazed from the clock tower on the scene beneath us, we were prepared to endorse the emphatic wish of 'The Special Commissioner of the Sporting Life,' that he might be transported there for the term of his natural life.

'The Royals' were the next 'corps' we selected for inspection, and a few days back we ran down to see them, with a view of giving our readers an idea of what they were like. We found the veteran Ransom looking as fresh as paint, and rejoicing in the title of a grandfather, which his daughter had conferred upon him a few days before. 'Very small, but neat,' was the description he gave us, with a comic smile, of the production, which was a filly, which we were glad to hear with the mother were doing well, for her popularity with

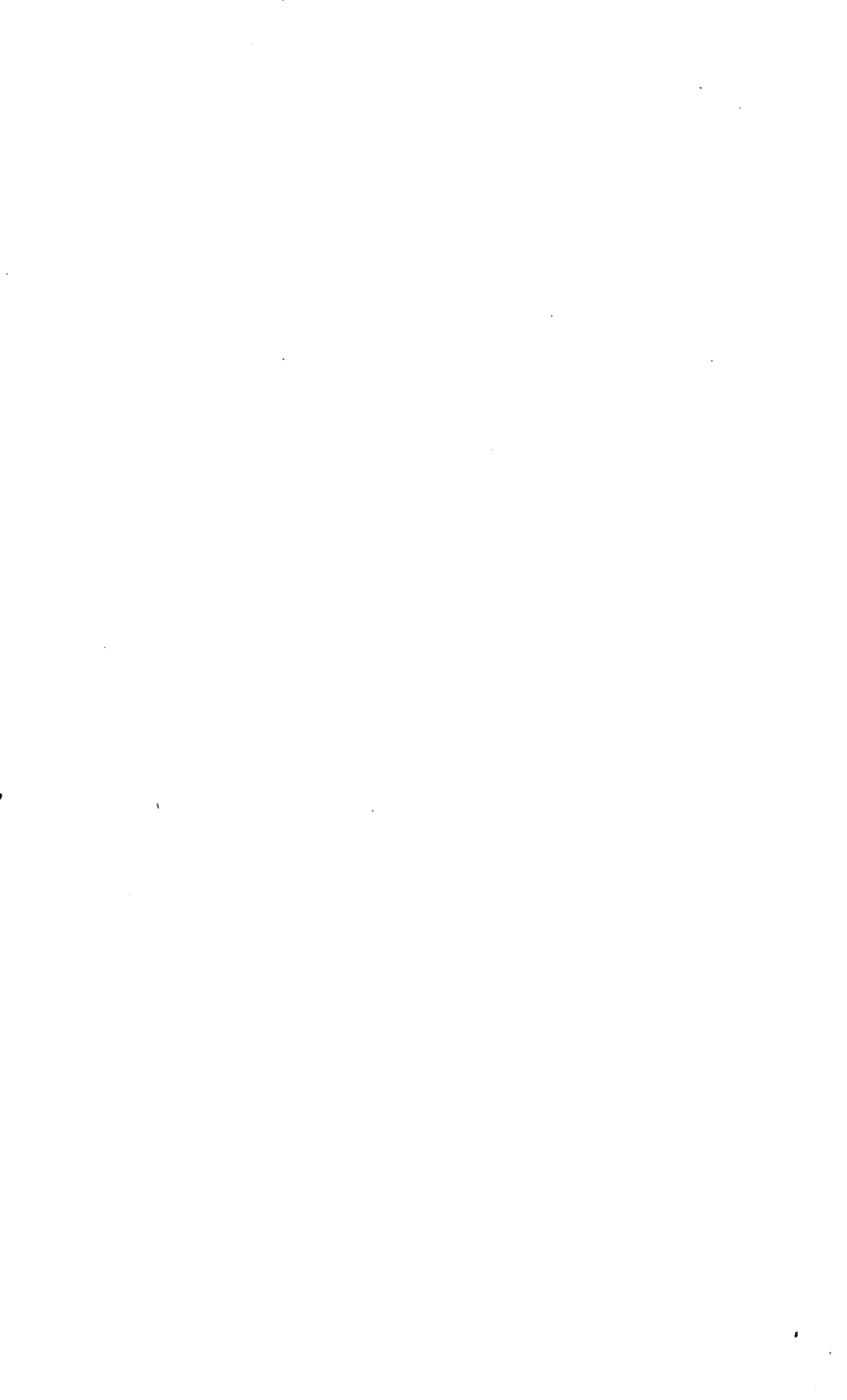
the frequenters of the paddocks is as great as that of her sire. The Stallions were our first object, and they could not possibly have been in finer condition. St Albans, who is standing now on his own hook, bears his years well, and is a most attractive, dashing horse; and no animal we ever saw showed himself off better, and we have no doubt he has an excellent opinion of himself. His colts all partake of his quality; and the one out of Theodora, although a trifle short, is as clever as the Hopeful winner, respecting whose success on the second day at Doncaster, Ransom was very anxious, and as a mover this yearling is as good as any in the paddock. There was also a very racing-like St. Albans colt out of Varnish, and a monstrous nice filly out of Sister to Little Lady. To look at Orlando, it would be as difficult to guess his age as that of 'Thomas,' at Tattersall's, or the Bishop of Bond Street; and if it had not been for the Calendar, we should not have thought him half as old as we know him to be. The policy of placing him under 'The Limited Liability Act,' as regards mares, has been productive of the best results, as his yearlings are far superior in size and bone to any we have ever seen yet; and had his owner been spared to see them come to the hammer, he would have been even more pleased than he was last year. Of his old employer the veteran stud groom spoke with tears in his eyes; and it seems he was almost the last person who saw him, as he called on him the morning before his death, and seeing the change that was coming over him, he sent Col. Maude to him, and it was only just in time, for on the morrow he was no more. That his old pet will pass the remainder of his days with Ransom, is, of course, a source of great consolation to him, for he was afraid they would part. A thousand was offered for him, we believe, by the Queen, and the French would have gone as far as twelve hundred we have heard, but Mr. William Greville, in looking over his brother's papers, found one making him a present to Col. Maude, or the officer for the time being holding his post, for the service of Her Majesty. Newminster, also, was well represented in the paddocks, and his colts out of Peri and Braxey will require no puffing to get them very high up the three figure list. There was also a very pretty filly by him out of Barcelona, with which we were much taken. The Wild Dayrell colt out of Cambuscan's dam has both size and quality about it, and although it is the fashion to abuse Mentmore, and call him a coaching beast, there is so clever a filly by him out of Twitter that he is likely to become more popular. The Young Melbournes, of which there were three or four, struck us to have fined down by their cross with the Hampton Court mares, and as so few of them come to the hammer, there will be a demand for them when they go up. On the whole Ransom may be congratulated on his return list, and the clean bill of health he is enabled to show his employers. Rawcliffe, we are given to understand, has an uncommonly good-looking lot for May, but the weather has been sadly against them.

At Banbury, we are sorry to hear Mr. Gulliver has been rather unfortunate with his mares, but the yearlings by Big Ben are so promising, that by the precedent of last year, he may expect to make up for the disappointment he had then experienced. The Middleton One Row Establishment, we are told, is gradually progressing towards completion; and we are sorry to think that those connected with it should fancy that our harmless joke relative to Joey Jones should have been construed for a second into a desire to damage that horse. And had the *ménage* been in a fit state to be criticised, no feeling of preference for other studs would have made us forego a visit. Among the new acquisitions to the Stud may be mentioned Costa, who, since he has been taken out of training, has become as handsome as a picture, and although not on a large

scale, for symmetry and action he will be difficult to match. In consequence of the death of the Duc de Morny, his favourite, West Australian, will come to the hammer; but there is such a prejudice against him here, that we have little doubt but the French will be permitted to keep him for their country's good. Lord Portsmouth, we hear, is going to make an experiment with Atherstone, and there is no reason why he should not succeed with him. Muscovite, sold for a song, has gone to join his namesake in Paris, and nothing can be more satisfactory than the Dundee returns of Mr. Blenkiron. Queen Mary, the dam of Blink Bonny, has dropped a chesnut colt to Stockwell, and is going to Young Melbourne instead of to Newminster, as it was supposed would be the case, as Bertie is said to be the best colt the old mare has ever dropped. It may turn out, however, that Bonny Belle will be Mr. Chaplin's nomination. That gentleman, we believe, has now completed his purchase of Mr. P'Anson's stud. The consideration money, by all accounts, was 7000 guineas, and as Queen Mary has attained her majority, we do not look on it as a very bad bargain for the vendor. Ten thousand, it is said, was bid for Caller Ou and Borealis, but twelve being the reserved price, it was refused. Surely Mr. P'Anson's cradle must have been watched over by Dame Fortune.

Racing news is not very plentiful, but the Brothers Parr, we perceive, are gradually extending their territorial influence, which is a greater security for those who back their horses. A sketch of Wantage, the property of Mr. Thomas Parr, has already appeared in our pages, and now we hear that his brother Edwin has become the possessor of Chestham Park, near Henfield, in Sussex, for a very large sum. Nothing, we are assured, can be more beautiful than the estate in question, which is well timbered with oaks, in which, in days of yore, the Dryads may be supposed to have disported themselves, and which has more downland scenery than is to be met with in the immediate vicinity of Wantage; and as the ownership has hitherto much influenced the electoral return for Bramber, it is impossible to say what political results may flow from it. Heyhoe, the able Trainer to Baron Rothschild, was married at the commencement of the week to Miss Priace, sister of Mr. John Prince, of Lambourne. Nothing can be more brilliant than the prospect of the Tattersall Banquet on the 11th of next month. Mr. Hancock has undertaken to dress the table, and the display of Plateaus and Racing Cups which will be shown, will, if we mistake not, bring back the recollection of the Exhibition cases at Kensington, and obtain a kindly nod of approval even from Thomas himself.

In the theatrical world there have been many novelties during the month, but we have only had time to see the 'Settling Day' at the Olympic. To this, indeed, we were called by the very title, and were glad to see so many sportsmen similarly attracted. Our notice of it, however, must be very brief. An original play is in these times in itself a novelty, and we are glad to record that in this instance it is an attractive one. It is, as it purports to be, a story of the times, and the whole, with the exception of a few palpable defects, is a life-like representation of the present day. As one listens to the performers one feels inclined to think that nothing can have been written, but that they speak the natural language of the situation. The play is admirably put on the stage, and the acting natural and effective. Miss Kate Terry and Mr. Horace Wigan deserve all that has been said of them by the newspaper critics; and some of the other performers (especially Miss Foote and Mr. Vincent) are entitled to more praise than has been awarded them, their respective characters being liable in less skilful hands to become tiresome, or repulsive. This Comedy deserves a long-continued success.





George S. Brown

L. Newman

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR LYDSTON NEWMAN, BART.

As without good horses, we should have no good sport, and as good animals cannot be bred, without spirit, enterprise, and a large pecuniary outlay, we consider the thanks of the racing community are due to those Noblemen and Gentlemen who embark their capital in such perilous speculations. With these ideas, we imagine our readers will look with no unfavourable eyes on the portrait of the gentleman who owns, with one exception, the largest private Breeding Stud in the South of England.

Sir Lydston Newman is the second surviving son of the late Sir Robert Newman, who represented Exeter for many years, and was one of the warmest adherents of the Whigs in Devonshire. Sir Lydston who is descended on the maternal side from the celebrated Sir Alured Denne, of Denne Hill in Kent, succeeded to the title on the death of his eldest brother, Sir Robert Newman of the Grenadier Guards, who fell at the memorable battle of Inkerman, on the 5th of November, 1854. Destined for the army, Sir Lydston's education was confided to private tutors, and at a very early age he entered the Service as an Ensign in that distinguished corps the 72nd Highlanders, and served with it for several years both at Gibraltar and in the West Indies. He subsequently exchanged into the 7th Hussars, and was for some time attached to the staff of Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, who commanded the Forces in Ireland. At the close of the Crimean war, he retired from the army, and was thereby enabled to pursue his taste for field sports, for which he had always been remarkable both at home and abroad. Sir Lydston's first connection with the Turf commenced in 1856, when he was enrolled among the Danebury employers, as the owner of Vandyke, Botany, and Massaniello. He subsequently exchanged into Joseph Dawson's stable; but tiring of keeping horses incapable of winning standard races, he forsook the post for the paddock, and laid at Mamhead the foundation of the largest breeding establishment in the Far West. Gemma di Vergy, who was then a very popular sire in Ireland, he transplanted at a high figure into Devon-

shire, and he may be said to have been the nucleus of the stud: with him were associated the following brood mares, viz., Madame Cliquot, Botany, and Fair Agnes. This lot was afterwards strengthened by the addition of Prioress, Wild Rose, Hurry Scurry, and a lot of Pantaloon mares, to which blood Sir Lydston is most partial. As a companion to Gemma di Vergey, in a short time, Dupe, by Pantaloon, and Crater, by Orlando, were added, offering to breeders a choice of blood seldom presented at one *ménage*. Whether owing to the salubrity of the climate of Mamhead, or the adaptation of the paddocks for rearing blood stock, we cannot say, but the annual sales in June of the yearlings which are reared there, fetch as large an average as is got at most private studs. Hitherto Sir Lydston has kept most of his mares at home; but knowing the predilection of the public for particular strains of blood, he has wisely patronized the most fashionable sires of the day; and for the future Stockwell, King Tom, Newminster, Weatherbit, and Voltigeur will have their respective representatives in the Mamhead catalogue. If, as it has been said, a man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one existed before, is to be regarded as a public benefactor, how much more should one who, in a country like Devonshire, has sought to improve the character and stamina of the horses in the district be appreciated! It may be recollected that many years ago, when John Day was in his zenith, Mr. Wreford, a Devonshire gentleman, carried all before him with his two-year olds, such as Wisdom, Wapiti, Warden, &c.; and there is no reason, under the present *régime* at Mamhead, why a recurrence of that golden age should not ensue. As a supporter of Race Meetings in the west of England, Sir Lydston Newman has always taken a conspicuous position; and, caring for no great question of the day beyond that of the merits of the various strains of blood most in vogue with breeders, he has declined the various offers that have been made to bring him into Parliament. Personally speaking, Sir Lydston Newman has brought with him into private life those qualities which rendered him so liked in the army. And if he had only taken to the Chase with the same ardour he has embraced the other sports of the field, he would then rank as high, in the estimation of the Devonians, as the Portmouths, Russells, and Trelawneys of the present age: and there is a heartiness and sincerity about him, which takes with men of all classes and shades of politics, and a change of tenants on his estates is almost unknown. We fear, however, with the late Dr. Johnson he would never have been a favourite, as he is very partial to punning, the good things that come out of his mouth being on a par with those put into it.

This portrait is taken under the new patent process of Wothly-type, used exclusively by the United Association of Photography, 213, Regent Street, which has just started under the highest auspices.

UNIVERSITY COMPETITION BY LAND AND WATER.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

COMPETITION is the backbone of success, according to modern notions; indeed we are not inclined ourselves to dispute this point with the British public. The real way to try our men, as well as our dogs and horses, is to put them alongside of one another. Time trials are fallacious; but there can be no mistake when two animals, biped or quadruped, meet one another on equal terms for the decision of their merits. Whether competitive examination is the real test of fitness for certain work is another matter. We do not by any means wish, in these pages, to enter into the question. 'Baily' has quite enough to do without indulging in the solution of matters which concern neither us nor our readers. It is plainly apparent that an examination *in literis humanioribus*, with the numerous other subjects connected with public offices, commissions, and red tape, can only half gauge the candidates, where their capability must involve good sense, character, and feeling to an inappreciable extent.

However, an Englishman by nature loves competition. A man would soon get tired of riding hard, shooting well, or performing any of his duties more satisfactorily than other people, if there was no standard by which to test him, and no public to draw the comparison. The love of rivalry is an ingredient engrafted or inherent in us for very good purposes. Like the law of primogeniture it creates great men, and brings out qualities which would otherwise never come to the surface. It is natural among beasts: if horses and dogs did not race they would fight, as cocks have been doing lately, and will do again, when left to themselves, in a good cause—the ladies. Competitive examinations, I remark, are scarcely efficient for the full test of a man. They do not answer their purpose, because they neglect the most valuable test of all—peculiar fitness for peculiar business. The Universities are aware of this deficiency; so leaving the test of character and learning to their proper tribunals, they have determined, as far as sport is concerned, to go heartily into it. I think they have exceeded the due bounds of what should be university competition; and I shall endeavour in this article to show it.

The British public is an outrageous glutton in the matter of sight-seeing. It would go every day to see something; and if the Universities would start a rival peep-show, it would be full from morning till night. But Oxford and Cambridge should be above pandering to public curiosity, and endeavour to hold their own on higher grounds. There are certain trials of strength which have always been recognized as the right things in the right places. I may instance the cricket-matches, the boat-race, and the steeple-chase in the Aylesbury Vale. These trials of competition have a legitimate sound. Since the last few years we have had athletic sports of all kinds, which the public welcome as affording considerable gratification to itself; and as confirmatory of that glorious reputation for courage and strength of which John Bull has long considered him-

self to enjoy a monopoly. Then there comes rackets, in which two men from either university are concerned; and after that a match at billiards, a most beautiful game, but having as much to do with the prowess of the university as an elephant has to do with the laying of an egg. Those young patricians have made, and are making themselves too common; and though there is no greater admirer of the 'pulvis Olympicus' than I, there is a proper age and proper time for smothering oneself and one's friends with it. In schools, by all means, encourage every manly exercise; but if embryo senators and sucking judges take to throwing cricket-balls for the honour of Oxford or Cambridge, we shall soon have a gentleman or two proposing to play at marbles in Peckwater, or spin a peg-top in the front of Trinity gates. In sober sadness, there might have been a swimming match, if utility is to be considered; and a turn-up with the gloves is not beneath the dignity of the true athlete, when he has once let himself down from the man to the boy again. It is a recognition of the 'status pupillaris' with a vengeance.

Athletics! What are athletics? Well, we will not be hard upon them; but we will ask a question. Were the university men of twenty, five-and-twenty, or of fifty years ago, less self-reliant, less enduring, less skilful in all that pertains to the physique of the gentleman, than they are now? I rather think not. Some things, fine old time-honoured institutions, have gone to the right-about, flogging and fighting among them, and have been replaced by others, which have a better sound. Are the manners of the rising generation better, their persons handsomer, their morals purer, or their courage greater, than your own or your father's and grandfather's? O middle-aged lector? That's what I want to know! I rather think not. Are they not less so? I would prefer not to answer the question, if my young friends should feel offended at hearing the truth. If hairiness and comeliness go together, then an Englishman is a real beauty. If it be more manly to luxuriate in a railway or a carriage than to canter a hack to the meet (I say nothing about the comfort or convenience of the thing), then the old sportsmen were delicate and effeminate compared with young Softly, who jumped five feet four inches at the competitive examination. But I believe that the performances of hundreds of men, now sixty years of age, in the saddle, and on foot, far exceed the average performances of our young patricians in the same line.

Of course the exercise of the limbs in any way has a beneficial effect upon every man. It is not necessary, however, to halloo very lustily when an Oxford or Cambridge man gains the superiority of half a minute in a mile or of half an inch in a jump. They are very pretty sports, vastly entertaining to schoolboys and their mammas, of great utility in bringing out the character and the muscles, be it at Eton or the University; but they are in their wrong place, when put by the side of the cricket match, or the boat-race, as a trial of strength. They have the advantage of great economy as a pastime, and they allow almost everybody to participate in them; but when men talk of them in the same breath with the great games of Greece

or Rome, it is plain that they have overlooked the great purposes of these latter, in a political and religious point of view, and that they have devoted more time to the practical part of them than to the literature which would have illustrated them, and have pointed out the difference between the two. The fact is, that there is a virescent innocence and juvenility about rival universities running and jumping against one another; and although these exercises, and the capability to perform them, are worthy of all praise in the abstract, they are better confined to individual colleges, or personal exhibitions of strength and agility, than to a position which attempts to put them on a par with the cricket and boating competition.

They have been taken up this year warmly enough, but the policy of such constant display is at least questionable. Cambridge won easily, it is true; but it is difficult to conceal from her the fact, that her victory was pooh-poohed, not because the public does not admire superiority in healthy and manly diversion, but because it was the introduction of a novel element in university struggles. It is a pity to divide the strength of our admiration; to fritter it away upon trifles. The people do not want to count up half a dozen trials, and then have to decide upon four in favour of one university and two in favour of her sister. Like contending armies, let them husband their strength for the real fight. Whoever wins the boat-race, does a good thing; and it would balance matters if the losers were successful at Lord's. We might keep the steeple-chase as the third game of the rubber.

Billiards? Rackets? Well—there is nothing to say against them; but happy the university man who knows his own ignorance. The most dangerous start in life that a man can make is with a reputation as a billiard player. One hundred to one he is not half as good as he and his friends think him; and if he is, he has usually plenty to learn, with some very expensive tutors to teach it him. If almost every other man in the university played at billiards or rackets it might be announced as a university match; but when we consider the positive indifference to either or both, excepting as a mere momentary recreation, it seems wholly absurd to see them announced as ‘university matches.’ Who makes the university matches? the young gentlemen engaged in creating a sensation? or some kind friends who are anxious to profit by the exhibition? The thing is absurd from beginning to end. The universities feel no interest in it; the real public hardly knows anything about it; half a hundred men, out of the whole metropolis, would not care to see it, if they had anything else to do. So the names of Oxford and Cambridge are put forth, and they create a fictitious sort of interest among the few London and university men who are personally engaged in the study and science of billiards. Pretty much the same, neither more nor less, may be said for the game of rackets. It calls for less science and delicacy, more strength and activity, than the other; but it is simply out of its place, when we talk of it as belonging in any sense to university competition. There may be half a dozen courts as there are half a dozen billiard-tables, and two men can practise at

one time. A happy combination of circumstances, rendering the game very stupid, may possibly admit of four players; beyond this the university is 'shunted.'

These remarks are called forth by the amusements of the present month. I am not desirous of passing over the boat-race with the same silence which might well be accorded to the gymnastics of the Universities. It was an occasion of great excitement, and much uncertainty. During the Putney week opinions were strongly in favour of Cambridge. Their pace was greater; their style neater, their stroke quicker, and then they lost. So much for the Prophets,—of course the result might have been expected. When gentlemen will write about what they don't understand, they are obliged to take for granted what they hear. Having no judgment of their own, they would listen to interested parties. Oxford, this year, held its tongue, and let Cambridge talk; and the consequence was, generally speaking, that 'Our Commissioner' was put in the wrong box. There's an amusing letter even this very week in one of our sporting newspapers, from a man who says, 'I think that Cambridge ought to, and very nearly did win.' The English is about as correct as the sentiment; but it shows the extraordinary prejudice with which ignorant persons have to contend. All I hope is that the writer 'ought to and very nearly did' get his money. I got mine: and I certainly was not of his way of thinking. Cambridge was beat on her merits; and if a stroke does not consider the condition and form of his men, all I can say is that he richly deserves it. Oxford rowed a good steady useful stroke, full of strength from beginning to end; and if I thought that the university athletic sports had anything really to do with the condition of the two Universities, I should be inclined to quote, in reference to the result, the old joke of '*lucus a non lucendo*.' The boat-race is a grand holiday; almost universal. Musty old gentlemen turn out from the back slums, nobody knows whence; crowds of patrons and clients, tradesmen and customers, men, women, and children of every degree. The owl in the ivy-bush is not more awake at the sight of the unsuspecting fly-by-night, than the rustic curate at the first intelligence of the University Boat-race. Many a fiver changes hands on that day that ought to have gone to the butcher's. Blue ribands, dark and light, flutter in the breeze; the towing-path contains thousands, from the languid swell who has roused his dormant energies for a great occasion, to the lowest lighterman, who is only waiting the result of the match to take his turn in the sheets. The wild cavalry of the livery stables is in the ascendant, and fair equestrians, with an unmistakeable Astley-cut about them, are there in great numbers, mingling with a few of gentler mood and blood. The inexperienced horsemen shout death to the intruders on the towing-path, and scatter stones and dirt on every side of them; while the supernal smoke of the infernal steamers threatens to annihilate all the small craft and as much of the bigger craft as they can catch. The Derby has something to learn in severity of chaff from the freshwater junks that line the shore; and Ascot and Goodwood are approached in the beauty, and

considerably outdone in the freshness, of the dark and light 'blue' bonnets that are over the border' of Thames's stream on that eventful day.

By the way, talking of steamers, let us not forget to say a word to their disparagement. If they want to see their profits transferred to other pockets more deserving of encouragement, we should strongly recommend them to pursue a like course next year, and they will find that, on the revival of this popular festival, the course will be changed for them altogether. How Oxford and Cambridge can have stood the inconvenience so long is difficult to conjecture; but Messrs. Citadel and Company may rest assured that one more trial is all that will be allowed them. Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven will see the race on other waters. Who the deuce is Citadel, that he should interfere with the comfort and safety of some hundreds of people? There's a strong prejudice against being killed by a Thames steamer on a great festival, and some conclusive measures will be taken to stop it. The white elephant of the Hindoos is nothing in comparison, for here one has no option, and there is not even the privilege of dying for a principle.

The details of the race of course have appeared elsewhere, and will possibly be found, where everything else is packed, in *Our Van*: it is enough for me to record the fact of another victory for Oxford on the water. We have now to look to the land. The cricket-match is almost as interesting an exhibition as the boat-race. There is not quite so much room at Lord's ground as on the banks of the river between Putney and Mortlake, or we might see almost the same number of people. Taking the two or three days' play into consideration, and the necessity of a small gratuity for admission, no complaint can be raised on the score of unpopularity. The cricket contest, of necessity, is a closer borough; but is quite as much a university struggle as the other, and success in it to the full as honourable. One thing occurs to me as sufficiently asserting the superiority of these two contests over the sports of the 'pentathlon.' They are essentially the recreations of English gentlemen of any age or condition; the others are not. On the river or in the cricket-field the university form is expected to be A 1. With the exception of the pure professional, nothing touches them. The best men on the water, for years after they have taken their degree, are old university men. From what elevens should we proceed to elect our eleven gentlemen?—Clearly from the university teams. The names that have appeared, year after year, to strive—unsuccessfully, I admit—against the Players, are, in a vast majority, old or present university men. Not so the runners and jumpers, the throwers of sledge-hammers and cricket-balls. Putting professional athletes out of the question, if it were necessary to raise a dozen or two of the best and strongest runners and jumpers in England, we should not pick them, with one or two exceptions, from among the gentlemen. Whether the present movement, and the attention given to exercise of this kind by the Volunteers, may make a change, it is impossible to say: at present, as a rule, gentlemen would be found inferior to the

privates of most of our crack regiments, inches for inches. This is not the case with cricket or boating. Bar the professionals, and the gentlemen—above all, the university men—have the best of it. It's a hundred to one in a garrison match, or a country match, that the privates or the villagers are nowhere. Some old Etonian or Harrovian, some young officer, or the Squire's son, heads the score, and is closely followed by his friends. The snobocracy lags behind. There are brilliant exceptions to every rule. A London apprentice, or private Slogger, with a natural turn for the game, bowls two-thirds of the wickets, and gets a score equal to the whole remainder. That's an exceptional case: usually it is quite the other way. The fact is, that the water and the cricket-ground are essentially gentlemanly amusements, and athletic exercises *have to be made so*. I am glad to see you know how to run and jump, fight, throw and put, my boys; it's good for the wind, and may keep you out of mischief; but it's a little undignified for the universities, and had better be kept out of the return lists of annual competition.

For a few years Paterfamilias—very wisely, but not too well—put a stopper upon the steeple-chases. Not too well, certainly, for they have begun again. There was, justly or not, a strong prejudice against too much university riding and driving. Full of *coaches*, as both places are said to be, association with horseflesh was fatal to them. Keeping horses, or hiring them, was equivalent to going to the dogs. The Houyhnhnms went down in the world, and the Yahoos went up. The former would not have felt flattered at the notion that they could have injured the reputation of the latter: it was conceived, in Gulliver's days, that the tendency was the other way. Ruined by horses, indeed! there's many a university Yahoo has ruined us. We were meant to be the companions of their pleasures, and they have made us the instruments of their avarice and vice!

A good steeple-chase between the Universities is a very fine bone to throw down between them. I do not recommend this pastime to the sedentary consumer of the midnight oil, or the constitutional pedestrian of Heddington Hill, or the Trumpington turnpike. They had better play at bowls than meet with rubs. One vast advantage of the gymnasium is its accessibility to your reading man—to all, in fact, whom serious inclinations or serious disinclinations debar from the more spirit-stirring sports of the field. There is a certain number whom prudential motives should keep from participation in the pleasures of the chase: there are some who have never had the opportunity of appreciating its enjoyments; but there are very few indeed who have not sufficient taste for such national amusements, as to take no interest in the university chases. They may be put by the side of the other two. I cannot say, at the present time, what the form of Oxford or Cambridge may be. We can hardly hope for an Allgood or a Burton every day; long rest may have taken off the edge and sullied the brightness of their spurs; but we may be quite certain that the main ingredient, good pluck, is not wanting. There is many a less noxious mode of getting through

money and time than in riding to hounds, even at a university; and, as far as Oxford is concerned, the country seems made for the capacities of an ambitious undergraduate on a well-educated screw. Newmarket may present a less innocent field for the first plunges of a Cantab; but even that may be an argument in our favour for the support of the chase in the two universities. If a man will take to horseflesh (I don't mean in the Tartarian sense), I should, as a stern and judicious parent, effect a compromise. I should give up the hunting, upon condition that the hope of the family gave up the racing. It is a pity that they do not both take place at the same season of the year, as far as this sort of arrangement goes; and, indeed, although it seems hard to make foxes run through the summer for our amusement, racing is advancing rapidly towards four days a week and a bye all the year round. There is not much room left between the latest Autumn and the earliest Spring Meeting, at all events.

Considered in the abstract, a young man had better hunt foxes than do anything else. I am far from venturing to dictate what may be the most rational mode of recreation for university men; but the man who rides well over a country is, in a general way, abstemious, healthy, and early in his habits. At all events, I have so high an opinion of the sports connected with hunting, that, if practicable, I should like to see an annual trial of skill between the universities. This year Oxford has won. Out of six competitors, three on each side, two Oxonians were pre-eminently forward; and, whatever arguments may be raised from the result of the athletic sports, billiards, and rackets, as an *'arbitrator ludorum,'* I think that that university should be fairly accredited with two of them. The cricket-match remains to be decided—may Cambridge be successful! But be that as it may, no transatlantic successes ought to be transported into the fields of legitimate sport. Stick to the rowing, the cricket, and the riding; and, if any man will be an inimitable Crichton, let him wait for the full development of his powers, until he shall have reached an age, or have arrived on a stage, where his capability can be properly tested. I hate innovations of this kind; and the success of one man over another, in matters which have no real connection with university feeling, can have no national interest to support it. It is a great point to stick to your text: when you wander from it, no one knows where you may stop. All these things are good in their place; but I should prefer to test the strength of our universities by those proofs which our forefathers have acknowledged. Everything is good for boys—

A hardy race of mortals, trained to sports,
The field their joy, unpolished yet by courts,

is highly applicable to the British youth in general; but there should be a dignity in the competition of the universities *par excellence*; which excludes the asperity of boyish sport, and takes its stand upon the recognized prowess of an English gentleman.

THE MAY FOX:

WITH the month of March the more exciting sports of the field—fox-hunting, hare-hunting, and coursing—may be said to terminate, and with the advent of April the sports of the flood, lake, river, and rill, to commence. In some favoured districts, where ancient forest ground is still permitted to grow timber instead of wheat and barley, fox-hunting may be continued for another month, and these sportsmen may boast of killing their May fox, as was wont to be the fashion in the New Forest years ago, when many masters of fox-hounds assembled there to wind up the season. Those were jovial, jolly gatherings, *sub tegmine quercus*, in the days of Sam Nicol and John Ward; and however meagre the sport might prove during the day over the heather, there was no lack of fun and merriment in the evening, when the hard running of Port wine commenced over the mahogany; and my impression was, that masters of hounds and thorough-going old fox-hunters met there together rather for the sake of conviviality and venatorial discussions, than with the expectation of doing much in the hunting line. There were giants in those days, men who could hunt all day and drink all night; but it must be confessed these post-prandial jollifications savoured too much of the Bacchanalian character, and their coarse jokes and songs seasoned with something stronger than salt. Fortunately for the present generation such customs are not now the fashion: we can enjoy our recreations, either in the field or by the fireside, in a quiet, rational way; and in good society the bottle circulates more freely during the dinner than after it. Save and except only an occasional *lapsus lingue*—of rather rare occurrence—masters of fox-hounds in the present age are more distinguished for amenity of manner and language than blaspheming. Everybody, we suppose, has heard the retort—anything but courteous—of Nicol, who had been bespattering a tradesman with plenty of damson juice for riding too near his hounds.

‘I did not come out to be d——d,’ said the highly offended man of trade.

‘Then go home and be d——d,’ was the quick rejoinder.

We remember also a nobleman hunting his own hounds, unpleasantly addicted to the use of strong language, who had been anathematizing a forward rider up hill and down dale, rather because he could hold a better place than himself than for any mischief he was doing. The assailed, accustomed to this sort of thing from the noble master, rode up when their fox was killed, and raising his hat with a good-humoured smile, said, ‘Thank you, my lord, for the compliments of the season’ (it was the 2nd of January).

‘You are a deuced good sort of fellow, Tom,’ replied the master, ‘and not a bad sportsman, but ride too close upon the hounds, and, of course, get for so doing occasionally a few sugarplums.’

‘More like bitter almonds, my lord; but no matter. When

things go well I will ride, and you may rate if you please; I don't care a rap about that, so you may rap 'em out as thick as blackberries.'

We know fox-hunting is a very exciting pursuit, and some allowance must be made for masters of excitable tempers when believing their sport to be marred by too forward riders; but the most awesome vocabulary we ever heard quoted proceeded from the lips of a sporting lawyer, who, in trying to open a high park gate, got his leg jammed in between the head and the post by the pressure of the crowd, and he certainly did let loose in such terms that men were fain to leave him in the trap and seek another outlet. 'Thanks, however, to the emollient ointment of civilization, tall talking has been now transferred to the other side of the Atlantic, swearing like a trooper being no longer any recommendation to an English gentleman, as we once heard the ostler at a wayside inn express himself anent a fox-hunting baronet who patronised his house, 'I do like that gentleman, he do swear so hearty.' *Tempora mutantur*, not before the change became necessary; but best riders and best generals are the men from whose lips an oath never escapes.

As illustrating the feelings of a true sportsman of the present generation, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's expression of sentiments in the 'noble science' so congenial to my own mind:—

'On the mere steeple-chaser, or on the man who rises disconcerted from a feverish bed, to curse the custom which prevents the more protracted indulgence of sloth; and still more on him who inwardly laments that no interposition of a friendly frost had spared him the necessity of "doing as others do in Rome," would any word upon the details of the science, and what thereto appertains, be other than utterly wasted? It is by the real sportsman, by the true admirer of nature and of nature's God, by the man fraught with a lively sense of the boon of existence, of thankfulness for the health and happiness he is permitted to enjoy, by the man at peace with himself and in charity with all men, that the exhilarating inspiration of a hunting morning will be felt and appreciated.'

Drawing for a fox through the forest on a soft, balmy April morning—

'Whilst the blackbirds and thrushes
Do sing through the bushes'—

is a very delightful recreation, but somehow, from these very surroundings, one does not feel the same excitement as when going to find our fox in the season; and then there is that great damper to our visions of sport always crossing before our mind's eye—a heavy or wet vixen. The long and short of the matter is, that the time for fox-hunting has passed, the season is over; and although there are men who would hunt every day in the week and every week in the year if they could, yet, in a thickly-inhabited and sport-loving country like Great Britain, limitations must be set, either by law or custom, to the destruction of animals, birds, and fishes, or the breed

would soon become extinct. This season, however, an exception may be made to the general rule, for such a winter has not occurred for many years, or one so unfavourable to sport. Frost and snow, and then a sudden thaw to put fox-hunters in spirits. Jack Frost again suddenly exhibits his unwelcome visage. Skating must be the recreation instead of hunting. How provoking to a man with a large stud, shut up at Melton or in other fashionable quarters, and with the price of hay at about seven pounds per ton! Even now, as I am penning these lines on the 21st of March, my fingers are aching with the cold, and the ground is as hard as a board from the intensity of the frost last night. Well, 'tis an ill wind which blows 'nobody any good.' Such weather, if not in favour of fox-hunting, is all in favour of farming; and this year there has already been March dust enough to pay the ransom of all the kings and potentates of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with Abe Lincoln to boot, were their liberty jeopardized by the non-payment of so many pecks of highly-pulverised earth. What a boon to the agriculturist, what a blessing to all concerned in the cultivation of the soil, even to the peasant with his rood or two of allotment of garden ground, is the keen, cutting March wind, raising those clouds of dust along the whitened road, or sweeping over the dry fallows, enveloping horses and hounds with the floating particles as if by a thick fog! Notwithstanding, we have seen hounds running hard under such apparent untoward circumstances, when, from the dust in our eyes, we could not distinguish Marmion from Malibran.

Truly enough, as it has been said, there is no accounting for scent, but the old huntsman got nearest the mark, who declared it was all in the *nair*, although meaning the atmosphere. We admit that the breath of the pursued animal leaves a taint on the air as he flies; but the exhalations exuding through the pores of the skin, encompass him round about with a halo of odoriferous vapour, like a mist round the moon. Some naturalists have expressed the opinion that with dogs, foxes, and some other quadrupeds, perspiration is carried out or off by the tongue only. This is but partially the case, as those accustomed to these animals can testify; and the effluvia arising from the skin of a mangy dog or fox would be quite sufficient to convince the greatest sceptic on this point.

We are, or rather were, treating of this March month as being the most important of all the months in the year to the tiller of the soil. The plough teams are now busily employed preparing and pulverising the land for the reception of spring corn and the root crops, now of paramount importance to the agriculturist, whose chief resource for payment of rent does not depend, as in bygone times, on corn, but cattle and sheep; in fact, so low is the price of wheat, that it barely pays for the growing upon second-class land; and, save for the high prices of beef and mutton, farming would be a losing game. A dry fallow is therefore the English gold field, although it takes a deal of working to extract the precious metal, through the medium of barley, mangold-wurzel, carrots, and

Swedish turnips. However then antagonistic to the fox-hunter's feelings and sport frosty weather in March may prove, let him bear in mind that it is an indispensable, in its beneficial results, to his best friend the farmer. Yes, I repeat, that without the willing co-operation of the genuine British yeoman, who is also a hunter at heart, fox-hunting would break down altogether. Sporting landlords might expect their tenants to protect foxes; but they would be powerless to enforce compliance with their wishes and commands did not a corresponding inclination exist on the part of the farmer. There are more ways than one or two of destroying foxes; and the gentleman in velvet would readily lend his assistance to get rid of his hated enemy. Keepers do mischief enough already, and to spare; but if joined by the occupier of the land, the extermination of fox-hunting would follow. In what other country upon the face of the globe does any such pastime exist in its uniformity and extent as this our national sport? We may be called a nation of shopkeepers; but we are also a nation of fox-hunters and sportsmen. In France they may talk of their boar, wolf, or deer hunting, which are principally confined to the forests and large woodlands, and appear to be patronized only by the magnates of the land. The pursuit of any insignificant animal or bird, even down to the killing of sparrows and tomits, is dignified by the high-sounding name of 'La chasse.' The French, although ever a fighting nation from their Gallic descent, are not, in our acceptation of the term, a sporting people like the inhabitants of the British isles. Racing, it is true, now appears to have taken a rather strong hold upon their lively imaginations, rather, we think, from an innate love of pageant and parade in any shape or way than from real love of the sport. The Britishers are hunters from their cradles. The love of pursuing wild animals, birds, and fishes seems implanted in our nature, as if we were the lineal descendants of Nimrod, in one uninterrupted line. The child screams to catch flies in the window, almost springing out of his nurse's arms. The boy employs the first use of his legs in the chase of butterflies. When stronger, he scrambles through briars and brambles in search of birds' nests. The big boy is up to his knees in the pool of the little running brook, not yet dry, groping for trout, or scouring the fields in search of rabbit-stops; and the strippling is after the hounds on foot or pony back, as his parent's position admits. If the son of a gentleman, the youth becomes a sportsman; if the son of a peasant, a poacher. We draw a wide line of distinction between the solitary pursuer of game without the law, as much for sport as gain, and the band of ruffians leagued together for the sole purpose of spoil and plunder against the law. The first sallies forth at break of day, with his barrel in one pocket and the stock of his gun in the other, accompanied by a sharp, rough-looking dog—a cross between terrier and spaniel—to range over unpreserved ground in search of anything furred or feathered that may fall in his way. To him a wood-pigeon is game as well as a wild duck or woodcock; and in lack of larger birds, he does not disdain doing a bit of lacking,

or peradventure knocking down half a dozen field-fares at a shot as they are busily employed devouring the berries on a hawthorn bush. Another day he may be found lying in the ditch beneath the wood bank, master and dog, with anxious look and attentive ears, listening to the tinkling of the little bell round the ferret's neck as he is driving the rabbit from his burrow—a rumbling and a rush—both spring on their legs; but Pincher at once silences the cries of the victim by a very scientific gripe.

Our rustic poacher is also a nutter. You will see him in the evening, about the end of September or beginning of October, apparently deeply engaged in this occupation, but all the while he is listening, when so gently handling these nut-boughs, to the crocketing of that silly young cock pheasant, which is betraying by his loquacity his last roosting place amidst the branches of that wide-spreading oak-tree, from which he is destined never to descend again, except into the pocket of his lynx-eyed enemy. He does a bit of ratting for the farmer, over whose land he is permitted to rove unmolested; assists him at hay-making and harvest; takes a nest of half-fledged blackbirds to Master Tommy Dubbins, and occasionally a leveret or couple of nice young rabbits to his mamma. He is the best 'hand with scythe or sickle in the parish; does not refuse to handle any farm implement save the plough, yet withal he cannot forbear doing a little bit of other business on a separate account when work is not over plentiful during frost or snow, or when the hour of labour has passed in the evening. Though fond of sporting in an illegitimate way, he is regarded by Farmer Dubbins as an honest, trustworthy man, to whom the key of the barn-door or poultry-house might be safely entrusted.

The opposition battue poacher is a horse of very different colour, found generally in large towns and cities, who joins with a lot of *mauvais sujets* like himself to slaughter pheasants and other game by wholesale, after the fashion of his aristocratic superior, not for sport, but pelf; and when this kind of game is out of season he is at some other game. But we don't give this sort of character credit for having much, if any, true sporting blood running in his veins. As we have before stated our opinion on the battue system, it needs not repetition in these pages. Suffice it to add, that our views on that subject are not likely to be changed by its cleverest advocates, even if patronized by all the crowned heads in Europe. By the way, that was not a bad joke which appeared in the 'Court Journal' some short time ago, and which we extract for the benefit of 'Bailly's' readers:—

'When it was recently desired to have sport for an illustrious visitor, it was found necessary to send the head keeper home, as the pheasants interpreted his presence into a premonitory symptom of feeding time, and would sit on his shoulder, and drop at his feet.'

Verily this is a charming little picture of sporting life! which, when painted and framed, ought, of course, to find a place in the

dining-room of every battue man, as so descriptive of his pet recreation. What a subject for a modern Hogarth! Pheasants, clustering round the head of the keeper, who is ducking and bobbing to escape the shots of Cockney sportsmen! What is the remark we fox-hunters hear from shooters, when our hounds have been running hard in covert for a couple of hours, and finish by killing a brace of foxes? 'No sport; chopped two foxes; that's all they did the 'whole morning.' So that, by their own admission, the mere killing of our game is not considered sport, and fox-hunters are of the same opinion. It is for this very reason that so few red coats follow their own pack of hounds to the forest or large woodlands when the season for hunting in the open is closed. The chase loses its excitement when there are no difficulties to be encountered, no fencing to stimulate our energies. The mere sitting on horseback, or sauntering up and down a hard drive, is but dull pastime, something like standing at the corner of a plantation, knocking down cock-pheasants without any exertion. Although in the cry of hounds there is always something cheery and heart-stirring, Beckford said he would 'rather *hear* a fox well found than ride the best chase after a hare.' Beckford was an old muff, and perhaps expressed this opinion when he had become too nervous or stout to ride across country. With advancing years we are apt to change our opinions or our tactics, and this seems rather at variance with a former assertion, 'that a fox-chase should be short, sharp, and decisive.' Although a master of hounds, we never found any great fun in badgering about woodlands, either during cub-hunting or at the close of the season. The first was a necessity (not more agreeable on that account), but the young hounds must be entered to their legitimate game, and we, as huntsmen, must be present to watch their proceedings, and direct when whipcord should be applied and when not; and although it has been said that all young boys, as a rule, are the better for birching, we did not find flogging necessary to all young puppy-dogs indiscriminately. We have heard of the titillating effects of birch wine and birch bark when administered inwardly; but we question whether the outward tickling of the body with birch twigs is the most efficacious method for sharpening the intellect.

That we may not be considered singular or too dogmatical in our opinion on this subject, we prefer transcribing a quotation from the 'Noble Science,' as in *totidem verbis* expressive of our own sentiments, although this work did not appear in print until fifteen years after we had commenced hunting our own pack of fox-hounds:—

'There is in the human constitution what is, by medical and 'learned men, termed idiosyncrasy—a fine long word, meaning a 'peculiarity, I should perhaps say individuality—requiring separate 'and distinct treatment. The plain English may be found in the 'old saying, "that what is one man's meat is another man's poison." 'In the discovery of this peculiarity in the human system consists 'the skill of the physician, superior to the common run of practitioners upon general principles. There is no less in hounds an

‘ idiosyncrasy—a peculiarity in their several dispositions, which requires the skill of a professor to cope with. Some young hounds enter instinctively; from their first to their last appearance in the field they do no wrong: they commence with the scent to which they were born, and afford a moral to beings of higher class in their devotion, through their lives, to the purposes of their creation. Others, equally good, will take no notice of anything; will not stoop to any scent during the first season, and are still slack at entering even in the second, but ultimately are distinguished at the head of the pack; and such, I have always observed, last some seasons longer than the more precocious of the same litter. Others have an almost inveterate propensity to run anything and everything by scent or by view, and act altogether upon the voluntary principle as soon as they are emancipated from their couplings. A love of hare will descend, in particular blood, through generations, and will occasionally demonstrate itself, especially on bad scenting days, when a hound that is at any time unsteady must, and will, run something; but the same hound, when settled to a fox, may be invincible.

‘ In contending with these and many other difficulties of Nature, it is absurd to imagine that one universal system of discipline would be found to answer any better than it would for school-boys. It has been said of men—

‘ Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore,
Oderunt peccare mali, formidine pœnæ:’

‘ which (as perhaps less common or Latin grammar like, than some of my classical quotations), I may, for the benefit of country gentlemen, thus truly translate:

‘ The good, for goodness’ sake, will fear to falter;
The bad, keep good,—because they fear a halter.’

Marplot came to us an unentered hound from the kennel of the late Sir Thomas Mostyn, who at that time hunted part of Oxfordshire, called the Bicester country, and notwithstanding all Jem’s lashings and oburgations, persisted in his wicked course of running hare and deer in preference to fox.

‘ ’Tis no use, sir,’ Jem said one day, ‘ my thrashing that young devil any longer; I’ve been whipcording him now for two months, and he seems, if anything, worse than ever. He is well-behaved enough in the low wood, where he knows my eye is upon him; but no sooner does he get out of sight into the high covert, than at it he goes again.’

‘ Well, Jem, he is a fine handsome young hound, and worth trying a little longer.’

‘ Begging your pardon, sir, if he were the handsomest dog in the world, you wouldn’t spoil the other ten couples and a half of the entry, for the sake of one hound: all the rest is doing well, and getting steady, but Marplot is always trying to undo my work. I caught him yesterday morning in the very act of running deer, and

'seizing his hind leg belaboured his carcase, as if I were beating a door-mat,—yes, sir, till I was ashamed of myself—and then it scares all the other hounds so.'

'Well, well, Jem, Marplot shall not go out hunting again.'

'That's right, sir; he comes of that wild Grafton sort, which Mr. Rose the huntsman says, he can do nothing with when they gets into the forest amongst the deer. 'Tis bred in the bone, sir, or the blood, and will come out.'

'Very true, Jem; he will be just the hound for the *mounseers*—run boar, wolf, or deer.'

'Just so, sir.' Exit Jem, with a grin of delight.

The past season has been so very unfavourable for sport, that a little extra time may be allowed to fox-hunters, although attended with the sacrifice of many cubs. We must not forget that the dog-fox helps to supply the litter with food, when they can no longer derive sufficient sustenance from their mother; and we have known when that mother has met with an untimely end, by trap or poison, the cubs to have been supported by the father, until able to help themselves. There is a time for all things, and fox-hunting in April is out of season.

Save for the late laws respecting salmon, that king of fish would, in a very short time, have disappeared from our rivers, since, whether for sport or gain, anglers and poachers were waging war against the species nearly all the year round, during spawning time, or any time, up to Christmas. The poacher was plying his trade with net and harpoon against the parent fish, and with the advent of spring, the fry or samlets were whisked out of the shallows by the angler absolutely by dozens. Some five years ago we heard of one expert hand at this art, hooking and pouching thirteen dozen samlets in one day. *Ex uno disce omnes*. If one man with rod and line could make such havoc amongst these silvery, silly, greedy young fry within twelve hours, what thousands and millions must have been destroyed annually by anglers generally, and those small meshed nets then in use, through which a minnow could barely escape. A dish of samlets being a very dainty one indeed, we can bear testimony, having been often years ago regaled with this delicacy at wayside inns when wandering amongst the Dartmoor hills—the name by which they were called being heppers—hoppers would seem more appropriate from their hopping out of the water so readily to catch anything in the shape of a fly.

Knowing little at that time, and caring less about the salmonidæ question, which has of late years been so largely discussed in 'The Field' newspaper, we were fain to take the good fare provided for us without very particular inquiries; but with maturer years, we have no doubt now, of having devoured, unwittingly, hecatombs of young salmon; and as a punishment for our offence, in being a consenting party to the murder of these innocents, the price of this fish has risen to a figure beyond our means of purchase during the first two months of the season. The best and rarest of everything,

whether fish, flesh, or fowl, fruit or vegetable, is packed off to the London market; and it certainly appears to us country bumpkins, that the flavour of the edible is enhanced by the greatness of the price to the rich gourmands of the mighty Babylon. So long as salmon is selling at three shillings or three and sixpence a pound, it is a luxury, befitting the tables of the great and wealthy; but when the scale descends to half that sum, the flavour of the fish appears to pall on the palate, and the second table is permitted to have a taste of it. How reverse was the case not many years ago when servants absolutely stipulated not to eat salmon oftener than two or three days a week in localities where this fish then abounded; and within our own recollection the price of this article never exceeded sixpence a pound. From the increase of our population, the increase of anglers and poachers, the increase and still increasing proportions of our large cities, and, above all, the increase of railway communication, this change has been effected. Before the introduction of this latter instrument of torture, the steam engine, people living in remote country places could enjoy their dish of fish and game at a very moderate cost, many gentleman's families subsisting throughout the year almost upon the produce of their own soil or streams; and those even without a rood of land or pool of water could purchase these commodities at a very low rate. In those times two hundred a year went further than double that income now; the expensive and dilatory transit by coach at long ranges from the metropolis or other large cities acting as a bar to the conveyance of fish and game, which could be disposed of more advantageously and with less risk of damage at home. This season, we are told, the supply of salmon will be very plentiful when these cutting east winds subside, the retail price in large towns not exceeding 2s. per lb. the second week in March, which is very agreeable news to your obedient servant,

AN OLD OTTER.

THE GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES.

DEAR BAILY,—Our steeple-chases have taken so much with hunting men, that I think strangers would like to hear something about them from a sexagenarian who thought he never could be induced to see another cross-country race. And as I am told printers, like tide and time, wait for no one, I hope the few lines I have scribbled on my way home from the first day's sport will reach you in time for insertion; and when I get my magazine I shall not find myself an April fool.

Well then; in Yorkshire nothing has been talked of for weeks but the G. N. Steeple-chases. The Bramham Moor men were determined to do the thing well, and took great pains to get up a good subscription. The course was well marked out, so as to have the fences fair jumps. At the same time the ground required the horses to be quick, well-trained hunters, and the riders to have hand and

eyes. Many a stanch fox-hunter, who objected to steeple-chasing, on this occasion felt it his duty to subscribe towards this meeting. Many a man who had persuaded himself he would not care to see another steeple-chase, talked of Beecher on Vivian, the boy Jem Mason on The Poet; Mr. Heycock on Flazirow; 'The Marquis' on Yellow Dwarf, &c., answered to the crack of the whip, was refreshed with youthful feelings, and was almost inclined to ride himself. The Master of the Bramham Moor hounds, who lectures furiously against steeple-chasing, and professes a horror of what he calls 'long-tailed, long-legged brutes, sent out to kick a hound 'and qualify,' was seen in the frost looking over the ground, and helping Mr. Angell, who took great pains about the getting-up of the races, and was to arrange a grand stand; and the entrance for carriages and the gateway to be made pleasant for him to screw his team through, without taking the bark off.

Wetherby, strangers to Bradshaw should know, is situated on the river Wharf, half-way between Boroughbridge and Ferrybridge, the line of the famous Old North Road. It is a small town, now only busy once a week—market-day. In days of yore, at this season of the year it was not so dull. Families were going up for the meeting of Parliament and the London Season. A group of idlers stood under the arch of the old inn—two or three post-boys, in top-boots and white cords, on the look-out. Suddenly they hear 'Smack smack! click clack!' and up comes a chariot and four—horses steaming, wheelers and carriage spattered with mud. Landlord bows at the door: 'Please to alight, sir?'—'No, thankee, 'I'm in a hurry.' 'First turn-out, boys! Fours out to Ferrybridge!' roars the ostler. Down jumps from the dickey a hard-looking servant, hat in oilskin case, strong top-coat and overalls; a man who can grease a wheel, mend a trace, or fight a highwayman. How different from the gentleman's gentleman of this day, who is more indolent, better dressed, and often a weaker man than his master! 'Useful 'man' pays the boys, by order, ten shillings each, and the bill for horses just putting to. 'Much going on on the road?' says the traveller.—'Yes, sir; pretty busy. The Marquis of Q. went up 'yesterday: we expect the Duke from Raby to-morrow.' 'All 'right, boys! Osses and gates all paid: make the best of your way!' croaks out the ostler; and away flies the chariot to Ferrybridge. 'That's a real gen'lman!' say the two muddy post-boys; and, with the husky ostler, they waddle down the yard to 'the Tap.' Then came the 'Down' mail, tearing along; old Jack Compston's face beaming with good-nature, gin, and ale. He was a cheery old boy; thought all barmaids beautiful, and all men who 'rode outside,' paid him well, and gave him cigars, first-rate fellows. Till very lately, the last old post-boy, with very short legs and very short arms, stood under the arch at the old inn. He, I think, quietly crumbled away. The other day I thought I saw, under a shed at the bottom of the yard, where the body of an old 'yellow bounder' is used for a hen-roost, one of his old legs. I may have been wrong—I may

have recalled to those who were on the move twenty or thirty years ago, pleasing recollections.

Wetherby is now known to few persons. It is to be found in Bradshaw, half-way between Church Fenton and Harrogate. Instead of the Glasgow mail-coach guard's lively 'Twang twang twang 'tidy,' you may hear the railway-guard blow a whistle, as if he wished to attract the attention of a blunder-headed pointer. Times change: Wetherby is alive again. The G. N. H. Steeple-chases are to be run over the old course—the scene of Jack Broadley's victories on Jacob Faithful, Israelite, Autocrat, and other horses that belonged to the late Alexander Brown, known at Oxford as 'Little Brown of Brazenose.' Mr. Crossley, the innkeeper, and editor of the Wetherby newspaper, was most anxious to provide for all comers; is full of go; and, though a shy man, would have undertaken to ride in 'the Race' for anybody. It was his intention to offer himself as a candidate for Knaresborough at the next election: he is a fast-going, high-stepping Conservative—one who would have jumped on the coach with 'Malt Tax.' His return would have caused great fun and satisfaction.

BOW BELLS.

THERE are many qualities required to constitute a thorough sportsman; and of the numbers who follow hounds there are very few indeed who deserve the name. To observe, much more to appreciate, the beauties of the chase, the sportsman must have been brought up amid rural scenes, and have studied in nature's school. He can only have acquired a real knowledge of the craft by having passed an apprenticeship in his boyhood; by having hunted the badger with terriers, the rabbit with spaniels, and the hare with beagles. To such a one the run of a fox, the incidents of the chase, and everything connected with hunting, are as matters of instinct.

It is strange, but nevertheless it is not the less true, that a Londoner is almost invariably fond of sport. From the millionaire of Lombard Street, with his hunters, his game preserves, and his deer-forest, down to the Spitalfields weaver with his bull-terrier and his carrier pigeons,—the same spirit pervades them all. But, from his having taken to the sport somewhat later in life than his country cousin, and consequently from the want of that early training, the Londoner can never be quite 'up to pattern' as a sportsman. Many a Cockney, though, is a thorough good fellow; and you may rely upon it that any person who is so illiberal as to sneer at him is not a real sportsman himself. Our friend Walter Barbican is a fair sample of the class: At an early age he was taken from a public school and placed in his uncle's counting-house in the City. The change, from the fresh air of the cricket-ground and the foot-ball field, to the murky atmosphere of Cockaigne, was trying; and the hours—from nine in the morning to five in the evening, with holidays

but few and far between—at first were irksome. But Walter was resolved to do his duty and stick to his work; and his is not a character that is easily turned from its purpose. However, he took every opportunity—and that was generally before cockcrow—to pay a visit to Paddy Jackson's hunting-grounds. There he learned to put his horse well at a fence, to throw his heart over before him, and to sit well back upon landing. He was possessed of the fresh unshaken nerves of youth; and even 'the Black Ditch'—that favourite spot for the spectators in a steeple-chase—had no terrors for him. Paddy Jackson was the instructor of many a good horseman—but, perhaps, of not all those he took the credit of.

On one occasion some wags took Tom Oliver to the hunting-grounds, and, as he was a stranger to Jackson, they requested the latter to give Tom a lesson in riding. Paddy was so pleased with the rapid progress of his pupil, that he told Oliver that 'after a few more lessons he should not be afraid to take him out with the harriers.'

Walter's next step upon the sporting ladder was in getting an occasional day upon one of Tilbury's hack-hunters, when the King's staghounds met at Hayes or at Uxbridge Common. Mr. Charles Davis was then in his prime; and his elegant seat and fine hands, as he went slipping along upon The Hermit or Columbine, were a study for the young sportsman. A gentleman asked Mr. Davis one day, what he thought of the Iron Duke bit. 'Pray what is it?' said Mr. Davis. 'Oh, a bit for hard-mouthed, pulling horses.' 'I don't ride such animals,' was the ready reply. There would be still fewer such animals if there were more light hands such as those of Mr. Charles Davis. The horse-dealer can sell his customer a horse, but he cannot sell him hands to ride him.

In those days, with the Royal hounds also might be seen Bill Bean, crowding all sail, and squeezing his horse through places that appeared almost impracticable. He did not require to have them cut and clean. Altogether it was not a bad school for a beginner: one in which Colonel Standen, Colonel Vyse, and a host of other good men graduated. Barbican has now become master of his own time and his own actions. Unlike so many of the present day, who are *blasé* and surfeited of all enjoyment almost before they have arrived at manhood, he retains the buoyant spirits of his younger days, and is as keen as mustard. Thrice a week throughout the season does he dress and breakfast by candle-light, and go down sixty miles by train to hunt; and he is as eager for sport at four o'clock in the afternoon as he was at eleven in the morning. But although our worthy citizen has learned to ride straight to hounds, and, moreover, not to do much mischief, he has never become a hound-man. Whisper it gently, for nothing would vex our excellent friend so much as to have it proclaimed aloud; but from the force of circumstances it could scarcely be otherwise; and the fact is that he is not a hound-man. The only one that he knows, in the pack that he chiefly hunts with, is Piper, an old badger-pied hound that no one

can help knowing; and he can recognize Rosamond if he sees her near-side, but on the off-side she is marked differently. He takes no notice whether Furrier or Fancy make a hit, or what hounds do the work; so long as some of them do it he is quite satisfied. His account of a run is chiefly a recital of his own deeds, and the hounds play a very subordinate part in it. Hark to him:—‘We went straight over all that magnificent Helmsthorp country. I got a rattling good start, and very soon there were only Jem Carpenter, Lord Robyn, Craddock, and myself anywhere near ’em. Hosier says he was, does he?—he wasn’t anywhere near. I don’t know whether you know it, but under Leavesden there is a thundering nasty bottom. Carpenter had it first. That was a monstrous nice young horse that Jem was on, and can jump alarming, but I doubt his being up to my weight. Well, Lord Robyn plumbs right into it, and we saw no more of him until after the thing was over, when he came up covered from head to foot with mud. I took old Crusader tight by the head and he flew it like a bird, with a good yard to spare. Well, when we got into the lane that leads to Crauford Hall, Carpenter nips out as quick as thought. Craddock turned down the lane to the left to a gate—the fact was his horse was dead coopered. Old Crusader was as fresh as paint; but, like a fool, I followed him, and of course, when we got to the gate, it was done up. Craddock was some time getting it off its hinges, and, as bad luck would have it, the hounds kept bearing to the right, and let in a whole lot of fellows before us who had not gone a yard. Then there came some beastly sticky ploughs, and I rather blew the old horse trying to catch ’em. I didn’t see just the end part, but they never really ran after that, and they killed him somewhere near Sweetly village. ‘Oh! it was a splendid day’s sport! I never saw so many dirty coats in my life: the fellows rolled about like ninepins: I saw three loose horses at one time.’ So Barbican returns to town in the train, thoroughly satisfied with himself, his horse, and the whole world.

How differently the same scenes present themselves to different minds! The account that was given by the Master of the Hounds to a friend, of the same run, was as follows:—‘Yes, we had a capital day’s sport yesterday. I wish you had been with us; you would have liked it. I could tell from the way of the hounds that we were going to have a scent; but we had such a disorderly field out—fellows riding like so many madmen—that, at first, I was afraid they would have spoilt it. One of them rode over poor Primrose and lamed her, so that she will not be able to come out again this season. Fortunately Leavesden bottom stopped ’em—the hard riders wouldn’t have it where my hounds got over; this gave ’em a chance; and when they were once fairly settled, you know, I didn’t care—there was no over-riding them then. The fox went straight up-wind, no doubt meaning the big woods; but when he got to Crauford Hall lane, they were so close at him that he was obliged to turn down wind. They didn’t overrun it a yard.

‘ Just beyond the lane there is a goodish bit of plough, which carried, and that brought them to their noses, but nothing like a check. Oh, they hunted it beautifully ! I wish you had been there to see ’em—they hunted for all the world just like a pack of beagles. As soon as they got on to the grass again, they set-to to run as hard as ever. The hounds had it all to themselves, and no one to interfere with them all the way to Sweetly, where they ran slick into him, right in the enemy’s country.’ The enemy, in this instance, is the Master’s particular friend, Lord Plutus. He and our master stay at each other’s houses, hunt with each other’s hounds, assist each other in the way of breeding hounds, and in every respect are most neighbourly ; but they hunt adjoining countries.

Our friend Barbican subscribes liberally to the hounds, pays his subscription punctually, and never interferes in the management. It is only right and proper that those who share in the sport should contribute to its support ; and in that respect the Cockneys do their duty right loyally. Two packs of hounds, within reach of the metropolis, are supported entirely by the Londoners ; whilst the banking accounts of the masters of six other packs would cut a sorry figure without the subscriptions of the Cockney sportsmen. It would be difficult to find, in the whole world, a more liberal, openhanded man than Walter Barbican. When Mrs. Springfield, of the Woodlands Farm, where there was a vixen and cubs laid up, lost her chickens, it was Mr. Barbican who presented her with that handsome silk gown, which has ever since been the envy and admiration of the whole parish. When Trotter’s farm, which he keeps as neat as a garden, was ridden over upon the breaking up of the frost, and cut up by a lot of thrusting scoundrels, it was Barbican who sent him a hamper of wine. When young Crosbie, the clergyman’s son, at home for the Christmas holidays, had lamed his nag, Barbican mounted him upon that beautiful chesnut which he had given Jem Carpenter two hundred guineas for. It was as good as a play to watch Carpenter fidget in his saddle as he saw the high-spirited animal, being driven half mad by Crosbie’s heavy hand, go rushing all sideways at its fences. But Jem knew it was no use saying anything, as Barbican would rather have had the horse’s mouth spoiled for ever so long, than miss the opportunity of doing a good-natured act. In any troublesome business, the master of the hounds knows that he may always depend upon Barbican’s aid ; for our friend does not admit the word trouble into his vocabulary upon such occasions. He is always jolly and good-tempered, with a laugh and joke for everybody ; and all, from the duke down to the lad that rides the huntsman’s second horse, welcome his presence in the hunting-field. With so many genial qualities to recommend him, we feel assured that the readers of ‘ Baily ’ will put prejudice aside, and will pause, in future, before they look down upon a brother-sportsman, merely because his lot happens to be cast within the sound of Bow Bells.

PUNCHESTOWN RACES.

READER, have you been to Ireland? Yes—but were you ever at Punchestown races? No; what! never assisted at those Olympic Games which are now of as great interest to the Saxon as to the Celt! Well, then, jump up at once into my ‘cyar,’ for life is short, and we should make the visit pleasant while it lasts. Don’t look suspiciously at the equipage. ’Tis true we are already five on the car, besides the driver, and the distance is seventeen miles (equal to twenty-three English); but our Jehu is a son of Nimshi, and he assures me his horse is a ‘flipphant shteppher and a powerful draught.’ True, he is but 15 hands high; but he’ll trot us down in 2’40, and back again probably in less, for whatever refreshment he may get on the course. ‘Pat,’ to-day, ‘will not brew his potheen shtrong of the whater!’ Every horse in Dublin for the next forty-eight hours will be called into requisition. There will be no funerals to-day or to-morrow, and all the long-tailed blacks will be drawing a live cargo, suggestive rather of ‘eat, drink and be merry,’ than of ‘to-morrow we die.’

The road is not interesting; but if it were, I would not bore you by describing it. I have not the pen of Robins, who once urged that the only objection to the villa he was submitting to the public, was, ‘the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales;’ neither can I compete with the established Dublin Guide Book, which, in describing Maritimo, observes, somewhat *Herbenicè*, that ‘Here you will see the magnificent bridge which Lord Clancarty *intends* ‘to build.’ Fortunately, if there is little to see, there is no dust to swallow, for Jupiter Pluvius had had the main turned on for the last forty-eight hours, and has only just put up the hose. It is now as gaudy a day as any ‘Woman in Mauve,’ or any Gentleman Jack in his new silken jacket, can wish to see; and now we are fairly off, let me offer you a mild havannah. I no sooner dive into my pocket than Pat half turns in his seat and inquires, ‘Is your honour looking for thim ‘three shilling ye owe me sence last year; and ’tis glad I shall be to ‘see them.’ ‘Why, you rascal,’ answer I, pulling out my cigar case instead of my purse, ‘I never was in Dublin before in my life.’ ‘Arrah, now,’ replies he, ‘don’t make a fool of your hand, but put ‘it back for the crown; long life to yer honour! and I knew ye ‘wouldn’t like to die in my debt.’ Then, flicking with his whip at the tight stocking of ‘a boy,’ who lies asleep in the footpath, he shouts, ‘Git out of the way, ye spalpeen; git up out of that, and pay ‘tuppence for yer bed!’ and so we jog merrily on, the incidents of the road being much the same as those in England on the Derby day, except that there is far more humour and fun. One thing strikes me forcibly in our mode of locomotion, which Sir Francis Head described as ‘travelling edgeways.’ It is, that the Irish jaunting car, though apparently safe enough, is evidently considered a precarious conveyance, when ladies are concerned; at least there always seems to me to be a brawny arm round every waist, merely, of course, to steady the Colleen Bawn in any unexpected lurch. No doubt the

practice has its advantages, and prevents a present fall; but I think it may also accelerate a future one! And now we are arrived, let us look at the varied panorama. Away there, on two different parts of the course, are two black spots, teeming with life. I inquire what is the attraction. 'Shure, the one is the wall, and the tother's 'the double, and ye'll find a dochthor at each, in case of a purty 'fall.' I mentally resolved to walk that hospital, and to go down later to fraternise with 'theim docthors;' but, in the meantime, let us look round and inspect the bipeds before we examine the quadrupeds. As I alight from the car, and walk up towards the stand, Lord Clanricarde canters by and nods to Lord Conyngham and Mr. Calthorpe, who are inspecting the horses in the saddling paddock. Here, too, are the Marquises of Downshire and of Drogheda, the Earls of Howth, Charlemont, and Annesley, also Lords Naas, Earlsford, Loughborough, and Dunkellin. Corry Conellan is telling a story *un peu décolletée*, to Bernal Osborne, who looks bashful and shocked: while, flitting about from side to side and from post to post, is Lord St. Lawrence, to whose indefatigable exertions, as well as to the fairness of whose handicaps the public is mainly indebted for the increased and increasing success of the Punchestown Meeting. This year the money given to be run for amounts to 1760*l*. Outside the rail of the enclosure, on two horses of Magraine's, sit Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin Wynn, proving their beasts. They are talking to Allan McDonogh, formerly one of the best riders in the United Kingdom, but now a trainer on the Curragh of Kildare. He is lounging on a black charger, and

'With heel insidiously applied,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.'

He is evidently baiting the trap for any stray Life Guardsman, having (as was said of his brother) a head that would wear out two pair of legs.

I pass on into the Stand, and find myself saying five hundred times, 'How d'ye do' (not that I care how you are, but how are you), till I am brought up suddenly by the hearty welcome of one, who evidently thinks I shall warmly say the former and not feel the latter. Having no recollection of my friend, I look at him doubtfully, on which he explains the mystery of our non-acquaintance by saying, 'Bedad, I thought it was you, but I now see it's yer brother.' Finding the Stand inconveniently full, and that a golden key will act as an 'open sesame' to a reserved stand, I invest another sovereign. Would it had been two, rather than not have been surrounded by so many pretty women, as were here assembled in that small space—

'Their eyes like mayteores,
Their perfect phaytures,
Which aisy bate yours.
Venus—that's throe—
With swate sensashuns
And palpitashuns,
And susperashuns,
Quite thrilled me through.'

A *sanctum sanctorum* was raided off for the Lord Lieutenant, her Excellency, and suite; and already he has gained for himself the good will of all by his earnest application to business, as has also Lady Wodehouse by her urbanity and courtesy: it is a pleasure to every one to see how heartily they enter into the excitement of the day.

But the saddling-bell has rung, so let us go into the enclosure to see the horses parade. It is the Hunt Plate, and the only race of the day ridden by professionals. As I stand admiring Martha, faultless in shape, and perfect in action, I overhear the following inquiry:

‘Yeve ridden my horse, Meary; what sort of a mount is it?’

‘Well, I’m thinking I’ve ridden better: takes six men to hould him, and can’t carry a boy! Besides, he’s the manners of a rhabbit: he’s allys going to ground.’

This piece of information appears to be received with great apparent relish, as being rather a subject of congratulation than otherwise. It is the short course, only two miles and a half, so that they go a cracker throughout. My pet mare Martha falls a ‘buster’ at the double, and Noonan gets a purty fall, the saddle being entirely curled up like a music-roll: but there is no harm done, and Monahan wins, with Goldfinder’s hands down.

The next race is the Champion Stakes, of 400*l.*, added to a sweepstakes of 5*l.* each, for which there are twenty-six acceptances. Mr. Calthorpe’s horse, Mount Giffard, is the favourite with the English party, in consequence of his late performances—having won the Bellesden Coplow a fortnight ago at Croxton Park, and run second in the Grand National at Wetherby, where it was generally said he would have won had he been made more use of in the race. Lord George and Cooksboro’ have many supporters, though their sadly jaded and over-trained appearance make me at once reject them as candidates for first honours; Montpelier is also in demand, from his performances on this course last year; and a four-year old, Garotter, by Ivan, is also looked on as a good dark horse. A few of those who hunt regularly with the Kildare hounds, and have been daily cut down by Mr. G. Knox on Hard Times, insinuate he will prove an ugly customer; but the state of his joints, combined with the information that he had been bought by his owner at auction for fifty shillings, as very restive and still more infirm, make all others say, *Incredulus odi*. The only fears that Mount Giffard’s friends seem to entertain is, that the horse may fall, as it is a considerable time since he was hunted in Ireland; but as soon as they are off, these fears are allayed by his style of fencing. Captain McCraith has evidently a handful in Lord George, who wants as much room to turn as a seventy-four. He does the double at a fly; but, by way of apology for thus over-jumping himself here, he runs clean through the big wall at the back of the Stand. The sight gave me an ‘If you’ve ever a short prayer, you’d better say it’ sort of feel. Had I been on him I should have ejaculated Bismillah! and displayed great liberty of seat. Captain McCraith sat firm as a rock; and the remark he made, as he sped onward on his way, was

not of an ecclesiastical nature, having entirely reference to Lord George's future comfort in his next metempsychosis.

As onward they speed, Mount Giffard's backers are more and more sanguine, for he looks a winner throughout; but Hard Times and Olympia are in close attendance at the last fence. The local excitement becomes intense. 'Mount Giffard's bate!' 'Jarge Knox wins!' 'Divil a haporth will Mount Giffard come near enough to blow on to his tail!' 'He's bate to the divil and a mile beyant!' Sure enough for the first time in Fred Calthorpe's prosperous life, Hard Times got the better of him at Punchestown!

The Union Plate of 200*l.* is the next race, the articles of which were drawn up to encourage farmers to run who had clever but not first-class horses. The winner to receive 100*l.*; the starter of most merit as a hunter, up to 12st. 7 lb., to have 40*l.*, the second ditto, 20*l.* The starter of most merit up to 11 st. 7 lb. 30*l.*, the second ditto, 10*l.* The idea was a good one; but the race should clearly have been the last on the list, as the examination of a large field of horses occupied a great deal of time; and those who had come from a distance, and to whom the delay was of consequence, made remarks not meant for ears polite. The stewards would have

‘heard with some surprise

The allusions they made to their limbs and eyes.’

Mr. J. Fitzpatrick on Cuckoo wins this race, amid the acclamations of the pisantry, he being the favourite with the aborigines, as living within two miles of the course.

The Conyngham Cup, value 300*l.*, is won by General Election. The Kildare Hunt Cup by Blood Royal, a beautiful horse, for which his owner last year gave 1000*l.*

Thus closed the sports of the first day; and right glad was I—instead of returning to Dublin—to find peck and perch at a charming house in the immediate neighbourhood, belonging to a most popular gentleman, to whom I was previously unknown, but who received me with true Irish hospitality as his friend's friend.

The next day old Sol put on his best clothe's and a shamrock in his button-hole. The first race—the Naas Plate of 100*l.*—was won by Newcastle: In the Devonshire Stakes, Mount Giffard redeemed his lost laurels of yesterday, winning the race easily. The Farmers' Race then followed, and, as before, created the liveliest interest among the frieze coats. Mr. Fitzpatrick was again successful, this time with T take up. As the winner was to be sold by auction directly after the race, I went out to meet and look her over as she came in to the weighing enclosure. Had her rider been Briareus, possessed of a hundred hands, he would have been unable to shake all those horny fists.

‘Ah! Mhister Feetzpartreek, its yer helth I'll be dhrinking this 'night and that of yer mare's! I'll dhrink the helth of Tay take 'up, in a coffee tay-cup, and yer helth in a tay tay-cup, and I'll 'dhrink the one in to'ther and to'ther in yours, till I'll be bhothered 'to know what helth it is, and out of what I'm dhrinking.’

Then came the great event of the day—the Grand Military Steeple Chase of 300*l*. Colonel Baker's Boxhill has some supporters in consequence of his performance last year over this course, when (being then the property of the Earl of Howth) he ran a good second, although his stirrup-leather broke quite early in the race; but few care to speculate on any others than Stilton and Remedy. Remedy, by M.D. was bought this time last year by Major Ainslie, at Punchestown, for 150*l*. He was then four years old and untried. Since then he has distinguished himself at Warwick, Rugby, Reading, &c., and was freely backed. Ben Land offered 600*l*. for him as he was being saddled. Captain Cunningham also had two good bites at his Stilton. Mr. Calthorpe expressed a strong wish to become his owner, and he is not afraid of filling up a cheque with crooked figures; but he was at once trumped by Blood and Thunder of Galore, who said, 'Be Gorra, only tell me that ye'll sell, and if there's a bill stamp in the parrish, I'll have him.' Stilton was bred by Mr. Cooper of Farnborough, in Warwickshire. He is by Archy out of Mite, and was bought by his present owner at three years old. Captain Cunningham of the 11th Hussars has been riding him all the season with the Kildare and Meath Hounds, has prepared him himself, and the horse has been standing at Portobello Barracks in a cavalry stable with three other chargers till the day before the race. He ran second last year, and his owner evidently thought he had then been too sparing of him, for he now went away at once and made strong running, taking a most commanding lead. It would be impossible to do justice to the grandness of his action, and still more to his magnificent style of fencing. As my neighbour observes, 'It's jist a perfect cure for sore eyes to see that 'horse throw his left.' See now how he comes down to the wall, both ears cocked, his eye proclaiming confidence, his head in a perfect place. He bounds into the air, and landing on his hind legs, gains, here alone, five lengths on his competitors. Onward he speeds, maintaining his lead—the first, the second, and the third mile. Steady! friend Cunningham, steady! You are too happy in your pride of place, and 'pride will have a fall.' The next fence is the double. If you fall here you may find an M.D. on this side ready to pick you up; but remember there is an M.D. behind you still more ready to knock you over, and that brother officer Tempest, however willing to treat you as Isaac Walton did the frogs he impaled—'handle you tenderly, as though he loved you'—will not be sorry to leave you with your toes turned up (for the moment) on the sward, and to sail away with the Remedy in his own hands.

He takes no pull, and nears the double with apparently unabated speed; but the gallant horse, well accustomed to his owner's hands, obeys the steady impulse, just seems to 'effeuren' the bank, and bounds like an antelope into the next field. Here Captain Tempest calls on his horse, and for a few strides he is alongside; but whether he thought it better again to ease off, or whether Captain Cunn-

ham, not liking to be collared, crowded more sail, I know not—but Stilton again resumes the lead. Up the hill, he is steadied, and here Stockbridge and Remedy join issue. Stilton and Remedy jump the last fence together, and thence to the Judge's chair. It is a most exciting race. The welkin rings with the shouts of each horse's partisans. Not 'Charge, *Chester*, charge!' but 'Charge, *Stilton*, charge!'—'On, Tempest, on!' 'were the last words of'—every one as, locked together, the horses struggle past the Post, and the Judge gives the award to Stilton by half a head. It is curious enough that the riders of the first and second horses should be in the 11th Hussars, and that the third horse, Stockbridge, should also belong to an officer of that regiment. Great was the ovation given to Colonel Fraser, their Colonel (as fine a fellow as ever won and wore a Victoria Cross), and right glad should I have been—if in his shoes—to receive the quiet token of popularity conveyed in the remark made to him in my hearing by one of the defeated candidates—'Well, Colonel, if the Blue Ribbon was not to come to our regiment, I would rather it went to yours than to any other.'

After this race there was a Scramble Plate for 50*l.* won by the Witch; but it was like offering a corked bottle of Medoc after a magnum of Comet wine. The pop was all out of the soda water, and I was glad to canter off and see the humours of the road on my way home. I hear it was an 'Umbrella Night' at Portobello, and that one of the guests observed next morning, as he came down to breakfast, 'If I'd known I'd been so dusty this morning, I'd have drunk another bottle of claret last night, and another *hand* of punch.'* Vale.

THE AUTUMN MEETING AT THE 'VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.'

ON Saturday, October the 1st of the year 1864, after a voyage from Marseilles, I landed from a *caïque*, in Venetian style, on the steps of the portal of Petala's, commonly called the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Therapia, on the European shores of the Bosphorus, which, without any great praise, may be considered the best hotel for man's rest and digestion in the Sultan's dominions.

After two days of violent and incessant rain it broke forth into one of those bright and elastic mornings of early autumn, which seem to tell us how loth is summer to part from these sunny regions; and were I intending to write about the beauties of nature, instead of giving some trifling details of the pleasures of sport, I might, as many have done before me, desire to dwell for a page on the charms

* A *hand* of punch means five tumblers! one for every finger. I think this reading is never assigned to it by Sir Charles Bell in his popular treatise; but I conclude he thought it had greater affinity to a whisky decanter than to a Bridge-water Treatise! It is probable, too, that Bell never was at Punchestown. Reader, commit not so fatal an error!

of the Bosphorus and the enjoyment of finding oneself smoking a chibouk while reclining on the soft cushions of the frail boat which had conveyed my august person from the City of the Sultan, and thus lead my readers astray; for the day previous, as I have remarked, it had rained heavily, and I know of few positions more disgusting than that of finding oneself in a caïque on the Bosphorus, with an umbrella over one's head, amid wind and rain and tossing—save it be in the streets of Constantinople.

The morning, however, was bright and beautiful; and, although not precisely pleased with my position—or, I ought rather to say, with that in which for the time being I found myself—it was impossible to be dull in heart or sour in temper.

Rain does not actually crush one's spirit on the Derby or Leger day, more particularly if you have had the good fortune to back the winning horses; and Baden-Baden never looks actually crestfallen. But deliver me, I say—oh! deliver me, from the City of the Sultan, or the Bosphorus, or European Turkey, or Asiatic Turkey, or any other Turkey, but a roast truffle-stuffed turkey, with sixteen inches of mud and mire and rain and wind from the Black Sea.

But I am at Petala's. The worthy landlord handed me from my caïque with—'Glad to see you back in the East, Colonel. Direct 'from England, I conclude. Glad to see you, sir—very. Moreover, 'you are "just in time." I know from your heart you love sport.'

Sport! I should rather think I did. Real sport, in the true acceptance of the term. Nevertheless, for the moment I own that I was inclined to reply to the good man's welcome with uncourteous words, such as, 'Are you? that's more than I am, to 'find myself here in this confounded banishment.' For the fact must be made known to my readers, that having been some score of times at the same hotel, on the same steps, greeting the same landlord, during the Crimean war, and before the Crimean war, and after the Crimean war; and having seen and done, and eaten and drunk, all that travellers do see, and eat and drink, or imagine they have, in and about Constantinople, which is just as jolly, I must also boldly confess that throughout the voyage from Marseilles, from whence I had that morning arrived, I had grumbled and sulked over the fact that I should miss the Cæsarewitch, and might possibly not return in time for the Cambridgeshire.

Moreover, my bile had considerably increased, and my digestion been cruelly assailed by the obnoxious *cuisine* and food on which I had been daily compelled to exist on board the good ship 'Carmel,' one of the Messagerie Impériale monopolies so well known to Eastern travellers. The eternal 'Bœuf au naturel,' and the constant 'Epaule de Mouton à la Bourgeoise,'—the one rags of cow beef, the other bad mutton disguised in grease and carrots, were quite sufficient to lower the system, however *grossier*.

But this "just in time." 'Just in time for what?' said I. 'For breakfast? Yes, indeed I am. Pray order a good one—some—' thing substantial and *appétissant*, for I have been half famished

'through the generosity of the *Messagerie Impériale*.' Yet, knowing the man I was addressing to be a keen sportsman in his way, I added, 'Quails still in, eh? Are there plenty of partridges? or have the cocks arrived?'

'There are still some quails,' he replied; 'and probably will be for the next fortnight; and the partridges were never so plentiful. Moreover, cocks are already showing themselves. But it was not about the birds I wished to speak, but of our races—the Autumn Meeting at the "Sweet Waters." They commence at the end of the week, and Prince M. is here.'

Races! Again my thoughts reverted to Newmarket, and all the pleasures I had left, and anger once more swelled my breast. The pleasant dinner each night, as we returned from the Heath, to which I had ever been made welcome at the old squirearchial home, within ten miles from the spot where the purest blood of England's unrivalled horses contended for the prize, and kings and princes looked on with admiration.

'Races and princes be d——d!' were the naughty words which rose to my lips, but never escaped them, as I said, 'Well, Petala, tell me about these races, and secure me a hack for the occasion.' Bedad, I am in luck! better an Arab race or a donkey race than no race at all. It will be jolly! And, after all, I may get home in time for the Cambridgeshire. And won't I make my darling at home jealous, that's all, when I tell her about the Circassian beauties who graced the course, and how I flirted with half a dozen of the Sultan's wives, who made eyes at me! Such sparkling eyes have these fair Turks! though truth compels me to confess that, what with their hideous yashmachs, and painted necks and faces, and bad teeth, they are the most odious of womankind; and I would rather kiss her little finger than the lips of all the harem.

English women, indeed; my countrywomen, fear not! A thorough-bred English girl—we are on racing topics—with her noble crest and modest demeanour, graceful carriage, pretty feet, and springy pasterns like a thorough-bred race-horse, can wop—no, excuse me, beat the world in all the excellencies of her breed and action.

But I am rambling. 'What did you say, Petala? Races—Sweet Waters Races? I have heard of sweet water-melons. Autumnal Meeting—Sultan's Cup, value two hundred and fifty—Grand Vizier Handicap—and a Plate given by the ladies of the harem. It sounds well. Do, my good Petala, order my breakfast and a bath. And then, as I smoke my pipe of birdseye, in the East though I be, do come and tell me all about them, and how to make a book.'

By how trivial a word or event is the strong current of thought sometimes turned out of the smooth channel wherein it has been peacefully flowing into some other, through which it is compelled to hurry on, like a foaming torrent dashing its troubled waters against rocks and stones! In fact, how oftentimes slight the circumstance or words which change for the time being the current of our thoughts

and feelings! As I glided on the Bosphorus in my caïque that fair morning my memories had all been of home and of home doings, and now I was all alive, and I may say, kicking, in my bath, on the *qui vive* for the coming events at the Sweet Waters. In the midst of my splashings I heard a loud rap at the door, and, jumping into a pair of unmentionables, welcomed the landlord.

'Your breakfast is ready, sir: red mullet, roast quails, and fried potatoes.'

'Excellent!' I replied. I know of few birds better than roast quails, save it be a double Russian snipe in due season.

This *carte*, it must be admitted, was as good as the programme of the races, which I perused while discussing it, and which was thus headed:—

THE CONSTANTINOPLE AUTUMN MEETING,

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE SULTAN,

On the 8th and 9th October, 1864.

The list contained a dozen prizes, the principal stakes being—The Imperial Prize, value 250*l.*; and The Viceroy's Cup, value 200*l.*; the entrance to each of which was 5*l.* And the whole affair commenced and ended, as regards the Turks, as does the marriage ceremony with us, in amazement.

I should state, by way of preface to my description of the Oriental gathering, that the Sultan Abdul Azzis is, or desires to be, a sportsman. So much in his favour; moreover, his sporting propensities are by no means of such a gross nature as were those of his predecessor. He confines himself, I believe, to half a score of wives; and I have not heard that he exceeds his two glasses hot with. As for the number of pipes he smokes, the Grand Vizier never informed me during our most confidential cozes. Moreover, he would be a reformer, and has recently established a race-course.

Now with regard to this race-course, it requires a little temperate writing. Of all the race-courses, at home or abroad, that I have ever looked on, it is by nature the most fitting, as far as its natural position is concerned, for the object for which it is intended, namely, as a ground on which horses are to run races; and fifty thousand, ay, or a hundred thousand persons see them run, without the necessity of hats off, or the inconvenience of a crowded stand, or having to pay for a seat in the same.

It is situated in what is termed the Valley of Sweet Waters. This name is, I conclude, taken from the fact of its being intersected as it were by a fresh-water stream, a sort of tributary to the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, which flows from the Sea of Marmora, about seven miles from the City of the Sultan, approached by the water route or by land. By the former in a caïque, the national boat, embarking in the 'Golden Horn, you pass the Mosque of Eyroub, where the banner of the prophet Mahommed floats in the breeze, said to be made of his old trousers, and thence merge

into the stream, miscalled a river, the valley where there are a few pleasant trees, evergreen orchis, and plane trees, beneath which, every Friday, in summer time, Turks and Greeks assemble, male and female, smoke their chibouks, eat cucumbers, and make love. Hard by is a kiosk or small summer palace of the Sultan, where in indolence and ease he occasionally dallies with his wives. Above this palace, on the near neighbouring hills, there are several stones which mark the prowess of former sporting sultans, who having, in those days, neither Manton's or Purday's or any other celebrated double barrels, were wont to amuse themselves with bows and arrows, contending with the officers of the body-guards. Despotism, however, was the order of the day as regards archery, as in all other things in the Sultan's dominions, consequently the officers of the body-guard never shot straight, whereas the Sultan's arrows did occasionally, or were supposed to hit the mark, at least so said the body-guard. Moreover, his Imperial Majesty always shot with the wind in his favour and down hill; and the little stones aforesaid, for more years than I can remember, remain as stony witnesses of his prowess.

It is, I regret to say, much the same as regards the racing, in the days in which we live; for although his Majesty's horses do not run down hill, or always with the wind, or with wind of their own, it is very clear that no horse in the possession of the body-guard or any one else, ever wins a race. But more of this anon.

The valley selected for the races is unquestionably a beautiful amphitheatre hill, locked on every side, but that which opens towards the village of Kiathaneh to the west. From the southern side of the course the enclosing line of high grounds suddenly rises, first to a short plateau, on which stands an old dismantled windmill, and then merges into a long waving ridge at much higher elevation, and winds round the valley back to the river-side which skirts the course on the north.

Now in a large flat valley encircled by these hills, a course has been formed by European labour—a course which might be made almost unrivalled; and which in its present state is decidedly, if one of the prettiest, not the best in Europe. Simply, that in the East the spirit of despotism—for which read the Sultan's will and pleasure—decides all things and events. Thus, when a thirst for racing entered his royal noddle, a course was ordered to be made, and English or Scotch aid—much the same—was called in to make it; and considering the haste in which its completion was required, much is due to the head that devised and the hands that formed it. In that haste, however, much has been overlooked, and consequently much requires reform. The Sultan's stand, or kiosk, which is certainly an elegant Swiss chalet, from which the Light of the World looks on the gay scene, and a rather less elegant wooden summer-house, in which his ministers, pashas, and grandees smoke and quaff cool drinks, and, for all I know to the contrary, eat ham sandwiches, appear to have been the first consideration; consequently, the course is too small, the turns too sharp; and, moreover, it is a left-handed

course, that is to say, the horses start and run in with the near leg—always objectionable if avoidable. The ground is also ill-drained, and, during wet weather, utterly impracticable; whereas, with a very small outlay it could be greatly enlarged, and by removing the stands to the banks of the river, under the shade of a few fine trees, an admirable run in would be obtained, a beautiful sight and start effected, and that which at the present time is a very indifferent course made a first-rate one.

I have, however, already dwelt at too great length on my descriptions of this sporting ground. My object has, however, been principally to show how the spirit of sporting gains ground throughout the world. Who a few years since would have believed that France would have crossed the Channel to gain some of our largest prizes? Who, still less, would have imagined that Mahomedans would have entered horses for the Sultan's Cup; and possibly hereafter intend to create an Oriental Derby? True, the Constantinople races were principally supported and started by European residents; and it is to be hoped that the Sultan will soon be convinced that without such aid the 'Meeting at the Sweet Waters,' well commenced, must vanish as quickly. True, the ground belongs to his Highness; true that his Highness gives most of the prizes; true that all men like to win; but it is not to be supposed that despotism must take part in racing, and his Majesty must be content to win in a fair field as others when he can, or let him and his ministers race among themselves, as they appear to have done more or less on this Autumn meeting; for with the exception of two of our ambassador's horses European entries were very rare.

On the morning advertised for the races, though hints had been thrown out of their postponement—for recollect a Sultan can postpone a race or select a 'pet' from fifty brides—notwithstanding the most miserable weather—but weather rarely stops a true sportsman—in company with a most agreeable friend I jogged over the hills on a smart little Arab through pelting rain, and was determined to see what was, or was not, to occur. Arrived at the course, or rather what was or had been the course, a curious sight presented itself; in fact, the basin between the surrounding hills was more or less a lake, on the side of which stood the Sultan's kiosk, which might be taken for a boat-house, and as my friend justly observed, that a regatta should have been announced to the public instead of races; for jockeys and horses would inevitably have been drowned had they attempted to start for the prizes. Moreover, instead of beholding, as I had hoped and desired, fifty thousand people of all nations, classes, and costumes, nothing was there but mud and water, while three disconsolate crows stood drenched and croaking on the ruined windmill, who seemed to say, What asses you are to have ridden all the way from Therapia to Kiat-hané to behold a race-course converted into a swampy lake, with the sole consolation of abusing the weather, and the want of drainage, with every facility for draining! So we rode home again with damp, moist

bodies, and tempers not favourable to the inhabitants of the East; not believing in their budget of reforms; not admiring their women or their races; thirsting for bitter beer; and, out of pure spite, forcing our hacks over every obstacle to be met with in hopes of breaking our necks.

The public were beginning to make up their minds that there would be no Autumn meeting this year; but after a season of unprecedented rain, which had swept away gardens on the Bosphorus, and nearly ruined the cotton crop in the interior, fine dry weather broke over the land again, and once more the sporting world were on the *qui vive*. The day was again announced, and ere noon, thousands and tens of thousands of the polyglot population of the City of the Sultan, of all sexes and conditions, were wending their way on foot, in vehicles of every description, or on horseback, over the steep Teriheni roads, if roads they can be called, or in caïques up the Golden Horn, to the picturesque valley embosomed in hills which nestles near the source of the ancient Barbyris;—where, made cheerful by the bright autumnal sun, stood the Sultan's pretty Swiss chalet, the diplomatic tribune, the grand stand, the judge's rostrum, and all the accessories; while the approaches to the course, but recently a swamp, were more dusty than muddy; and the course itself, with all its drawbacks, was in fair running order—so rapidly do roads dry up in this country. However, I must come to a conclusion by again asserting, that that which with little labour might be made a very good race-course, at present is not so; and that which might, both in spring and autumn, become a race meeting of great interest and great amusement, particularly to European sportsmen for the time being banished from the joys of home sport, never can be so till the accursed despotism of Eastern rule and habit is banished from the land, as regards racing and all else, and the spirit of fair competition is permitted to be the order of the day. Horses there were—large, and very beautiful horses—fit to run for their lives; and jockeys from the land of our fathers, though unquestionably not of the first order, tolerably costumed and fit to ride. But something, that is, a great deal, was wanting to convince a true sportsman that that the right horse was in the right place. Somehow or another, a 'Bey's horse' won this race, and a Pasha's the next; and it would be difficult to believe that both Bey and Pasha did not hand over the prize to him who rules the East. However, the imperial prize of 250*l.* was won, and easily won, by a bay mare named Aloize, belonging to an Englishman, ridden by one Ballock, I conclude from Old England. Yet, on reference to the committee, composed of 'Siher-Pasha,' 'Salih-Pasha,' and 'M. Géraux'—the Pashas forming the majority—the race was awarded to a horse called Cartal, Aloize not being a native bred horse—ergo, the Pashas won the race, as they do most other races in the East, and the remaining races, as far as I could discover, were won by Hassam Bey this, and Siher Pasha that, and Mustapha Zeozil Pasha, and Selim Bey; Sir H. Bulwer's Bosh being

beaten in the two races for which he contended. And the two days' racing terminated with the unwelcome sound of a howling wind creeping down the valley, and other indications, foretelling a coming storm—the signal for the rapid departure of Turks, Jews, eunuchs, Europeans, and Christians in all directions, much paint being washed off the ladies' faces ere they reached the imperial city I fancy; for when the momentary twilight deepened as it does, with little warning, into night, a perfect tempest of rain and wind, like a watery deluge, burst over the unlucky lingerers; and it was by no means the worst part of the day when I found myself discussing a woodcock-pie and a glass of well-cooled champagne at the hospitable table of one of the best men, and the only real gastronome, in the most artistical acceptance of the word, that England ever permitted to visit the East; abusing, as of course we did, the whole management of the races, as all else under Turkish rule, in proportion as we eulogized the cook and the condiments, produce of Europe;—wishing for better luck next time; and knowing that in proper hands the meetings of the Valley of Sweet Waters might become precisely what at present they are not. Fancy Jimmy Grimshaw, Fordham, &c., being telegraphed for to ride for the Sultan's Cup in 1865, at the Constantinople meeting! Things, at the pace they are going, may produce a more extraordinary event.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE fine weather which we have enjoyed during the past month has tempted both yachtsmen and oarsmen from their seclusion, and they are beginning to look about, and ordering a little paint here, and varnish there, for their pet craft. The metropolitan yacht clubs have all fixed their opening trips for the coming month, with the exception of the Prince of Wales Club, who, determined to be first in the field, have opened the season already; and, though they could not persuade many yacht owners to turn out so early, spent a very pleasant evening at Erith. The Royal London commence their season on the 13th, and the Thames and Ranelagh on the 27th, so their members will soon be at work. Most of the provincial clubs, too, open their season about the same time. May fair wind and fine weather be in store for them! A magnificent scheme has been suggested, of an ocean match to Gibraltar, which we trust will not be allowed to drop. The arrangements are left to Captain Grant and the Royal Thames, and could not be in better hands. Some of the crack sea-going vessels have been already cruising; and Mr. Radcliffe, in his Fair Rosamond, Sir B. Chichester, in the Zoe, and Mr. Nicholson's Sylph, sailed during March for the Mediterranean, and made fine passages, though the Rosamond, in especial, met with anything but lady's weather through the Straits. Some of these craft ought, with a strong wind, to be formidable in the Gibraltar match, as they will, to use a sailor's expression, know their way.

If there is such a thing as an indisputable fact among oarsmen, it is that the University Boat Race is the event of the year. Henley is delightful when you get there; and, whether one honestly lies in a skiff and sees the crews

pass, or runs up from the point, affecting to have come all the way, the couple of days are a treat which we never intend to miss if we can help it. Everybody, however, can't get to Henley, which is, perhaps, not regretted by those who can, as an increase in the number of visitors would send up beds to a premium happily unknown in the annals of the town, and we should be the victims. But everybody, at least everybody that's anybody, can get as far as Putney, and stand on the bank, scanning the crews with great intentness, if little judgment. Old University men are there, by right, meeting their dittos, with whom they discuss the present, and draw what we consider rather elongated bows about the past. Oarsmen of the present day are naturally interested in the doings of the best-trained crews of the year, and scan the varieties of style and pace with insatiable curiosity. And the public honour Putney during the week, because there is a growing taste, even amongst those who do not affect to practise it, for every kind of manly sport, and this is displayed to perfection in the sixteen men working for the glory of their Universities. When the actual day arrives, all these elements are present, as well as the mere sight-seers, who will be found assisting at everything that bears promise of excitement, from a fallen cab-horse to a drawing-room. What may be termed the constituents of Oxford and Cambridge are so numerous that their presence alone would make a goodly show; and when those indirectly interested on the one side or the other are added, we cannot wonder that the boat-race attracts such vast numbers of every class to the river-side. Year by year it takes a firmer hold upon public attention, and will continue to do so until the time, we trust long distant, when the taste for manly amusements and physical prowess has died out among Englishmen, and we return to the effeminate dissipations of a bygone era.

This year's Oxford crew came to Putney with the prejudices of most rowing men rather against them; and their appearance on taking their first paddle on the London waters was not calculated to dispel the impression. They retained the long drag which has become eminently characteristic of their University; but there was an absence of finish which sadly marred the 'go' of their boat, and they were certainly below the average of late years. They had, however, a week's start of the Cambridge men, and made the most of it. A marked improvement in regularity being discernible after two or three days. Still, there was nothing taking in their appearance; their stroke was steady, and, it was thought, too much so; there was no dash about them, and though they continued to improve, it was only, as Harry Sydney says, in a quiet sort of way; and when, on the Saturday preceding the race, the light blue appeared on the scene, their lively stroke attracted many of the lookers-on, though there were evidently one or two of the lot who must have been very light if they pulled their weight. During the five days immediately preceding the race, the Oxonians got better together, and approached more nearly the form of recent anniversaries, the advantage of their extra practice on tidal water becoming more and more manifest as the day drew near—the Cambridge men being painfully deficient in regularity; and, though their style was more taking to the ordinary observer, we could not fail to notice that their boat, whether paddling or spurling, was not lifted with that simultaneous action which is expected in a well-trained crew. Still, opinions varied as to their merits; and Cambridge, having rowed a fine burst with the London Rowing Club twelve, and doing well in a spin with a Kingston crew, they became, within a day or two of the race, as good favourites as the Oxford, on whom, up to this time, five and six to four had been currently laid. The

Oxonians had a spin against a fine crew of watermen over nearly the entire distance, and were beaten by a very little; but the merits of this performance were overlooked by their detractors; and the Kingston men getting the best of them in some short spurts, the partisans of Cambridge were in ecstasies, forgetting that the race was four miles and a half, and not a scramble of half a mile. Many men, too, who are old enough to know better, based their speculations upon the assumption that as Oxford had won four times running, they were not likely to do so again—a species of head-or-tail reasoning which, however successful it may be in horse-racing, is not likely to hold its ground with amateur rowing, in which casualties are much less numerous, and, as a rule, the best crews win. On the morning of the race, however, these sapient ones had finished their investments, and odds on Oxford were the order of the day.

A splendid morning ushered in almost the first fine day of the season, and at Putney everybody looked on good terms with themselves. Taking into consideration the enormous consumption of ribbon on these occasions, it seems as if the Coventry weavers' plea of 'we've got no work to do,' must be, epigrammatically speaking, bosh. However that may be, everybody was beribboned like an M.C. at a country ball, and many enthusiasts sported ties of their favourite colour in addition. Staid papa had an inch at his button-hole, and the girls—why 'the dark girl dressed in blue' was rather the rule than the exception. We are too susceptible to trust ourselves to descant upon the variously-enchanting forms in which the all-pervading colour was introduced in feminine toilettes, and only hope Paterfamilias will have equally agreeable recollections of the inevitable 'little bill,' which is the natural result of these delights. But clanship was not confined to the upper crust, and occupants of below-bridge wherries, who saw nothing of the race, and were nearly swamped by the steamers, almost all sported the colours of Oxford or Cambridge. We have not the least idea, and shall not try to guess how many people were on the banks between Putney and Mortlake; but we have the authority of that blind maniac, 'the oldest inhabitant,' for saying that there were never so many before. Everything—the wind, the weather, and even the horsemen, behaved well, except the steam-boats, which tried, as usual, to spoil the race, and delayed the start for half an hour. At one o'clock, however, the smoky nuisances were well astern, and a good start was managed after a deal of trouble. Oxford had for the fifth time in succession won the toss, and were on the Middlesex side. They got the water first, but in a few seconds, Cambridge, rowing very fast, went ahead, and improving every stroke, were clear at the Point, a length clear at the Crab Tree, and three lengths ahead at Hammersmith Bridge. They maintained this advantage round the bend, rowing all the time a much faster stroke than Oxford, who rowed so leisurely as to give us the idea either that they were utterly done or had not begun to work. At the lower end of Chiswick Ait they began to draw slightly up, and the Cambridge coxswain, here steering much too near the Surrey shore, the Oxonians improved their position at every stroke, and at the top of the Ait had actually become level, without materially increasing the pace of their stroke; and in spite of the fine spurts which Lawes put on, the Oxford men, having gained the lead, kept it easily, their opponents being too much exhausted by their previous fast rowing to have much steam left for continued efforts. Their stroke, however, kept them at work with undaunted pluck, but Oxford, rowing in the same style that they started with, won easily by three or four lengths. Their victory is no doubt owing to the

rowing of their stroke, Brown, whose coolness during the early and trying part of the race was a lesson to aspiring oarsmen. Never did he waver in the steady long pull, which is the grand characteristic of Oxford rowing, and the merits of which over a long and trying course were never, perhaps, so clearly displayed as on the present occasion. The form of the crew, though not equal to some of recent years, retained the essential points, and no one can now dispute the superiority of the Oxford over the Eton or Cambridge styles. Great credit is due to Tottenham, the coxswain, for the manner in which he availed himself of the shortcomings of his opponent; but we maintain that it is pre-eminently to the style of rowing that the victory of Oxford is due. Lawes, the Cambridge stroke, is a magnificent specimen of an University athlete, and has shone in every sport he has taken up. He won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, in 1863, the mile race at the inter-University athletic meeting at Oxford last spring, and has been remarkably successful with the oar. His style is very free and dashing, reminding one more of Eton than Cambridge rowing; but, without a deal of judgment, such a stroke is most unsuitable for a long course. Had the whole crew been equal in physical powers to himself, they might possibly have kept up the pace, but as it was, they were naturally exhausted before half the course had been rowed. Having a good lead at the Crab Tree, he should have eased up, thus enabling his men to get their second wind, and this, the Cantabs say, would have altered the result of the race. There is no doubt of the impolicy of not easing; but we believe the result would have been the same, as it appeared that the Oxford men rowed nearly as fast with a slow stroke as the Cambridge with a fast one, and that if Cambridge slackened their stroke the Oxonians gained on them immediately. However, in spite of the defeat, Cambridge has greatly improved upon her recent performances, and there is no reason why next spring should not witness even a better result for the light blue.

The other chief events have been the performances of Tom King with sundry antagonists, and Sadler's victory over Drewitt. King having given up the ring after his victory over Heenan, turned his attention to rowing, for which he has always had a fancy, and was finally backed against Percy of Newcastle, who had recently beaten old Harry Clasper. Percy, like King, is a convert from another branch of sport, having made his *début* as a pedestrian, and in this line was reckoned one of the best men in the North. The meeting between the ex-pugilist and the ex-pedestrian was looked forward to with great interest, and we never saw so many North-countrymen up in London for anything less than a championship race; and though the Londoner was naturally the favourite, from having more money behind him, the odds were eagerly taken by the Percyites, who were immensely confident. The race was a most remarkable one, as the interesting part of it was above Chiswick, where nine races out of ten are as good as over. King led during the first part, but his arm becoming weak was passed by Percy, who led easily at the top of Chiswick Ait; but the turn here favouring King's weak arm, he slowly drew up, and managing to spurt, went by Percy near Barnes bridge, afterwards winning easily. This fine performance made his match against MacMahon between the bridges appear a certainty, and such it proved, though the rough water helped him, as his opponent is of the pretty school, to whom fine weather is indispensable.

King's next match, with Caffin in old-fashioned boats, was not considered by any means a 'moral,' especially as these craft are not suited to his style; but having been backed rather heavily to win the treble event he left nothing

undone to insure success. In the race Caffin led to past Hammersmith, when King drew up and tried to pass him, but Caffin rowing across to prevent it, a foul was the result. The steam-boat unfortunately being too far astern to see the foul, the umpire could not decide upon its merits, and they had to row again. King's boat, too, being protested against, to avoid dispute he changed it, taking the fellow one to Caffin's. At their second meeting, Caffina gain went away, but King did not, as on the former occasion, overhauled him, and Caffin won anyhow, to the astonishment of the public, who laid 2 and 3 to 1 on the loser. The race between Sadler and Drewitt was another surprise, especially to Drewitt's own party, who considered it the best thing they had had for years. Drewitt has been for some time before the public, and has performed creditably on several occasions. Sadler is a comparative novice, his best performance being a second to Kelley at the T. N. R. last year. The race is soon told, as Sadler led from end to end, Drewitt rowing a fine stern wager, but evidently overmatched. The time was the best we have had for years, and both men deserve much credit for their performance. Old Jack Mackinney was matched with Tom Wise of Hammersmith; but it was no race, the younger one having it all his own way. We were sorry to see Jack make such a *finale* to a brilliant career; but youth will be served, and we hope he will not attempt racing again, though his stern wager was a very plucky one. The old antagonists Kilsby and Coombes are, we believe, to contend again, and a fine race will, no doubt, be the result. The London Amateurs have not done much at present, except a grand opening day, in which all the clubs near London took a part, each club being represented by an eight and as many other boats as they could man. It was a pretty sight, and will be even better next year when the few shortcomings in detail will be avoided.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

APRIL has brought us changes of sport and changes of weather. We expected the first, as fox-hunting, and even stag-hunting, in our far-away forests, usually give way during that month to the more safe, in one way, and ten times more dangerous in another, pursuit of racing. But I confess that nobody was quite prepared for such a change as we have had. At the De Morny sale, for instance, we sat under the shade of umbrellas, and the broiling sun was shining down on leafless trees and on nature in the utmost state of winter nudity. In fact, just as Lelio was knocked down, an eager purchaser rushed into the yard in scarlet and tops, who had absolutely been out hunting under that July heat. I need not trouble you with any details of our lamented duke's sale; the daily papers and the constant international chatter of clubs have told everybody what everybody bought, what he gave for it, and what he (the chatterer) thinks, 'between ourselves, my dear fellow, he is worth.' I think that every horse sold there fetched a fancy price. 'Must have something of De Morny's; good fellow, mon cher, and so deucedly lucky last year. Allons, Alphonse, let us buy horses;' and off went Alphonse and Gustave (charming garçons from the little house in the Rue Scribe—where, by the way, X——, of your country, was 'pilled' last week), and gave what they considered lots 1000 and 1100 were worth. Just in passing, I might mention that Bayard, Templier, and Clermont have been disgracefully beaten since; and though the former would be truly a *preux chevalier* in the hunting field about the year of the Lord 1868, he shall never gallop over a racecourse

laden with the current coin of the humble individual who now addresses you. As for Templier, if he has not got a leg, why I have not got two. We have yet to see the performance of the 2000*l.* lot, Lelio, and to test the quality of that slashing colt, Le Sioulet, by West Australian out of Silistrie (the late duke's pet); but I confess at present prejudice and odds are alike against the lately-sold tenants of the fine Chantilly stables. As a scene, the sale was interesting; any artist, wishing to photograph sporting France, might have done so at a *coup (de soleil)*, and the sun, I am sure, was prepared to stand it.

The day after being the Sabbath, we had a military steeplechase. French soldiers, as a rule, are not Littles or Barclays, so they tumbled about a good deal, and overhauled (I don't mean this in a naval sense, but rather as a proof of want of hand) more than I think necessary; but I confess that the winner of the 'La Marche Grand Military' did sit still, and landed Magenta a well-ridden winner.

By-the-by, I think they killed the old Vixen.—Peace to her ashes! they gave her little enough when alive.

Then began the legitimate racing season, and we have had already three days. Nothing, however, has as yet 'eventuated' that needs remark in 'Baily.' Tourmalet—it is the name of a mountain of the Pyrenees, and is a compliment to the dam—by The Dutchman out of Maladetta, made an example of a field which caused him to become a warmish favourite for the French Derby, though they say, and I don't believe, that the stable has a better; and Ambassadeur also has put in his claim for notice by the backers of horses running for what I shall now, with striking originality, and for the benefit of your English and foreign sporting writers, christen the 'Legion of Honour' of the French turf. I flatter myself that the idea is quite new—no translation from the English, nothing of that sort, I assure you. I think there is little new to record as to the Bois de Boulogne races. The stands are the same as last year, which is saying that they are as good as can be. Aspasia—that is the young lady you see opposite, with white horses in a yellow carriage, with peacocks' feathers, gold apples, and brass nails in her bonnet—cannot now enter the enclosure of the tribunes without going previously before the tribunal of the Jockey Club. So respectability is rampant, and 'behaves as such.' Mr. Mackenzie Greaves, on the neatest of hacks, still canters down the course, the natives and outsiders of the Bois thinking that he is a race by himself—a sort of walk over. The dresses in the stand are more gorgeous than even last year. Count X—— has a neckcloth perhaps more à la Ginger Stubbs than when he first imitated that great tier of ties. The Marquis is perhaps more English than last season, and swears perhaps an oath per race extra. Princess Z—— is more interested, perhaps, in the sport; and Madame la Duchesse (English by birth) still thinks it wrong to come 'on Sundays, you know,' and never, by any accident, misses. A fresh prize, worth 10,000 francs (400*l.*), is given by the French Jockey Club, to be run for at one of the Paris Spring Meetings of 1866, so you see they will not let racing go off in this festive and now sporting city.

M. Grandmaison, a great sportsman, who hangs out in the Ardèche, is trying to reintroduce that grand old pastime, 'hawking.' He brought down the best birds of his falconry to the Bois de Boulogne racecourse, and tried them with pigeons. I could hardly exclaim, with Whyte Melville's charming Mary Cave—

'What a country for a flight!'

for the élite of Paris were ranged round in carriages; but the idea carried us

back to the fine old times when everybody had nothing to do, and stayed at home and did it. We must not criticise this great idea of the Renaissance school; it may succeed hereafter: as yet, however, the falcons swooped too quickly for their frightened quarry, which was necessarily a pigeon. It was, in fact, a race between trained horses and hacks.

In Paris itself we have had a good deal of gaiety, more dissipation, and one scandal, over which I cannot draw the veil, however much I might wish it. They are very good to the English at the French clubs—elect them, respect them, win of them, and lose to them. This month a friend said to me, 'There 'is the devil to pay at our house! Your countryman is playing a very droll game, and wins by it. I said, of course, 'Impossible!' and passed by on the other side of the way. Soon I met an American, then an Englishman, each telling the same story. At last I found that one of our countrymen had been for some time suspected of hankey-pankey tricks, and had been found, while playing *écarté*—a game which, I fancy, requires fair-play to make it either pleasant or remunerative to an ordinary speculator—with a 'turbaned Turk,' to be adding to his stakes when he won, and literally 'scratching' them when he lost, by means of, I believe, the largest pair of hands ever seen since nature made members of clubs. It is not nice for English club-men in Paris; and indeed I know one man who said, 'I am an Englishman come to dinner, 'so count the spoons;' yet I know at least one Englishmen who has been elected since this *coup de main*, and no other need fear to apply, in spite of the shortcomings and shorter goings of the unfortunate victim to 'large hands' and mental absence.' Bodily absence afflicts him now, but he will not suffer, as he has 120,000*l.* in the hands of a London firm, and never even draws the interest. If you or I, my friend and reader, did so, our friends would say, 'Mad as a hatter;' *ergo*, I think Mr. Giaour, the infidel despoiler of the Turk, must be ranked with those whose waistcoats should be cut straight and made to fit tight.

Our Emperor is going off to Algeria. Mr. Gamble started on Tuesday with, I believe, forty-six horses: these will mainly be given as presents to sheikhs. If the selection was left to Mr. Gamble, do you think that he would be to blame if he took that opportunity of getting rid of the screws? I merely ask the question; and of course the receiving Arab chief could not 'look the gift-horse in the mouth;' so length of tooth would be no obstacle. I wonder if Arabs ever saw 'condition' before! But then will French horses stand the climate? At any rate, Mr. Gamble will for once in his life know what it is to be owner of a 'hot 'un' or two. They tell me the selection was splendid, and in such condition as only the imperial stables can show.

We have had a good deal of dining, dancing, punting, supping, and other wholesome amusements, chiefly 'to be taken last thing before going to bed,' since last month; but nobody is dead, and few are married. Society here 'tires' towards April, and is sent, like Fille de l'Air, to run on the other side of the Channel. We have had, though, a list of visitors highly complicated and equally distinguished. I will give you a few names, as we see them daily. The Bishop of New Tasmania and the Honourable Crasher; the M.P. for Finsbury and Captain Hunt; the Honourable Dudley Ward and Mr. Layard; Sir W. Watkins Wynn and Mr. D. Moffat. Then the Duke of Hamilton, with a phaeton without a 'brand on' (your readers will kindly see the joke), except the letter H; Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Ellison; Lord Sydney and Mr. John Holmes. These are good names, but a long list remains untold.

The Director of the Grand Opera here has an African, like M. Vaillant, which he has now in strong training, and expects to start before you get this effusion. Mr. Perrin's African is by Meyerbeer out of Harmony, by Vasco da Gama, is bred to stay, and is expected to do a good thing. This African differs in sex and age from that of our late butcher of Chantilly, for it has too much length, and is expected always to run from end to end. One thousand applicants for tickets for the first night of 'L'Africaine' were sent empty away. I dare say you would like a scandal to wind up with; but for the life of me I cannot recal one of recent date. You see we are not yet bad again since our Lenten repentance. To be sure, Madame Fragile did run away from her husband the other day; but then he forgave her on the spot, and ordered his carriage, to bring her, forgiven, home. He drove to the house of M. Ami de Maison. 'Charles,' says he, much affected—'Charles, you have been a traitor; but I cannot live without her. Give her back to me, and all shall be forgotten.' 'Live without her!' cries Charles, even more affected; 'Nor can I! Never of my life! Where is she?' 'Not here?' asks husband. 'No!' 'Then, Charles, you may go to look for her, for I am condemned if I do.' They embraced, and separated. Now for the moral. When you are at Baden, you hear sometimes 'Trois, noir, manque et impair.' No. 3 has gained; so he has in this case (I will not mention family names); but I doubt if No. 3 has gained a great prize.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Spring Sensations.—Tattersall's Tribute.—Northampton Notes.
—Curragh Crayons.—Dublin Despatches.—Stud Statistics, and Racing Rumours.

APRIL may be truly said to have been made up of sunshine and tears, and during the thirty days allotted to it, there have been more sensational spasms of various natures crammed into it, than we have ever recollected in a similar period. In fact if we crammed 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'Henry Dunbar,' and 'John Marchmont's Legacy' into 'Monte Christo,' and 'The Wander-ing Jew,' we could not have collected together such a series of momentous scenes as our readers have lately gone through. In fact, what with the scratching of Derby and Handicap favourites, the confession of Constance Kent, the death of the Cæsarewitch, and the murder of Abraham Lincoln, it has been hardly possible to keep the minds of reasonable beings in proper order. And what next? is the cry. Still as we are only Pencillers by the Way, we leave the task of moralising on these events to abler minds, and content ourselves with jotting down the 'notes and queries' of the month. The Tattersall Tribute must have been a great boon to the Sporting Press, in a week consecrated by a large portion of the community to religious exercises, and which consequently left the reporters a little time for relaxation from their labours, as well as for reflection. So much has been said and sung about it, that we have been only able to collect a few fragments to allay the appetites of our readers. The scene certainly was a striking one, and worthy of the occasion, and the Annals of Sporting can record no precedent for it. The display of Cups, as we remarked before, brought back to mind the Jewel Courts of the 'Exhibition,' and the 'gold-clad Hancock' arranged them in a manner best calculated to display them to advantage. Still, for many reasons, we should have preferred

the venue being changed to St. James's Hall, which is more elegant in proportions, and would have afforded the benefit of a Ladies' Gallery. Owing to the Recess, the gallant Chairman, to whom might have been added in a parenthesis, the theatrical phrase of 'first time,' came to the post with his friends, with a degree of punctuality that would have delighted Mr. McGeorge; and after the signal was given, the lot went off, as the reporters would say, at the first attempt. 'From not knowing the course,' many got out of it, and regretted their want of knowledge of the French *cuisine*. Those bookmakers, who had seen the Grand Prix run for at Paris, and had patronised the Grand Hotel, recognised many old friends in the bill of fare, but others fared badly, and, in their own phraseology, were obliged to 'chance it.' The company embraced every grade of society, as it ought to have done; for the scene was neutral ground on which every one could meet; and we know the Turf—like love and death—levels all distinctions, and lays the monarch's sceptre beside the shepherd's crook. The Ring mustered almost to a man; and if they did not appreciate the viands, they were not insensible to the 'Grace,' which they encored with a degree of heartiness, which showed what complete strangers they were to it; and of all the musical compositions, 'Non nobis' was decidedly first favourite. In the Training interest we noticed the heads of Danebury, Woodyates, Findon, and Stockbridge; and William Day was so well got-up, that many imagined he would have been selected by the Chairman to have asked a blessing on the viands; but that honour was very appropriately conferred on The Gentleman in Black, who was visible to a large portion of his constituents for the first time. We have said 'Our William's' get-up was unexceptionably clerical; still he certainly stands in need of a new valet; and we think if some of his employers, whom we could name, would spare him a head lad, for occasions like these, they would improve his form; inasmuch as the bow of his white choker, which in amplitude of dimensions brought that of his worthy father to mind, would persist in working its way round under his left ear, in spite of the efforts of 'Alfred' to prevent it; and 'a wag,' who sat near him, said he hoped it was not ominous of his coming out some fine morning at eight, and going in at nine. The speeches were, for the most part, good and appropriate, and there was an earnestness about their delivery peculiarly striking. The Admiral was in immense force, and made himself heard in every corner of the room. By turns he was humorous and grave; and when he advocated the policy of conciliating the French Alliance, it was evident he touched on a congenial theme. Mr. Payne gave us a neat impromptu address; and few were prepared for the happy style of the Duke of Beaufort, which was what might have been expected from a Sportsman of his high position. Mr. Richard Tattersall's return thanks was very happy and manly; but the excessive modesty of his Cousin's tone was rather taken exception to by some portion of the audience, who think nothing of 'the dead,' except they are in a Handicap. On the 'Health of the Committee' being proposed, Mr. Padwick got up, but 'The Benefactor' had been so beaten in his trial in the morning, that he did not come down with as much as was expected; and if we had not got 'the indorsement' of Mr. Henry Hill, who might have been taken by a Bishop for a Rural Dean, some dissatisfaction would have been expressed. As it was all went off very well; and Mr. Hawkins' quaint appeal, to the Chairman, to know why he was not scratched, was very much relished, and Charles Mathews could not have done it better. The complicated nature of the relations between the Press and the Jockey Club, led to much serious discussion as to the propriety of retaining the toast in the programme; and when every endeavour had been made to get over the claim of the Senior Writer to reply to it, the

Managers cut the Gordian knot, by striking it out of the programme, at 4.47 the previous afternoon, in the New Subscription Room. This course was perhaps, after all, the wisest that could be adopted, as it spared the guests a mutual display of hypocrisy that would have been very embarrassing. The dinner itself, we should add, hardly came up to the form that was anticipated; and we fear, when we wrote that the capitals of France and Austria had been laid under contribution for it, we were indulging in the language of romance. Still, as a pleasant social gathering, and a deserved tribute to two public characters, it will long be remembered.

Northampton, without rain on the course, or confusion at the terminus, reads like a miracle. Nevertheless, we can vouch for its correctness. The crowd were as usual enormous, and the inconvenience they occasioned so terrific, as at last to have woke up the Committee from their torpor. And next year we are really going to have a Stand, from which the races can be seen without being crushed like sandwiches. We have also another piece of good news for our readers, at which they will doubtless rejoice, viz., the abolition of that curse of Northampton, called Lord Spencer's Plate, which will be reset in another shape. As was expected, there was the usual delay of upwards of an hour and a quarter at the post, leaving ample time for people to follow our advice of selecting the hour named on the card for luncheon. Stewards, as usual, galloped down to quell the mutiny; and while jockeys, members of the Jockey Club, and ladies and gentlemen were all in a state of feverish excitement, Mr. Ten Broeck leant against a chimney of an adjoining building, as quiet and collected as a Grecian Statue, although he had eight thousand depending upon it; and when Paris had landed it for him, he bore his victory with as much stoicism as the late Mr. Gully would have done under similar circumstances. The Northamptonshire Stakes, for the second time, inflicted a heavy blow and great discouragement on Danebury; and John Davis, who looked beautiful but was rather short, proved himself the legitimate successor to Lord Zetland—a position which, under other circumstances, would be a truly enviable one. 'The prophets floored to a man!' was the exclamation of a Yorkshireman to us, as we saw Scamander clear the favourite, but there was such honest enthusiasm in Tom Oliver's face, as he led him back and handed him over to Charles Marlow, who looked as fresh as a four-year old, that he must have been a very bad loser who could have grudged him his victory. In the saddling inclosure before the race, Scamander was received with shouts of laughter, and many good judges did not hesitate to say he was being got ready for Lincoln Fair. But when he had won, it was discovered that he had been thoroughly trained, only from the thickness of his coat it was not visible. Northampton is generally rich in two-year olds, but this year we only saw two of any particular promise, viz., Macdonald and Osiris, and they had the Althorp Park to themselves. The first-named is a picture, and being tried to be better than Chapel Royal and Qui Vive, it spoke well for Osiris, who was so much ~~miss~~ at the time, that he could not even make him gallop. The Trial Stakes discovered a new vein of gold in Mr. Merry's stable, and the first workers of it profited by it considerably; for Wild Charley is a charming horse, and according to some calculations the best tried three-year old in England. While others take a different view of him, and maintain by the collateral running of Brahma with Gem of the Sea, that Brahma and Wild Charley are one and the same horse. Be it as it may, if the pair were matched at any distance, we have no doubt in our own mind which would be the favourite. Epsom Spring ought, from atmospheric causes, to have had its name changed to Epsom Summer, and if the Derby Day could be rendered

as agreeable as the Suburban one, it would be doubly relished. The Great Handicap did not bring out a great field, and 'the cart,' as the legs will call the funeral equipage, was as full as in the time of the Great Plague. As Jupiter was allowed occasionally to nod, so Grimshaw must be admitted to have slumbered on this occasion only, for had he made use of his horse as he was ordered to do, Wells could never have caught him on Argonaut, whom Sir Joseph dared not trust for much on account of his temper. In the Two-Year old Stake, that little wonder, *Qui Vive*, kept them all alive the whole way; and it must have been very mortifying to Mr. Calder, to find he had parted with Hesper, after the tremendous thing he did in one of the Plates, which supplanted all the previous performances of Nutbush, Miss Julia, and Lady Clifden, and for trying a two-year old, no better animal could be found. The Newmarket Craven week owes its popularity solely to two gentlemen, viz., Mr. Merry and Mr. H. Chaplin, who perceiving how dull matters were at the Metropolis of the Turf, by their pens, provoked a sensation which no author of the present day could hope to emulate. By their side, the fall of Richmond was absolutely nothing. In fact, the map of Europe, as diplomats call it, might have been rearranged, and not caused a tithe of the sensation, of which the telegraphic announcement that Liddington had been scratched for the Derby, caused throughout the three kingdoms. Many of his backers in the provinces believed the announcement to be a shave, until authenticated by the press. The stern reality of the fact being made known, all admitted Mr. Merry must have had some powerful motive for it, which was the case; and without boasting of knowing more than our neighbours, we will at once say it was caused by his being last instead of first in his trial with Zambesi and Wild Charley over a mile and a half. Both owner and trainer were electrified at the discovery, and when Mr. Merry found at Newmarket that the secret had oozed out, and the public were being milked, he did what any honest man would have done, and scratched him, making a severe sacrifice on his own account for the benefit of others. As to Broomielaw and Breadalbane, we hardly dare trust ourselves to write their names, for they seem to be sacred horses, and of a breed unknown before on the English Turf. To all classes of the community they appear to be objects of the most extraordinary curiosity, quite eclipsing Velocipede, The Colonel, Don John, West Australian, and every other Derby and Leger winner on Langton Wold. Special trains for those in connection with their management are by all accounts kept in waiting on the Great Northern, like relays of post horses at the various stages from York to London. And wherever the gentleman who tried them went, and it would seem he was no less a personage than a Steward of the Jockey Club, he appears to have been followed by a real, or phantom tout, who turns up in the oddest possible times. However, after a series of adventures and changings of specials, by the aid of a confederate and a pony, the scene of action was reached, and at the first wink of bright Phœbus, the startling fact was revealed to the small group, consisting of Mr. Craven, and the *P'Ansons père et fils*, that Broomielaw was better by far than Breadalbane. Whether Mr. C. shook, when he saw it, as much as the late General Anson, when he heard in the dark that Attila had won his trial for The Derby—for John Scott knew the sound of his plates, and told him to go to London and get on, we cannot say, but such an unexpected occurrence must have occasioned him some surprise. Clever as had been the concerted scheme, the Malton detectives soon discovered it, and thronging to the office of the telegraph, kept the boys going 'a good sweating pace' the whole morning with their messages. At Newmarket the same evening, the monkey of the peer, the pony of the

gentleman, and the sovereign of the latter's gentleman, went on the winner of the trial, and the second volume of the romance closed satisfactorily. The *denouement* in the third, however, was very different from what was anticipated, and caused those who looked at the contents to throw down their books in ill-humour. The only excuse made for the sudden dissolution of the hero of the hour, was that his guardian angel had promised his friends Breadalbane should run, and he wished to keep his word. Into the merits of the case we will not enter, as Mr. Chaplin referred his unfortunate position to a Member of the Jockey Club, according to the fashion of the day, and of course followed his advice. By the way, as scratching has become so very fashionable, and in all great cases the names of the leading Members of the Jockey Club are cited by the owner of the scratched animal, as having given him permission to use the pen, the appointment of a Scratching Committee, composed of members of the Club, not Stewards, would be a judicious idea. And if we had the striking of that Committee, to use a parliamentary expression, we should nominate a member of the Woodyeates, Danebury, and Findon stables; for, from their practical knowledge of the subject, and unbiassed views, a satisfactory solution of any problem of this description might reasonably be expected. Moreover, a certificate issued by them to the owner, stating that he had shown sufficient grounds for scratching, would put an end to all murmurs on the subject, and lead to the abolition of sensation articles in sporting newspapers.

To our minds the chief value of the Craven is, that it invariably shows up a lot of winter impostors for the Derby, and enables us to detect the real coin from the counterfeit. By the Biennial, a whole batch were disposed of in no time; and Kangaroo 'jumped' away so from Koenig, that, to keep the Derby at Danebury, it was found necessary to have him there. Negotiations were forthwith commenced, and Mr. Padwick soon found a basis on which he could treat; and a day or two prior to the City and Suburban, the high contracting powers met, signed, sealed, and delivered the contract. The consideration—six thousand guineas with contingencies—places Mr. Padwick in a still more eminent position as a vendor; and throughout the whole range of the English Turf, his bargains and sales have never been equalled, and would furnish a most interesting paper for the Sporting Writer. The Newmarket Handicap afforded a pretty good race, although there was an 'Accident' in it. General Peel ran better than ever he had done before, when fought so hard for the Claret, which Fille de l'Air wanted to take from him, and but for an accident he would have been successful.

There is something so sparkling, exhilarating, and amusing in the Irish character, and such a fund of amusement and chaff to be met with at Punchestown, that there was no saying no, to a cordial invitation once more to see Ireland and the Irish on their Derby Day. For some two or three days previous, the influx of Cornets on the Holyhead packets was very great; and as on most of their faces 'had just begun to bloom their yellow beard,' and their attire consisted of grey frieze great-coats, tight trousers, and wide-awake hats, and their chief anxiety seemed to be relative to curious valises, their destination was at once guessed to be the Curragh. The passage would have been very disagreeable—for the Channel was in that state, which would have called forth a similar remark to that of Theodore Hook's cockney schoolmaster, who on his going round the Nore to Boulogne, for the first time, fervently expressed a wish 'that if Britannia ruled the waves, he wished she would rule them straighter;' still, with 'The Prince of Wales,' a new Sporting Peer, a Shropshire Baronet, and the Leech of Cheshire, the hours flew like minutes, and the topics of the day were discussed in a manner only known to those who are termed 'good sorts.'

Cattle and Horticultural Shows being both on, Dublin was as full as London before the Derby. The hotels—the worst without any exception we have encountered in Europe—were as full as Night Refuges in Whitechapel on Christmas Eve, and billets were with difficulty to be procured in any shape. The morning broke fine; and if we condemned the railway arrangements last year, we are constrained to admit now they were unexceptionable. The carmen were full of their usual chaff, and drove with all that reckless humour which adds so much to the fun of the road; and some of our Hansom cabbies would do well to cross, and take a lesson from them in threading the highways and byways, which they do in the style of a waltzer in a Vienna ball-room. The Viceregal equipage with its four greys, and postilions with scarlet jackets, savoured very much of Bob Newman's, but when escorted by a body of mounted police, it assumed a different aspect; and the cheering which greeted Lord Wodehouse, to and fro, told its tale as to the popularity of Lord Carlisle's successor.

Owing to complaints about collar-bones and ribs, which used to empty the Eau-de-Cologne bottles of the ladies, and only put money in the pockets of provincial surgeons, the severity of the course was mitigated; and while it tested the nerve and quality of both horse and rider, it gave no cause for apprehension about life or limb. The Representative of Her Majesty took especial interest in the card of the running; and if he continues his patronage, as he ought to do, he will be as popular a Lord-Lieutenant as the late Lord Eglinton, whose almost first official step was to send horses from Middleham to the Curragh. For both of the great prizes Mount Giffard was in enormous force, for he both looked and went well; still there can be no denying he wants pace, for Old Times, who beat him, was a twelve-year old, who had broken down no less than ten times, and any one could have had him at one time for two pounds ten, which was the value set upon him. But then the fine speed of The Birdcatcher told in his favour, when the final effort had to be made. But the most extraordinary animal that ran during the week was Olympia, who, only a handful, ought in the hands of an artist to have won, for she had the speed of everything in the race. One feature in the Union Plate, which was for local hunters, is worth recording and imitation, viz., that of giving prizes to those animals which ran in it, which were the most useful and best-looking of the lot. For this purpose the paddock was cleared immediately after the race, and owing to a delay in getting together a full Court of Judges, the crowd were jammed against the rails for nearly an hour, grinning at the horses as children do at the bears at the Zoological Gardens; and as they had only just before been painted a reddish-brown, 'Gents latest style of overcoats' were not improved by the pressure; and a popular Balalaava hero found one side of his trousers ornamented with a regimental stripe, of which he and Mr. Poole had no prior knowledge; and as he had to return to Dublin in them, he experienced an amount of chaff which will last him for a long time. The discontent at the delay, for which no one was to blame, was so great, that the second day's card contained an apology from the Stewards to the owners. This conciliatory measure, so different from anything ever before met with on our own side of the water, worked wonders; as the chivalrous feeling which dictated it was evidence of the desire of the authorities not to wound the sensibilities of any one. In a pecuniary point of view the gathering was a great success, as nearly twelve hundred pounds were taken on the first day; and the Marquis of Drogheda proved, that although he is the soul of good-nature out of harness, when he was in office he was as firm as the Iron Duke; for he collected no less than sixty-two pounds, in small fines, from jockeys and trainers;

and as every shilling went to the fund, his exertions are worthy of recognition; and to him, Lord St. Lawrence, and their associates, the merit is due of giving 'Ireland and the Irish' a meeting they enjoyed much more than they would do a Derby or a St. Leger.

In Dublin, during the week, Magraine had his grand exhibition of Hunters, and his yard was as full of Masters of Hounds as Tattersalls on the Monday before the Derby. Most of the animals were very clever, and required very little oratory to get rid of, for they spoke for themselves. Sir Watkin Wynne added a couple to his stud; whether to please himself or Charles Payne, who joins on the 15th of May, we cannot say, but they will both bear well looking into. One is a strong, short-legged grey horse, full of quality, and bred in the county of Cork; and as a fencer, he was said not to know the meaning of a refusal or mistake. The other was a very powerful, long, and low horse, got by Mallard, and who had distinguished himself highly with the Meath hounds. Lord Combermere purchased a particularly clever chesnut horse, strong as a castle, and with the choicest action. Having beaten all before him in Meath, the Master of the Rolls, as he was called from being bred by a Baker, will now doubtless distinguish himself in the fresh fields and pastures new of Shropshire and Cheshire. His lordship also bought another animal, neat as paint and clever as a Christian, and well worth the three-figured cheque that was written for him. The great Lubbenham stable was well recruited with three first-class Westmeath and King's County hunters, which were evidently made for Leicestershire from their style and manners. Mr. Angell also added a very handsome blood-like, leader to his team, which will add much to its appearance on the Richmond and Greenwich roads. Mr. Hall, nephew of Mr. James Hall, purchased a thorough-bred hunter by Bantam, dam by Arthur, with great length, substance, and quality; and who, standing close to the ground, reminded us very much of Cardsharper, which Mr. J. Hall purchased at Ballinasloe. And among the embryo steeple-chasers was Ballymore, brother to Ben Bolt, winner of the Grand National in 1862, and looking all over a workman of the first class.

Our Hunting Intelligence we must compress very briefly for want of space, which is as valuable this month as in the City of London. Lord Dacre has announced his intention of retiring from the Mastership of the Hertfordshire Fox-hounds, an office which he has held for twenty-five years. The cause is stated, in a circular, addressed, by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe and a committee of fox-hunting gentlemen, to the landed proprietors and the yeomanry of the Herts Hunt, to be 'solely on account of the deficiency of foxes.' The country extends from near Barnet to Bedford, and from Hertford to Tring, embracing in its area two-thirds of the county of Hertford, and one-third of the county of Bedford, and yet there is not a sufficient supply of foxes for three days a week hunting. The proprietors of covers are friendly, and for the most part join in the sport themselves, but, as Mr. Radcliffe truly observes, 'with a lamentable lack of enthusiasm in the cause, they rest content with the assertions of gamekeepers.' If these gentlemen were in earnest, and were determined to enforce the due preservation of foxes, they would follow the example set to them some years ago by the late Lord Leigh. Mr. Wilson, the then Master of the North Warwickshire hounds, complained to his lordship of the want of foxes at Stoneleigh. The head keeper, there, was a very swell gentleman of the name of Potts. So Lord Leigh sends for the great Mr. Potts, and informs him of the complaint that had been made to him, winding up with these words: 'Recollect—no foxes, no Potts.' 'But, my lord, I wish to—' 'That is sufficient—no foxes, no Potts.' It is almost needless to add that there never again was a scarcity of foxes at Stoneleigh. Mr. Arthur

Whieldon is gradually recovering from that severe fall which very nearly caused a vacancy in *The Vine*; and Lord Poulett has sold his dog *Pack* to Mr. Willea, of Hungerford, son of the old Master of the Craven.

Circumstances over which we had no control, and which we deeply regret, prevented us assisting at Wetherby; and a sudden attack of indisposition on the part of our Special Correspondent has, up to the present time, been the reason of his not putting the scene on paper for us. We trust, however, he will incorporate his views, with what he saw at Punctestown, and favour our readers with his ideas as to the merits of the horses of the two countries. We are glad, however, to find that our anticipations as to the success of the Yorkshire gathering were realised to the very letter, and that sporting county never witnessed in modern times such a popular demonstration. The success of *The Emperor* was wholly unexpected, and due only to the good man who was on him. Mr. Chaplin must also be congratulated upon having purchased the *Brother* to the Emperor from Sir George Strickland for a mere song, whereas from his good looks, quality, and fencing properties, he was honestly worth a thousand, and Mr. Padwick, we venture to say, could have got more than that sum for him.

With the May Meetings come in the Yearling Sales, and we must find a few lines for those in which our readers are most interested. Mr. Painter comes first with the Deans Hill lot at Chester, where he has occupied the ground usually held by Mr. Eyke; and we cannot see he will take any harm by the proceeding. There are few more popular young Sires than *Chevalier d'Industrie*, and his stock have very much improved since we first saw them. From what we remember, *Laverna*, *Simile*, and *Fatuity* are the best of the fillies, and *Barrington*, *Strathclyde*, and *Chevalier d'Esprit* the pick of the colts; and for sire and symmetry they bid fair to come quite up to the top of the tree. The *Rawcliffes* follow the subsequent week, and are looking as well as could be expected, considering the severe winter in the North. The Young *Melbournes* ought to realize large prices, from the General's recent running; and as we went through them, on our return from Yorkshire, we jotted down his colts out of *Emma Middleton*, *Latona*, *Peach*, and his fillies out of *Urania* and *Pauline*, as likely to command the top prices. Of the *Leamingtons* we gave the preference to the colts out of *Jewess* and *Annie Laurie*, and of the *Rataplans* to the colt out of *Fraulein*; of the *Clarets*, *Brother to Bacchus* was worthy of any 'bin;' and the *Newminsters* will speak for themselves. Our especial favourites were a filly out of *Queen Bee*, another out of *Maria*, and a third out of *Queen of the May*. The *Patience* filly was almost a second edition of *Old Beeswing*; and the colts out of *License*, *Allington*, and *The Sphinx* will bear any amount of criticism. The *Fairfield* lot are not so numerous, but for a beginning, they will augur well for the new Stud; and we have only space to record our belief that the largest figures in the Return List will be attached to the colts by *St. Albans* out of *Villaret*, and by *Oulston* out of *Wax*, and to the fillies by *Thormanby* out of *Breeze*, by *Newminster* out of *Lady Tatton*, and by *St. Albans* out of *Lunelle*. To Mr. Gulliver and his *Big Bens*, and *Nevilles*, we will do full justice next month, as they are of too high a class to be dismissed summarily.

END OF VOL. IX.

